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The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

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PROCEEDINGS

JUNE 19, 1905 — APRIL 24, 1906

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CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Published by the Society

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PROCEEDINGS
OF
THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE FIRST MEETING

A MEETING of the subscribers to an Agreement of Association,¹ made for the purpose of forming a corporation to be known as THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, was held, upon due notice,² on the seventeenth day of June, nineteen hundred and five, at eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Social Union at 42 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. There were present:

EDWARD ABBOTT,
HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,
ELIZABETH E. DANA,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,
JOHN W. FREESE,
ARTHUR GILMAN,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,
DAVID G. HASKINS, JR.,
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
LEIGH R. PEARSON,
FRANKLIN PERRIN,
LOUISA C. PERRIN,
GEORGE S. SAUNDERS,
STEPHEN P. SHARPLES,
SUSANNA WILLARD.

RICHARD HENRY DANA was elected Temporary Chairman, and FRANK GAYLORD COOK was elected and duly sworn as Temporary Clerk.

The Temporary Chairman, being empowered to appoint a Committee of three persons to consider and report By-Laws, appointed, as such Committee, EDWARD ABBOTT, EDWARD J. BRANDON, and HOLLIS R. BAILEY. The report of this

¹ For the terms of the Agreement, see p. 94.

² For the terms of the Notice, see p. 95.

Committee was received and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following By-Laws were adopted :—

BY-LAWS¹

I. CORPORATE NAME.

The name of this corporation shall be “THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.”

II. OBJECT.

The corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

III. REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

Any resident of the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible for regular membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Persons so elected shall become members upon signing the By-Laws and paying the fees therein prescribed.

IV. LIMIT OF REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

The regular membership of this Society shall be limited to two hundred.

V. HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

Any person, nominated by the Council, may be elected an honorary member at any meeting of the Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Honorary members shall be exempt from paying any fees, shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VI. OFFICERS.

The officers of this corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President,

¹ For the By-Laws at present in force see p. 99.

three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary with the powers of Clerk, a Treasurer, and a Curator elected out of the Council by the Society. All the above officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

VII. DUTY OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-Presidents, respectively, in the order of their election.

VIII. DUTY OF SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give to each member of the Society written notice of its meetings. He shall also present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

IX. DUTY OF TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the accounts, of the corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it, and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of its funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society a bond, in amount and with sureties, satisfactory to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited prior to the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

X. DUTY OF CURATOR.

The Curator shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

XI. DUTY OF COUNCIL.

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall arrange for its meetings, and shall present

for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XII. MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the last Monday of October in each year. Other meetings shall be held on the last Mondays of January and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.

XIII. QUORUM.

At meetings of the Society ten members, and at meetings of the Council five members, shall constitute a quorum.

XIV. FEES.

The fee of initiation shall be one dollar. There shall also be an annual assessment of two dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting.

XV. RESIGNATION OF MEMBERSHIP.

All resignations of membership must be in writing, provided, however, that failure to pay the annual assessment within six months after the Annual Meeting may, in the discretion of the Council, be considered a resignation of membership.

XVI. AMENDMENT OF BY-LAWS.

These By-Laws may be amended at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting, provided that the substance of the proposed amendment shall have been inserted in the call for such meeting.

The Temporary Chairman, being empowered to appoint a Committee of three persons to consider and report a list of nominations for the offices prescribed by the By-Laws, appointed as such Committee STEPHEN P. SHARPLES, SUSANNA WILLARD, and HOLLIS R. BAILEY.

The report of this Committee was received and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were then elected by ballot, as the Council of thirteen members having the powers of directors, namely : —

OSCAR F. ALLEN,	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,	ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,	WILLIAM C. LANE,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,	Alice M. LONGFELLOW,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,	ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,	WILLIAM R. THAYER.
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,	

Out of the Council were elected by ballot the following : —

<i>President</i>	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	{ THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE. ARCHIBALD M. HOWE.
<i>Secretary</i>	FRANK GAYLORD COOK.
<i>Treasurer</i>	OSCAR F. ALLEN.
<i>Curator</i>	WILLIAM R. THAYER.

The Seeretary-elect was duly sworn ; and the meeting was dissolved.

THE SECOND MEETING
BEING THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING

THE SECOND MEETING, being the First Annual Meeting, of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the thirtieth day of October, nineteen hundred and five, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, the President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presiding.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The following persons were chosen a Committee to consider and report a list of nominations for the offices of the Society for the ensuing year: HOLLIS R. BAILEY, ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS, and SUSANNA WILLARD.

The report of this Committee was read and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were elected by ballot for the ensuing year:

The Council.

OSCAR F. ALLEN,	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,	ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,	WILLIAM C. LANE,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,	Alice M. LONGFELLOW,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,	ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,	WILLIAM R. THAYER.
ALBERT BUSINELL HART,	

President RICHARD HENRY DANA.

Vice-Presidents { THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.
 ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.
 ARCHIBALD M. HOWE.

Secretary FRANK GAYLORD COOK.

Treasurer OSCAR F. ALLEN.

Curator WILLIAM R. THAYER.

The Secretary-elect was duly sworn.

Brief reports of progress were made from Special Committees, appointed by the Council, upon the following subjects, and by the following persons:—

On the Early Roads and Topography of Cambridge.

STEPHEN P. SHARPLES.

On the Identification and Marking of Historic Sites in Cambridge.

HOLLIS R. BAILEY.

On the Collection of Oral Traditions and of Early Letters and other Documents of Citizens of Cambridge.

CAROLINE L. PARSONS.

On Sketches of Noted Citizens of Cambridge.

MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI.

On Making a Roll of Historical Documents concerning the Founding and Early Years of Cambridge.

ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS.

On a Seal for the Society.

THE SECRETARY.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD CAMBRIDGE

BEING IN PART THE REPORT OF AN INFORMAL ADDRESS TO THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 30, 1905.

BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

WHEN the pleasant invitation to speak this evening came to me, I hesitated to accept it, but on reflection, I put doubt aside and welcomed the opportunity to express my piety for my native town, and to say how dear a privilege I count it to have been born in Cambridge and to have spent here much the greater part of my life, and how deeply I reverence the ancestors who have bequeathed to us the blessing of their virtues and the fruits of their labors. Few

towns have had a more notable succession of worthies than Cambridge, and, as a result in large part of the character of these men and women, the story of the town contains the record of many events not merely of local interest, but such as connect it with the history of the country and with the progress of civilization during the last two hundred and fifty years.

Dr. Paige, in his trustworthy "History of Cambridge," says that "for nearly two hundred years after its foundation Cambridge increased very slowly in population and wealth." It was just about two hundred years after the foundation that my recollections of Cambridge begin. I was three years old in 1830, and the town and the townspeople then were in many respects more widely different from what they are to-day than they then were from what they had been during any part of the preceding one hundred and fifty years.

Old Cambridge was still a country village, distinguished from other similar villages mainly by the existence of the College, concerning which Dr. Paige says with dry humor: "The College gave employment to several professors, mechanics, and boarding-house keepers;" and one may add that it separated Old Cambridge, in its social characteristics, from the other sections of the town further than its mere local distance from them would justify. Wide spaces of wood and swamp and pasture divided Lechmere Point, as East Cambridge was then termed, from Cambridgeport, and parted both of them from Old Cambridge,—and this physical separation was a type of the wider division of interests and associations.

So great are the changes in the town since my childhood that the aspects and conditions of those days seem more than a lifetime away. I have the happiness of passing my old age in the house in which I was born. It has always been my home; but when I was a boy, it was in the country — now it is suburban and in the heart of a city. Kirkland Street was a country road with not a single house on its southern side, but with a wide stretch quite over to Harvard Street of marsh land and huckleberry pasture, with channels running through the thick growth of shrubs, often frozen in the winter, and on which we boys used to skate over the very site of the building in which we have met to-night. Down as far as to Inman Square the region was solitary, while beyond Inman Square,

toward Boston, was an extensive wood of pines with a dense under-brush, the haunt, as we boys used to believe, of gamblers and other bad characters from the neighboring city, and to be swiftly hurried by if nightfall caught us near it. The whole region round my father's house was, indeed, so thinly settled that it preserved its original rural character. It was rich in wild growth, and well known to botanists as the habitat of many rare wild-flowers; the marshes were fragrant in spring with the azalia and the clethra; and through spring, summer, and autumn there was a profuse procession of the familiar flowers of New England. It was a favorite resort of birds, but there is now little left of it fit for their homes, though many of them still revisit in their migrations the noisy locality where their predecessors enjoyed a peaceful and retired abode.

But even a greater change than that from country village to suburban town has taken place here in Old Cambridge in the last seventy years. The people have changed. In my boyhood the population was practically all of New England origin, and in large proportion Cambridge-born, and inheritors of Old Cambridge traditions. The fruitful invasion of barbarians had not begun. The foreign-born people could be counted up on the fingers. There was Rule, the excellent Scotch gardener, who was not without points of resemblance to Andrew Fairservice; there was Sweetman, the one Irish day-laborer, faithful and intelligent, trained as a boy in one of the "hedge-schools" of his native Ireland, and ready to lean on his spade and put the troublesome schoolboy to a test on the Odes of Horace, or even on the *Arma virumque cano*; and at the heart of the village was the hair-cutter Marcus Reamie, from some unknown foreign land, with his shop full, in a boy's eyes, of treasures, some of his own collecting, some of them brought from distant romantic parts of the world by his sailor son. There were doubtless other foreigners, but I do not recall them, except a few teachers of languages in the College, of whom three filled in these and later years an important place in the life of the town,—Dr. Beck, Dr. Follen, and Mr. Sales. But the intermixture of foreign elements was so small as not to affect the character of the town; in fact, everybody knew not only everybody else in person, but also much of everybody's tradition, connections, and mode of life. It has been a pathetic experience for me to live all my life in one community and to find myself gradually becoming a stranger to it, and

with good but new neighbors, some of whom do not know that I am not as recent a comer to the town as themselves.

I have the pleasure of seeing before me an old friend, one of the most honored sons of Cambridge. He and I are now two of the oldest of the native-born inhabitants of the town. We were born, respectively, at the opposite ends of what is now Kirkland Street, and was then known by the more characteristic name of Professors' Row. The pleasant house in which Colonel Higginson was born still stands, — the last in the row toward Harvard Square, facing the Delta and the Yard. Between the house of Colonel Higginson's father and that of my father, when the Colonel and I were little boys, there were but four houses on Professors' Row, each of them occupied by a professor, the last toward my father's house being that on the corner of Divinity Avenue, lately occupied by Mr. Houghton, then by the Rev. Dr. Henry Ware, Sr., a venerable man, whose numerous descendants give evidence that among them the doctrine of original sin finds no support. Professors' Row, or Kirkland Street, was a part of what was known as the Old Charlestown Road, — the oldest and most interesting road in the Commonwealth. When Winthrop's company of immigrants arrived in 1630, and part of it settled at Charlestown, and part went up the river, to make their new home at a place on its bank which they called Watertown, in order to establish communication between the two settlements a path was cut through the five or six miles of woods which lay between them. By degrees, as the country became peopled, this path became an open road, and to distinguish it from other thoroughfares it was called "the Old Charlestown Road." If the names of the people who have travelled over it were written out, the record would be a list of the chief worthies of the Commonwealth from its beginning to the present day, at first on foot or on horseback, or with ox-teams, later in one-horse chaises, and later still in the chariots of governors or notables who had established their homes along that part of the line which we know as Brattle Street. Few feet have travelled the Kirkland Street part of the road oftener than mine, and many an otherwise dull and commonplace walk has had its dulness relieved by the silent and invisible companionship of some one of these old travellers.

Professors' Row would deserve fame even if the record of emi-

nent men and women who have lived for a longer or shorter time upon it extended no farther back than my own memory, for it would include two Henry Wares, three Presidents of the University (Sparks, Felton, and Eliot), many distinguished professors, among them that admirable scholar and delightful man, my classmate and dear friend, Francis James Child. A little earlier than he was Longfellow, who on his first coming to Cambridge, in 1836, took rooms in the house of Professor Stearns, which has only lately been moved to give place to the New Lecture hall. That large, square, three-story house afforded several suites of pleasant rooms, and has probably been the home for a time of more men whose names are well known in the annals of the College and the Commonwealth than any other in Cambridge. My earliest recollections of Mr. Longfellow are of the time when he was living there, and nothing but my later recollections of him could be pleasanter than those which I have of his kindness,—he a man of thirty to a boy of eight or ten years old. I still preserve among my treasures gifts he made me in those days for the enrichment of my little museum,—precious objects which he had brought home from Europe, the most interesting of all of them, perhaps, being a seventeenth century medal of the three kings of Cologne, whose legend and names are familiar to the readers of his “Golden Legend.”

Twenty years later (Oxford Street had been laid out meanwhile) Lowell took up his abode in the next house to the west, then owned and occupied by his brother-in-law, Dr. Estes Howe, now occupied by Professor Peabody; and here he lived for four or five years. Kirkland Street grew to know him well. No one ever loved his native town better than he, or was more familiar with it; and when I recall the innumerable walks we had together for many and many a year, not only when he was resident at Dr. Howe's, but during the longer period when his home was at Elmwood, one of the tenderest stanzas that Cowley wrote comes into my mind as curiously appropriate to them, alike in word and in sentiment:—

“ Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?”

The fields, alas, grow scantier and scantier. In my boyhood, the whole space between Elmwood and the old Brattle House, now standing squeezed and rather disconsolate at the corner of Brattle and Hawthorn streets, was open field, mainly pasture-land, while on the other end of the way between Elmwood and Shady Hill, almost the whole space between Divinity Avenue and the Middlesex Turnpike, which ran behind my father's house, was similar open ground, stretching, wood and swamp, sandpit and field, along both sides of the willow-bordered Turnpike, far up, nearly to the then noted Porter's Tavern, which gave its name in later days to Porter's, or North Cambridge, Station.

But I must return to Professors' Row, in order to speak of the occupants of the house next on the east to that of Professor Stearns, — the home of Professor and Mrs. John Farrar. The house has recently come into the possession of the University, and has been this very year transformed and improved by changes made in it. But in the transformation it has lost the historic and quaintly monumental character given to it by its lofty wooden columns, so that the ghosts of its former occupants, should they pass along this way, might gaze with some bewilderment on its changed appearance. Professor Farrar was a noted mathematician in his day, a kindly, good man, but socially a less considerable person than his wife, Mrs. Eliza Farrar, who was a figure of real importance in the Cambridge circle for more than thirty years. Mrs. Farrar was a daughter of Mr. Benjamin Rotch of New Bedford. Soon after his marriage her father had gone to England and established himself there in good business and pleasant social relations, and there her childhood and youth were passed. She was essentially of English breeding and an excellent representative of the cultivated and intelligent women, English or American, of the first half of the last century. I might describe her to one of my own generation as being like what one might imagine the mother of Harry and Lucy to have been; but I fear the actual generation is not so familiarly acquainted with Miss Edgeworth's admirable characters as to know for what their names stand. It is for something very good at its time, but which, at least in America, has almost disappeared. In such a woman as Mrs. Farrar it might perhaps be defined as a mingling of English Utilitarianism and American Unitarianism, with an English tradition of good manners and an

American freedom from purely conventional standards. Having no Harry or Lucy of her own to bring up, she turned her gifts to the service of the children of the community. She wrote a volume which I remember as of absorbing interest for those for whom it was intended called "The Child's Robinson Crusoe;" another of her excellent books was "The Youths' Letter-Writer," and another still, "The Young Ladies' Friend," full of good sense and plain counsel, each of which would be as useful to the present generation of girl-undergraduates as it was to their grandmothers, for whom the doors of the home had not been opened that they might go forth for good or for ill to seek entrance into the Women's College.

Another professor's wife with literary gifts and of motherly warmth of heart was the American wife of the excellent Dr. Follen, who, coming to Harvard from his native Germany, in 1825, not only quickened by his ardent enthusiasm zeal for the study of the German language and literature, but roused interest in gymnastics, and was instrumental in introducing the intelligent practice of them after the German method among the students of the College. The Delta, then an unoccupied field, was the exercise ground, and bars and poles and other gymnastic apparatus were erected upon it, remnants of which existed for many years. Mrs. Follen was a writer of charming verses for the nursery and of pleasant stories for elder children, one of which, called "The Well-Spent Hour," was a great favorite.

Other ladies belonging to the same social circle, as the two I have mentioned, possessed similar cultivation and literary taste, and made part of the group of men and women around the College which formed a society of exceptional pleasantness and of pure New England type. Few artificial distinctions existed in it; but the progress of democracy had not swept away the natural distinctions of good breeding and superior culture. The best traditions of the older days of New England were still maintained, and formed a common background of association and of mutual understanding. Its informing spirit was liberal and cheerful; there was general contentment and satisfaction with things as they were; there was much hopefulness and confidence that in the New World, in New England at least, men had entered not merely upon a land of promise, but one in which the promise was already in considerable measure fulfilled. There were evils, no doubt, but

they were not threatening of disaster. The most perplexing problems of society seemed to be in large measure solved; the future, though not absolutely cloudless, wore, for the most part, a fair aspect.

A broad statement of conditions such as this requires modifications to make it correct in particulars; but it at least indicates the prevailing temper of the time as it was manifest in the little circle of Old Cambridge society. The change was soon to come, but in the days of which I am speaking, there was simplicity of life in its best sense. The households were homes of thrift without parsimony, of hospitality without extravagance, of culture without pretence. The influence of the College gave to the society a bookish turn, and there was much reading,—much more of the reading which nourishes the intelligence than in these days of newspapers, magazines, and cheap novels. Everybody in the Cambridge circle was interested, for instance, in the quarterly numbers of the *North American Review*, each of which was likely to contain more than one article by a friend or neighbor. The standard of literary judgment set up in England was generally respected, and the *Edinburgh Review* was hardly less commonly read than the *North American*, and its verdicts were even more readily accepted.

Pleasant and cultivated as was the little circle of Cambridge society, it did not escape the defects incident to its conditions of comparative isolation. The neighborhood of Boston was, indeed, of advantage to it, for though the animating spirit of the little city was in many respects still characteristically provincial, yet its varied interests and active intelligence exercised a generally liberalizing influence. At the time of which I am speaking, the relations of city and College had become more intimate than ever through the election to the presidency of the College of Josiah Quincy, who had just rounded out by a term of five years as Mayor of Boston a long and distinguished career of public service. He was, in truth, as Mr. Lowell termed him, “a great public character,” and he had the aspect of one—he stood erect, a fine, commanding figure of six feet of vigorous manhood. He possessed the bearing which we attribute to the gentlemen of distinction of the early days of the Republic, a bearing of dignity, combined with scrupulous courtesy. He and his admirable wife occupied the first place in the little world of Old Cambridge, and kept it in touch with the

bigger world of Boston, for, in becoming President of Harvard, Mr. Quincy did not give up all business in the city, whose affairs he had administered so well. It was his habit to drive himself to town in his high-hung chaise, and, after attending to business there, to drive out in time for dinner at two or three o'clock. Often he held the reins loose, and closing his eyes, let his steady horse, unguided, bring him out along the comparatively little frequented road. After passing the old West Boston toll-bridge, which Longfellow has eternized in his lovely little poem, "The Bridge," and getting beyond the few brick houses at its hither end, there was a bleak, solitary stretch across the salt marshes before one reached the thickly settled centre of Cambridgeport, with its numerous big taverns and great, square stores mainly filled with country produce and West India goods. On the outskirts toward Old Cambridge stood the fine old Inman house with its long, elm-bordered avenue stretching back as far as to the Middlesex Turnpike at the point which we now know as Inman Square. After passing this house there was a half-mile of road, with hardly a house on either side, till you came to the mansion of Judge Dana, which, set on a terrace, crowned the height, far higher than now, of Dana Hill. Beyond this was a short, solitary strip of road through rough pastures on either hand, as far as the Bishop's house, which stood where it still stands on the left, with the Old Parsonage facing it on the right hand, and then, passing on the same side the famous old Wigglesworth house, you came to the President's house at the very entrance to Harvard Square, or, as it was then called, the Market-place,—plainly, the whole way was a tolerably safe road for a trustworthy horse to travel without much guidance from his master's hand.

The President's house, known now as Wadsworth house, and so named after its first occupant, President Wadsworth (from 1725 to 1736), is little changed in outer aspect, save by the deplorable cutting off in recent years of the lilac-filled front courtyard which separated it from the narrow street. At the back it had a pleasant garden, surrounded by a high board fence, stretching into the present College Yard so far as to include a part, at least, of the site of Gray's Hall. The President's office was in the upper story of the annex to the main house, still standing but moved from its original position.

The relations of President Quincy to the students through his whole administration, 1829 to 1845, were excellent. The number of undergraduates was still small enough to admit of his having some personal acquaintance with most of them. The *esprit de corps* was strong in the College, and the President's relations to the students were much like that of a colonel to the men of his regiment who feel that, though he commands them, he is still one with them in interest and in sympathy. President Quincy was wise enough to be patient with the students' faults, and had humor enough to smile at their follies. They regarded him with a respect which his force of character and his distinguished career and personal bearing naturally inspired, together with a certain affectionate pride as the worthy head and representative of the famous institution in whose honor they themselves had share. More still, he interested them as a personage already vested with historic dignity,—he connected the modern time with the heroic past, he had been born four years prior to the Declaration of Independence; in his youth he had known the great men of the great time, and while alike in principles and in manners he maintained the traditions of that period, he kept abreast of the conditions of the later day. He often put the shy student at his ease by saying to him, "I knew your grandfather, sir, and I am happy now to know you." His numerous cares and many avocations did not interfere with his sympathy in small matters, nor with his kindly thoughtfulness for the petty interests of "his boys." I had an experience of this, so characteristic and so pleasant that I am led to tell it, though it relates to myself.

During my freshman year, I was obliged to be absent from College for two or three months, owing to trouble in my eyes. I returned to my class at the beginning of the sophomore year, but the absence had deprived me of the hope of receiving a Detur,—that is, one of the books given out in the autumn to such students as have done well during their first year. It was a disappointment, for the Detur, in its handsome binding, bearing the College seal, is a coveted prize. On the morning after the Deturs had been given out, the freshman who served the President as his messenger came to my room with word that the President wished to see me at his office. Even to the most exemplary of students, such a summons is not altogether welcome, for "use every one after his desert and

who should 'scape whipping?" I went accordingly with some trembling, knocked, entered, and was received with the President's usual slightly gruff salutation, "Well, Sir, what's your name?" Then, as he looked up and saw who it was, "Ah, yes, Norton. Well, I sent for you, Norton, because I was sorry that under the rules I could not present you yesterday with a Detur. It was not your fault, and so, as a token of my personal approbation, I have got a book for you which may perhaps take the place of the Detur," — and he handed me a prettily bound copy of Campbell's Poems in which he had written his name and my own with a few pleasant words of approval. I have received many gifts in my long life, but hardly one which aroused a stronger sense of personal gratitude to the giver, or which has afforded me more pleasure. It was no wonder that President Quincy established a firm hold upon the affection as well as the respect of the students.

Harvard Square, on the edge of which stands Wadsworth house, had not received its present appellation in President Quincy's day. It was known then as the Market-place. Here was the general market of country produce, especially of wood and hay, loads of which drawn by oxen were brought in almost every morning for the village supply, taking their stand under one of the two noble elms which gave their beauty to the Square. The market proper was a small building near the middle of the Square, but I have no recollection of it; and in my early days the meat market, or butcher's shop, was in the basement of the old Court House which stood till 1840 on the site since then occupied by Lyceum Hall, and, so far as dignity of design and picturesqueness of effect are concerned, was vastly superior to the ugly building that usurped its place. Indeed, Harvard Square is far inferior in pleasantness of aspect to the village Market-place which it has superseded.

Here was the centre of the active life of the village. Where the car station is now was Willard's Tavern, in front of which the primitive omnibus awaited passengers before starting on its journey, then an hour in length, to Boston. I do not recall when the trips began to be made hourly, but I think there were only four round trips the day at the earliest of my recollections. The road during the winter and spring was apt to be very heavy, with frequent mud holes into which the wheels might easily sink to their hubs. Scarcely any of the residents in Cambridge carried on business in

Boston or had daily employment there. An occasional trip to the city was all that was needed by Deacon Farwell to keep up the stock of goods in his excellent dry-goods shop, at the corner of the Market-place, and the road to Brighton; nor was Deacon Brown compelled to go often to Boston by the requirements of his old-fashioned store of West India goods and groceries, at the corner of Dunster Street. Hilliard and Gray, the University booksellers and publishers, occupied the corner store on Holyoke Street in the brick block which had recently been erected, and next them was the post-office, with a postmaster whose first commission dated back to the first administration of Washington. A little way down Holyoke Street, on the western side, stood the University Press, then, or soon after, under the management of the cultivated gentleman and scholar, Charles Folsom, whose admirable taste controlled the issues of the Press and secured for them a high reputation.

The stores I have mentioned, with a few others of hardly less note, and some pleasant small shops kept by women, supplied most of the modest wants of the village, and with the strong attraction of the post-office and, perhaps to not a few, the still stronger attraction of Willard's bar-room, drew almost everybody on every week day to the Square. Here one would meet most of those village and College characters whom Mr. Lowell has commemorated so delightfully in his "*Cambridge Thirty Years Ago.*" Fifty years have passed since that admirable essay was written. Even then, the original Old Cambridge had almost vanished, and now not one of those characters to whom it gave happy literary immortality survives in the flesh. The last to go was that sweet humorist, John Holmes; and with him the last light of the real Old Cambridge was extinguished. The village traditions, all of which he had inherited and improved, ceased with him;—so long as he lived, the legends of two hundred years still survived as if contemporary stories: with his death, many an Old Cambridge ghost, whom he had tenderly cherished, was laid away, never again to be summoned from its dim abode. No son of hers was more loyal to Old Cambridge than he, and it would have pleased him to be assured that his memory would become, as I believe it has become, part of the cherished tradition of his native town.

The Old Cambridge of to-day is a new Cambridge to us of the elder generation; and I can form no better wish for its children

than that they may have as good reason to love and to honor their native city as we of the old time had for loving our native village.

At the conclusion of Professor Norton's address, the meeting was dissolved.

THE THIRD MEETING

THE THIRD MEETING—a Special Meeting called by the President in place of the stated winter meeting—of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, was held the twenty-first day of December, nineteen hundred and five, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the purpose of celebrating the Two Hundred and Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Founding of Cambridge.

The President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presided, and the meeting was open to the public.

Many invited guests were present, including members of the City Government, the School Committee, and the Principals of the Public Schools of the City of Cambridge, Presidents of Historical and other Societies, former Mayors of Cambridge, and chief Executive Officers of neighboring cities and towns.

The printed Programme was as follows:—

PROGRAMME.

PRAYER	REV. SAMUEL M. CROTHIERS, D.D. <i>Minister of the First Church in Cambridge (Unitarian).</i>
OPENING ADDRESS	RICHARD HENRY DANA, ESQ. <i>President of The Cambridge Historical Society.</i>
RESPONSE FOR THE COMMONWEALTH	HON. HERBERT PARKER. <i>Attorney General of Massachusetts.</i>
RESPONSE FOR THE CITY	HON. AUGUSTINE J. DALY. <i>Mayor of Cambridge.</i>

MUSIC CHORUS FROM THE CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
Festival Hymn Buck *Accompanied by The Orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School.*
From Thy Love as a Father
From "The Redemption" Gounod

RESPONSE FOR THE FIRST CHURCH

IN CAMBRIDGE REV. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D.D.
Minister of the First Church in Cambridge (Congregational).

RESPONSE FOR HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRES. CHARLES W. ELIOT, LL.D.

POEM (written for the occasion) . . . MR. WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

ADDRESS COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

OPENING ADDRESS OF RICHARD HENRY DANA

MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN :

WE have met to celebrate the 275th anniversary of the founding of Cambridge. It has been facetiously said that Boston is a suburb of Cambridge, and Boston, as we all know, is the hub of the universe. Perhaps there is a little foundation for that facetious remark in history, for it was first intended that Cambridge should be the capital of the new Commonwealth, and for three years the government sat at Cambridge, out of the first seven years of the colony; and you remember, of course, that during the siege of Boston, Cambridge again had a similar honor. There are, I think, some other respects in which she can claim a conspicuous part in the things of real importance in our nation.

Going through the streets of Cambridge on a summer's day, one is struck with the number of people that are walking about who do not live here. What are they here for? They are here for the historical sights and the literary associations of the City of Cambridge. Cambridge is particularly rich in these things,—things that count for something. They count for so much that I believe Cambridge may claim a very conspicuous position not only in this Commonwealth, but in the whole country; and if we claim in the field of literature not only those who have chiefly written in Cambridge, but those who were born and educated here and afterwards lived in the adjoining suburb of Boston, we begin to see that Cambridge is justly called the literary metropolis.

And yet, with all this richness of literary and historical subjects and associations within the domain of Cambridge, how strange it is that we have never had, except for a fleeting moment, an historical society. Now we have started one. We are a little late. We have lost some of the sources of information, I am sorry to say, but we expect with industry to gather together all that can be had, and future generations will thank us for what we shall have done.

Now, as to the work of this society, I hope we shall do something more than the mere locating of the palisade, or the finding where the first president's house was, or the exact location of this, that, or the other house or street. Those are all valuable, but why? Because they are connected with people of character. Now, I should like to see our historical society take a deep interest in the character of our ancestors. At one time it was common to laud to the skies the virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers. I am rather sorry to see, creeping into the historical pamphlets, a habit of criticism of their failings and faults. They doubtless had those; they had the failings of their own virtues; but let us remember that a good many things that we criticise them for were the common faults of those days all over the world, and our ancestors had them in less degree than many others. But, after all, if we can only copy their virtues I think we shall do well. I think we need them to-day,—the truth, the courage, the uprightness, the manliness, and the high aspiration; and then, if we will make up for their deficiencies, if we will add to their virtues everything we think they may have lacked, such as a good sense of humor, friendliness, consideration for others, and more charity of judgment, then Cambridge may again be the metropolis in the realm of great ideals. Already it seems to me we have in Cambridge something for which we may well be proud, and that is the simplicity of life which we see all around us. We owe it probably largely to the University, that appreciation of the things that are worth having,—the intellectual endowments, music, literature, and art, the kindly neighborly feeling; and when we think how this country is growing in material things, how people surround themselves with larger and larger houses and more and more comforts, until at last the things, as Emerson says, “mount the saddle and ride mankind,” it seems to me that it is well for Cambridge—just as she sent out from

here the soldiers that went to Bunker Hill; just as she sent out the first company of the first regiment in the Civil War; and just as she has sent out many of the great ideas that have taken hold of the community,—now to send forth that idea of plain living and high thinking for which she is so justly noted.

It is something that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has always taken a deep interest in Cambridge; has always had something to do with Harvard University, and Harvard University *is* Cambridge. The Commonwealth had for a long time, as you know, a part in the government of the College. That has now passed, but she has never ceased to take an interest in it, and I don't believe any of us would think that we had got our College degree if the Lancers did not escort the Governor out to Commencement. It is unfortunate that the Governor cannot represent the Commonwealth to-night, but we have somebody who well represents the good name of this old State. It is something that we have an attorney general who maintains the highest and best traditions of the bar, who can try a *cause célèbre* with justness and fairness, not turning the public prosecutor into a public persecutor, who, by his conduct of his great office receives the applause of all wise and just thinkers, and especially of those who are expert, viz., the members of the bar. We have him here to-night, and I therefore take great pleasure in introducing to you the Hon. HERBERT PARKER, the Attorney General, to reply for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

ADDRESS OF HERBERT PARKER

MR. CHAIRMAN, PRESIDENT ELIOT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

GRATEFULLY I appreciate your courtesy that gives me opportunity to share with you in this dignified, inspiring, and instructive occasion. Years past I came to Cambridge to seek the truth, and all that I have discovered had its source here. I come again to-night to discover that the truth again confronts me here, not in the over-courteous, gracious words of your dignified presiding officer, but through the frank speech of the analyst and annotator of our time, the newspaper writer. You may think I am unduly

elated, my friends, because now, for the first time, I rise to the Olympian heights of this platform, to which heretofore I had only gazed with uplifted eye. But I speak to you in chastened spirit and in all humility.

Mr. President, though you be the presiding officer of a historical society, though I gratefully appreciate your kindly words, take lesson from the stern candor of this newspaper writer and be severe and accurate in your speech rather than enthusiastic in your hospitality, which is part of your kindly nature.

This historian of the newspaper, in one of the journals the other day, forecast this occasion — a friend has sent me the article, for there are always friends who send one this kind of communication. Very justly the writer has said that Cambridge had no occasion to go outside of her own borders for men of eloquence, of learning, and of distinction; I will read the words of the article: “The ancient city has not been obliged to go abroad for eloquent and distinguished speakers, the only exception being the attorney general.” And so, having read you the observations of my friends the journalists, I now proceed to verify the exception of which this article gave you notice.

I have come down to-day from a remote country town west of you, but not wholly dissociated from this City of Cambridge and its early history; it is matter of no small pride to me, Mr. President, that two hundred and fifty years ago, in spite of all the then attractions and uplifting associations that obtained here in Cambridge, there were wise and discreet men who, leaving their dwelling places by the Charles, went westward to the meadows of the Nashua, and in 1650, Sergeant Phillips, here in the even then classic shades of the College, and speaking of what is now my own loved town of Lancaster, and of the particularly beautiful fertile valleys of the then Pennacook River, said, even to Cambridge men, that this new country was “a place desirable as any in the land.” And from thenceforward there has been a more or less constant emigration from Cambridge to Lancaster.

We, in turn, claim as your Chairman has claimed in regard to Boston, that the great City of Cambridge is but a suburb of our town, and, indulging in a bit more of historical recollection and reflection, — I ask you to pardon my boasting of my own community, for boastfulness with regard to one’s own loved habita-

tion, one's own fields and friends, is, after all, the very reflection of ardent patriotism,—it is claimed, rightfully claimed, that Cambridge is an ancient and distinguished shire town; here sit the learned justices, and here all the formalities of the administration of a just and upright law are made manifest to the community; but Lancaster,—we have no historical society to preserve the incidents of our past, and so we have to tell of them ourselves, and preserve by tradition facts otherwise unrecorded. It is related that in the ancient days Lancaster, too, might have been a shire town, but the town fathers met and reflected upon an issue so momentous to the people, and like all wise men and fathers, they consulted the town mothers upon the question of the morality and expediency of the plan; and it was unanimously decided that all the probable glories of a shire town, with its impressive court-house and its assembling of the ministers of the law, were to be ignored and disclaimed; for they said, "that while the courts will bring us dignity, prestige, and importance in the State, they will also bring us litigious crowds. Where there are sheriffs there will also be bailiffs, gamesters, and horse-races; that where there are lawyers, there are unscrupulous and immoral clients, and these will tend to tempt the youth from the virtues of the simple rural life." So metropolitan ambition yielded to rustic isolation, and we have had no court in Lancaster, but have adjudged our own controversies, man to man, upon the rights that the moral law has fixed for us; and therefore you shall see in the town of Lancaster the administration of the very spirit of the fathers, the very manifestation of the fundamental law of free, self-respecting, self-governing men, in the preservation of the town meeting in all its original untainted virtue to-day. So we have escaped the cares, trials, and complexities that attend the development and growth of any city.

But now you will inquire, very properly, Why is this guest whom we have invited to come here to speak of the glories of Cambridge indulging in boastful praises of his own town? But I intended only to remind you that Lancaster is the offspring of Cambridge and her virtues are those of inheritance. I come down again, back with Sergeant Phillips from the happy valleys of Lancaster to the shades, classic and inspiring as they are, of Cambridge, as a child returning to the home of his fathers.

I had almost been misled by an assumed anachronism to-night,

because not having read your invitation properly, I had come believing that this was the 275th anniversary of the historical society of Cambridge. But when I looked about me I could not have believed this was so, for I observed no evidence of such antiquity before me, nor can I believe, as I am told, that your society is in its infancy unless I believe that here, as it well may be, the classic myth is realized, and, like Minerva, you have attained full maturity at your birth.

But here is no occasion, with your Chairman, to regret that this organization has not been of longer corporate existence, for I speak the truth to you when I say that Cambridge, of all communities within this broad land of ours, has least needed a formal organization like this; for true it is that every son and daughter of Massachusetts, every son and daughter of this great nation of ours, who knows and reveres the history of New England and of Cambridge, has been himself and herself a self-constituted member of the Cambridge Historical Society, preserving its traditions, holding the ideals of the fathers before us, keeping in their own hearts and in their own memories all that any historical society can treasure and record.

And yet, it is well that this organization has been founded. It is well for you, it is well for this great Commonwealth; for the historical societies are, in a way, like the Vestal Virgins, who keep constantly alight upon the altars of our history and of our patriotism the spirit through which the nation must live. Guardians of this sacred inheritance are the members of this society; noble charge committed to them, and committed to safe and trustworthy hands!

We are wont to hear our friends from greater industrial communities than this boast that the real activities of the nation are those that they foster and which they advance; that the great pathways of commercialism have passed us by and gone elsewhere. And it may be true, in a measure. They say we are a provincial people, and so we are, and I, for one, am proud of it; for our provincialism consists chiefly in the belief that the inheritance that we have is as noble as that of any man or woman of any time. And though it be said that we are not to-day advancing in the very forefront of the most eager material or industrial activities of this fervent time in which we live, it is certain that the torch of faith and learning that

lighted the dawn of our national life still blazes here, lighting new hopes and aspirations everywhere between the borders of the great oceans that define our shores. The fires we guard were enkindled on the altar of the fathers in this New England of ours,—we are its custodians to-day. To these sanctuaries return the sons and daughters and the remote descendants of Pilgrim and Puritan, to light again the torch of memory and of hope at this celestial fire. We of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, standing on, preserving, and holding the very soil upon which Pilgrim and Puritan landed, the very seed-ground of the genius and hope of our nation, have a sacred trust committed to us; and it is well that realizing this, learned, patriotic men of your town, and women as well, have joined in this association to keep ever alive that which is the best and highest inspiration of a people,—the recollection of the glory, the courage, the faith, the hope, and the patriotism of their own fathers, founders of the State and of the Republic.

THE CHAIRMAN: Next on our programme comes The City of Cambridge,—dear old Cambridge,—not dear Old Cambridge, but dear, old, Cambridge. We had expected to have our present Mayor, Hon. Augustine J. Daly, to reply for the city, one who has had two years of a most useful and courteous and able administration, who has handled some of the most difficult questions to the great advantage of the city; but unfortunately he is detained in the western part of the State, and by some accident we did not receive this news until this afternoon; and I thought I should have to say of Cambridge, “There she stands; she needs no encomium; she speaks for herself.” But somehow or other in Cambridge we always are able to find some one who can and will stand in the breach. It is a good quality. We have many able, public-spirited men in Cambridge to-day; and because we have been able to put our finger on one of them even at this eleventh hour we still have somebody to speak for the City of Cambridge. Allow me but one word on the University and the Town. In our city there is no “town”

and "gown"; it is all one. With what patience and complacency has many a citizen contemplated the taking his gate off its hinges and turning it into a neighbor's yard. How many a tradesman of this city has quietly entered as the ordinary expenses of his business, as wear and tear, the new signs which he has to purchase several times in the course of the twelve months. After all, Cambridge is proud of the University, and I think not only because we owe it so much just as a great institution, but because of the good judgment and the fine inspiration of its men who have lived and still live among us as our neighbors and as our citizens.

For Cambridge to-night we shall have the pleasure of hearing Mr. GEORGE A. GILES, President of the Common Council of the City of Cambridge.

ADDRESS OF GEORGE A. GILES

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

IT is distressing enough for a poor, humble, innocent member of an insignificant, criticised Common Council to be asked to face this intelligent audience without being asked to follow such a talented speaker as our Attorney General. It is indeed, however, an honor to represent a city like dear old Cambridge in any official capacity at any public gathering,—any worthy public gathering,—and it is an honor to be privileged to speak on such an occasion for one who has come to be known as a most efficient, painstaking, conscientious, and faithful public servant as has his Honor, Mayor Daly. It is because of this that I am here, and because I believe it is the duty of every citizen — every good citizen — to do his or her part, whether it be little or much, towards encouraging, towards promoting, any movement which will perpetuate any organization or institution which tends to cultivate civic pride and civic patriotism.

Cambridge, you all know, is no mean city. Cambridge is a well-governed city; she is proud of her sons; she is proud of her institutions; she is proud of her University; it is the greatest uni-

versity in these United States. She has a right to be proud of her history. No more fitting spot, no more appropriate city could be selected by any body of men for the organization of a historical society than the City of Cambridge; and I believe it eminently proper, Mr. President, on behalf of the Chief Executive of this city, to tender to this organization,—to this body of men who have organized and who make up THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,—an expression of appreciation for its existence. For by it occasions like these are made possible in which we may celebrate our city's history.

I bespeak, therefore, for the society the hearty co-operation of every public-spirited citizen in our city, and I bespeak the hearty co-operation of every incoming city government. Future generations will find occasion to thank THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY for handing down to posterity the glory and honor and fame and history of our own city. Cambridge says to this society, Godspeed in your efforts.

THE CHAIRMAN: The schools have always stood as an important part of our community from the very foundation of our government, and the schools of Cambridge have not failed us now. They have nobly responded to the interest which has been shown in them. It has been arranged by the school board that addresses be given to-day in all the public schools of Cambridge, and not only the public schools, but the parochial schools also have had addresses on our early history. In addition to this there have been studies in this particular regard, this historical respect, and the Cambridge Public Library has had a bulletin issued, giving the chief books on all the subjects which relate to the early history of Cambridge, and those have been largely taken advantage of. It is quite interesting to hear that two hundred pupils of the schools have been in the Cambridge Public Library calling for books on the early history of our city. In addition to these things they have been training a chorus for this occasion, and, as you see, the orchestra of the

Cambridge Public Latin School will accompany them. This orchestra has already played for us. We are now to have an interlude of music from the public school chorus, with the Latin School orchestra.

A selected chorus from the Cambridge public schools, accompanied by the orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School, then rendered the selections set forth on the printed programme.

THE CHAIRMAN: The Puritan fathers came not to found a government, but a theocracy; and the great man of the community was the pastor. When it was questioned where Harvard College, as it afterwards came to be called, should be placed, it was suggested that it had better be at Salem, and various other locations were considered. The thing which decided them that it should come to "New Town" was because a distinguished clergyman, Mr. Shepard, was in New Town, and it was for the purpose of being under his influence and hearing his sermons that the college was founded here, which afterwards gave New Town the name of Cambridge. We have with us now in Cambridge two churches representing the Shepard Church, one the legal, and the other one, it is claimed, the spiritual successor of the original. They are both spiritual successors, but one in creed and in doctrine more closely than the other. We have with us to-night the pastor representing the successor in doctrine, and he will reply for the First Church in Cambridge, and, inclusively, for all the churches of Cambridge; a man who has for very nearly forty years held the pastorate of the Shepard Memorial Church, and who has devoted his time and his energies to all that is best in the community, a man who has broad interests, who for a long time was the secretary of the Board of Overseers of Harvard and a man who is always willing to give his great talents and deep thought for every

important cause, from philanthropy to politics ; and to-night he is going to speak to us, and to the City of Cambridge, and to our Historical Society, for the First Church in Cambridge — Dr. MCKENZIE.

ADDRESS OF ALEXANDER MCKENZIE

ON February 1, 1636, O. S., the First Church in Cambridge was formed. This was the eleventh church in Massachusetts. The first church under Hooker and Stone was about to remove to Connecticut, but a few of the members, including John Bridge, were to remain here. Thomas Shepard was called from England and reached Boston in the ship "Defence" in October, 1635, accompanied by about sixty friends. They had not intended to make this their permanent home, but they found that this was expedient. They purchased the houses which were to be deserted, and the new church was organized, and Mr. Shepard was chosen to be its minister. That church has kept its place to this hour. The men who composed it were Englishmen, a fact which explains their action. They sought a greater liberty than was permitted in England, and a church which should be separate from the State and purer than the one which they had left. Others who agreed with them in principle preferred to seek the reformation of the Church in which they were born. These men took the bolder step which brought them hither. In Governor Winthrop's words, they saw "no place to flie into but the wilderness." They wished to be joined in a church for their own edification, and that they might advance their purpose "to carry the Gospell into those parts of the world, to help on the cuminge of the fulnesse of the Gentiles." They were conservative with all the boldness of their enterprise. They asserted the right to do their own thinking, which is a permanent Puritan trait, and they were prepared to maintain that right at any cost. But they recognized authority, and they turned to the Bible which in 1611 had been published in the authorized version, and there they sought the truth which they were to hold and to teach, and the form of organization which they should adopt. In matters of belief they were well settled. They had not broken from the National Church upon questions of faith. They had the

old creeds and did not find it necessary to add to their number. But they required every one who entered into fellowship with them to declare his own belief and to justify it in his experience. A book kept by Mr. Shepard containing fifty of these personal confessions is preserved, although by some unwarranted mischance it has passed out of the hands of the Church to which it belongs. They held the general theological belief of their time. The clearest statement of their faith and fellowship is embodied in the compact to which they agreed. I have not been able to find a separate form of words; and I have assumed with good reason that they accepted the form which had a little before been adopted by the First Church in Boston. That form is still in use here and is both a creed and a covenant, and as it now stands is in these words:

We who are now brought together and united into one Church, under the Lord Jesus Christ, our Head, in such sort as becometh all those whom He hath redeemed and sanctified to Himself, do here solemnly and religiously, as in His most holy presence, promise and bind ourselves to walk in all our ways according to the rule of the Gospel, and in all sincere conformity to His holy ordinances, and in mutual love and respect each to other, so near as God shall give us grace.

The fitness of this agreement for its purpose is manifest; and the spirit of the men, in the humility of their courage, is revealed in the happy phrase which closes and seals their agreement, "so near as God shall give us grace." They adopted the only form of organization and government which was practicable, and for this they believed they had full precedent and authority. Their method and action, beyond their thought, were a prophecy of the Republic which was to come. Soon after came the Westminster Confession, to which they agreed, and the Cambridge platform, which is still the basis of the Puritan Church. It is not accurate to call these founders Calvinists, although for the most part they assented to Calvin's teaching and felt his influence. But he had been dead more than twenty years, and in the year of his death Shakespeare and Galileo were born. Thought had not stood still in this interval. When the Plymouth people were about to leave Holland, Robinson warned them against entrenchment in the past. "Saith he, you see the Calvinists stick where he left them." He told his people to be

expectant of further light and to be ready to receive it. This was the temper of the Puritans who came here. They had no thought of abandoning the principles of their belief, but they sought to understand them more fully. There were many strong points in Calvinism and to these they adhered. They believed stoutly in the sovereignty of God and the sanctity of duty; in His election and predestination, in which they believed they were embraced. They taught the divine mercy, while at times they suggested the limits of the illimitable. The robust virtues of the system were incarnate in them: an unconquerable will, daring, persistence; in their firmness they were stubborn. Calvinism which should have made fatalists made heroes, and, in Froude's words, "set its face against illusion and mendacity." They had the rugged virtues which were adapted to a rugged climate and a hard soil. Men of less vigor would not have come, or coming would not have stayed. Art, which is often more truthful than biography, has presented the men in two representative statues of bronze: of a clergyman and a deacon. John Harvard sits over his open book while the snow falls on his uncovered head; and John Bridge from the Common looks into the wintry wind wearing his summer suit. That is the kind of men they were, calmly defiant of the weather. It is this generation, not their own, which has erected these monuments.

They were rigid and needed to be; intolerant of evil within their gates and of interference from without. They never pursued a man to his harm, but they insisted on the rights for which they had paid a great price. If others differed from them, and persisted in doing it, there was room enough along the coast and in the interior for them to enjoy their diversity. Others might do as they pleased if they would allow them to do as they pleased on their own ground. Intolerance against interference was their habit. The method had this advantage, that it diffused liberty. Roger Williams would not have done the work of which Rhode Island boasts, if he had not been urged with some insistence, and against his will, to transfer himself and his desires to the vacant field where he could fulfil his purpose unhindered and unhindering. Providence dates from 1636. We are to-night commemorating the earliest days of the town and I must not come through later generations. There are things afterwards which we deeply regret, but these belonged in the times and to the world,—to "Old England" more than to

New England. We can forgive much to men who wrought for the advantage of those who should come after them, whose work has lasted, into whose sacrifices and toils we have been glad to enter. The ruder side of their life and estate forces itself upon our notice. It was not all rude. Women were here, and children. There were pleasant homes and faithful friendships, and the days were not devoid of the things which brighten and lighten life. They kept Christmas in spirit, though fearing its companions. They read the carols, and I fancy that they sang them quietly. Their letters are rich in loving and tender thoughts. You do not greatly change men by bringing them across the sea. The heart will beat.

Our founders were large-minded men. The leaders among them were well born. Many had been trained at Cambridge and Oxford. They had inherited a love of learning and confidence in its utility. I cannot do better than to recall the words of Mr. Lowell spoken from this platform: "That happy breed of men who both in Church and State led our first emigration were children of the most splendid intellectual epoch that England has ever known." It is in witness to the men and their spirit that in the beginning they set up their College in the wilderness. The events recorded at the College gate are in their order and in the terms of their thought. After they had builded their houses, provided for their livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government: "one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the Churches, when our present ministers shall lie in the dust." The Churches and the ministers led the way, and the College was founded, and endowed with a minister's money and a minister's name. It was placed here, rather than elsewhere, because this was "a place very pleasant and accommodate," and "under the orthodox and soul flourishing ministry of Mr. Thomas Shepheard." Thenceforth the Church and its minister, with the neighboring Churches and ministers, made their College the object of their special care, giving out of their poverty for its support and out of their wealth for its guidance. In its turn the College helped the Churches even as it had been planned. No town has a finer beginning than this. The studies of the College were worthy of the scholars who ordered them. The circumference of their learning was as large as it is now, but there has been a vast

filling in as knowledge has grown from more to more. By this the Church profits as it expected to do. How close the connection has been is signified by the fact that even to-day the memorial slab of Henry Dunster the first President rests on the grave of Jonathan Mitchel, the second minister. I may speak of the College only in this alliancee, and from the side of the old Church. Both Church and College have lived, which means that they have grown, and less in numbers than in life. The truths which were believed have been illumined in the increased light. They have drawn upon the life of the world. Facts have more meaning and force; proportions have changed; statements and definitions have been renewed. The College keeps the Church engraven on its seal and emblazoned in its windows. It was not intended, but when an inscription was sought for the wall over our heads nothing was found better than the words of the prophet which an earlier generation had written above the grave of the graduate of 1712, who longer than any other had served the Church as its minister; words which we read in the Vulgate as often as we come hither, "Qui autem docti, fuerint fulgebunt, . . . in perpetuas æternitates."

I must not attempt to trace the history of the Church far from its beginning. It has lived to do its part for the town which has dealt generously by it. The Church taught patriotism and devotion when the Colonies declared their independence. Among the histories of that time is one entitled "The Pulpit of the American Revolution," which recognizes the influence of the ministry. In our own day the Church has asserted Union and Liberty and has defended them that the Republic might be preserved. Samuel Adams was not the last of the Puritans. For fourteen thousand Sundays the Church has served the community and the country in its teaching, and over one hundred thousand days by its varied ministries. It has taught duty, virtue, piety, and has sought to breathe into the common life the spirit of truth and charity. Many churches have gathered around the first, where they stand in their strength, the largest society known among us, in the range of its purpose and effort. The latest are one with the earliest in the power of an endless life.

I must not obscure the fact that after an unbroken fellowship of two hundred years the old church became two households. There is no contention save as both contend for truth and duty; and both

stand for helpfulness and good will. There are two houses, but we keep Thanksgiving Day under one roof.

THE CHAIRMAN: Just think of our richness here in Cambridge! With our church literature and early history we would have had enough to make most cities proud ; but we have in our midst the leading University of the country, at least in those things for which a university is founded. It may not lead on the river or in the football field, but universities are not founded for athletics. Those are but pastimes. But in other things it is justly claimed that our university does lead. Even the university at Cambridge, in England, for which the town was named, in some respects is far behind Harvard to-day. If a young man wants to take a post-graduate course, as it is very commonly called, and would like to go into the pleasant shades of Oxford, or study in the old halls of Cambridge, he will find it is hardly worth his while, because he will not have the opportunities there for various kinds of post-graduate work which he has here.

As for the person who is to speak for Harvard to-night, there is so much to say that if one were merely to say all the important things it would take the whole time of this meeting to-night, and you know him, all of you, so well, that it would not be necessary for me to say one single word ; but I do not think you would be pleased or The Cambridge Historical Society be satisfied, if I did not at least try to say something to which you can respond. The great authority on education, not only in this country, but perhaps of the civilized world ; a great statesman, not in active politics, but a leader in statesmanlike ideas ; and the truths which have emanated from him have had their influence in the growth of the country ; and last, but not least, as the heart is greater than the head, our own much beloved neighbor, President CHARLES W. ELIOT.

ADDRESS OF CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SCHOOLGIRLS AND SCHOOLBOYS,
AND MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY:

I SUPPOSE that one of the reasons I have been able to do some small part of the work which Mr. Dana was good enough to describe in such ample phrase is that I have lived in Cambridge for fifty-six years, longer than most persons in this room have lived. Now, Cambridge is a good place in which to study, not only the history of the American people, but the history and development of their ideals; and if a man wants to learn what the leading ideas of the American people have been he cannot live in a better place than Cambridge.

I heard Mr. James F. Rhodes, one of the most distinguished historical writers of to-day, saying to a small company of gentlemen a few weeks ago that James Russell Lowell had a clearer view of the quality of the American people, a more perfect sympathy with them, a better appreciation and understanding of their gifts, ways, and hopes than any other American of the nineteenth century except Abraham Lincoln. Now, James Russell Lowell was born here, passed almost the whole of his life here,—the whole of it except when he was in Europe on eminent public service,—wrote here, and died here. For him Cambridge was that “pleasant and accommodate place” which it was for the infant College. Here he drank in the New England landscape. Here he learned to love the New England birds, the marshes of the Charles, and the ample scope of field, grove, and sky. Here he learned to love the people of New England, and to comprehend both their past and their future.

Why has Cambridge been so good a place to teach Americanism? Partly because it was founded for the magnificent purpose which Dr. McKenzie has described. Hither men came across the sea, under brave leadership, and with superb ideals, seeking freedom to worship God; and here they stayed to found a commonwealth and to build up their modest fortunes. They sought first the Kingdom of God, but other things “pleasant and accommodate” were added to them; and this Commonwealth became the most truly prosperous and the happiest community in the civilized world.

So Cambridge has been a good place for the College to grow up. But the College has returned in some measure these blessings, these favors from the town and the province. What characterizes the Cambridge of to-day in regard to its material possessions and resources? Moderation. There is not a rich man in Cambridge according to the standard of the times, not one. Plenty of people in comfortable circumstances, well-to-do, but not one rich man! What are the best houses in Cambridge to-day? Those that were built more than a hundred years ago. Our standard of living has remained simple and moderate; substantial, if you please, but plain. Now, the College has helped to that good end. Here have lived hundreds of men full of thought, and courage, and high purpose, but living simple lives. The presence of these men, generation after generation, has helped to characterize the place, has served to determine, in large measure, its quality; has made it wise, and strong, and simple.

This is a great service to be rendered to any community. It is a service which becomes more and more precious as the republic develops. Let us hope that this service will continue to be rendered by the University to the growing city and the growing State.

We cannot help but look forward with some anxiety to the future of Cambridge, because of the prodigious change in the nature of its population. The Puritans no longer control Cambridge; the suffrage is no longer limited to members of the Puritan church. Many races are mixed in our resident population. I visited not long ago a public kindergarten in Putnam Avenue. Among twenty-two children on the floor there were eight different nationalities; and the loveliest of the children was a little Russian Jewess. But let us look forward with good courage and with the hope and expectation that the same ideals which led the Pilgrims and the Puritans across the sea, the same ideals to which the people of this Commonwealth have held for two hundred and seventy years, will still guide the people of Massachusetts, mixed or conglomerate as they may become. They look back to various pasts, but may they look forward to one and the same future of public freedom, justice, and happiness.

THE CHAIRMAN: We have in Cambridge—one of our neighbors—a man whom you know, who has just received

a decoration from the King of Italy for his histories of that country, and who has recently written a valuable and interesting work on Venice,—Venice, that beautiful city, the poetry of air and water, with its architecture, and music, and works of art. We shall ask him to-night to bring to Cambridge some of the poetry from Venice to fit us to appreciate our future Venice-like water basin. I therefore now introduce Mr. WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER to read to us his verses written for the occasion.

POEM OF WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

CAMBRIDGE: 1630-1905.

I. THE FOUNDERS.

As when, amid the heats of prime,
We pause, and backward look on Youth,
Swift as a flash the sweet May time
Comes with its visions: again Truth,
The ideal, sets our hearts on fire,
Whispers *Renounce!* *Pursue!* *Desire!*
Still loveliest when she bids *Aspire!*
And in the recover'd bloom and glow
Of the enchanted Long Ago,
We count the gains our hands have wrought,
The knowledge that the years have taught,
And rate them dim and scant and few
Beside those visions that we knew
When all our world was dawn and dew.

So in thy haunts, belovèd Town,
Thy Past will fling its challenge down
Like Youth's remember'd dream: it asks,
“How have ye sons fulfill'd your tasks?
The soil ye had — the seed — the way,
What harvest do ye reap to-day?”
And well it is that we give heed,
And test us by their word and deed.

The hearts they bred in Cambridge held
The virtues of those days of old :
Narrow it may be, stern and grim,
Yet bas'd on principle, not whim ;
Lofty as hope and deep as faith,
And stronger than the might of Death,
And firm enough on which to build
Town, state, or nation, as God will'd.
Religion, learning, civic life,
To drive, not drift — to be, not seem —
At God's command to enter strife —
These were their aims, few but supreme.

We, sapp'd by dubious modern ease,
Pity the Founders on their knees ;
Unmindful of the endless gain,
We overstress the fleeting pain, —
Their sighs for friends and pleasures left,
Their fight with famine, cold and thirst,
Mere fugitives, despis'd, bereft,
Amid a wilderness accurst.
Bereft? Upon that forest hem
Jehovah gave his sign to them !
Along the lonely Charles they heard
The Prophets speak Redemption's word !

Here David's loud hosannas rang,
Here Calvin preached and Milton sang !
For them the actual barren scene
Was but a phantom Palestine —
A stage where they were doom'd to play
Sin's drama, in the Jewish way.
The hosts of Heaven and hordes of Hell
Watch'd ev'ry act of ev'ry soul,
As if that single choice might knell
Bliss or perdition for the whole.

God's gladiators, they would scorn
Our pity, pitying us instead.
Would deem us languid creatures, born
Too late to know how heart and head
In holy vehemence can wed ;

Too dull or passionless to feel
 Faith's perfect, incandescent zeal;
 Too blind to see the Lord on high
 Look down and judge humanity,
 As thro' a window in the sky.

II. THE INHERITANCE.

Such were the Founders when they planted here
 The home that we inherit, title clear.
 Not empire, loot nor commerce urged their quest,
 But the one reason, elemental, best,
 That man shall have untrammel'd ways to God,
 Which if he have not, man remains a clod.

This be their praise, thro' all the years to come —
 What was a wilderness they made a home,
 A home, the surest masterpiece of man !
 Statesmen may scheme and conquerors may plan,
 Their craft will fail, their legion'd power fade,
 Unless upon that rock their trust be laid.
 That is the cornerstone whereon mankind,
 Building tow'rds Heaven, have left the beast behind ;
 Harm that, the beast returns. The Founders show'd
 How rudest hemlock huts could be the abode
 Of holy love that shunneth palaces —
 The shrine of life-long sweetest privacies —
 The altar to whose flame Self hourly brings
 Its joyful sacrifice — the sacred springs
 Of virtues and affections that control
 Our hearts thro' life, and keep them pure and whole.

Now thrice three generations testify
 The Founders builded well : we pass and die,
 But Cambridge keeps her glory as at first :
 Here men are neighbors ; here are nurst
 Clean hearts, clear heads and wills inviolate.
 Spurr'd by this migrant age men gad and roam,
 Here let them learn the meaning of a home,
 Bohemians, nomads never rear'd a state.

On this, our heart-free Feast of Gratitude,
 Unto the Past be all our thanks renewed :
 First, to the Founders; next, to ev'ry son
 Who by his shining work or nature won
 A nobler living for the common share :
 Poets who prov'd that the diviner air
 Of Poesy is here; the patriots true

Who with their conscience kept strict rendezvous;
 Citizens, scholars, preachers — all who gave
 Their souls for service — best, the women brave.
 And we rejoice that many issues vast
 Have touch'd our life, that here have pass'd
 Events that shook the world; and dear we hold,
 In pride and satisfactions manifold,
 The College, eldest daughter of the Town,
 Harvard, who sheds on Cambridge her renown.
 Nations are wreck'd, and empires melt away;
 Creeds rise and vanish; customs last their day;
 Change seems the end of all; Time's current sweeps
 Resistless, roaring, tow'rds the unknown deeps :
 But like an island in the rapids set
 The College stands; in vain the waters fret
 Around her precinct consecrate to Truth;
 She has the strength of ages and the youth
 Of wisdom; free from sordid interest,
 Her mission is to know and teach the best —
 Not what men wish to hear, but what is true —
 To guard the old, to greet and search the new.

O, rare our lot, and wonder-rich the dower
 The Fates beyond desert upon us shower!
 With gratitude, the coin of noble hearts,
 Here would we honor those who made our parts
 So pleasant — nameless benefactors gone,
 Who truly liv'd, not to themselves alone.

III. OUR COVENANT.

The Past brings its gifts, and we take, for we may not refuse ;
 Or bitter or sweet, they have fallen unearn'd to our lot ;
 The bitter to be as a cordial draught, if we choose,

The sweet to be sweeter for sharing with them that have not.
But woe unto them that would make but a brag of the Past,
Accepting its gifts like a hoard they have license to spend;
Untrue to their promise, the hopes of the race they would blast;
A mock to the wise they shall live, and in shame they shall end.
But he that awakes to a hallowing sense of the due
We owe to our brothers and helpers that wrought and are dead—
The builders of states that were free, the sages that knew,
The prophets that boldly bore witness, the martyrs that bled,
And they who bring joy without blemish, magicians of Art,
Revealers of Beauty and Love, that impassion the soul—
He thrills with the rush of a torrent of thanks in his heart,
But blushes that he, the unworthy, inherits the whole.
So much, overmuch! to receive from the givers unknown,
Now sunk out of Time beyond reach of his gratitude's call!
They taught him the Knowledge supreme, and he turns to his own,
To pay in his service to them what he owes unto all.

Ah, little avails it to garland the Past of our Town,
If pride be not chasten'd by thought of the duties unpaid:
The trust that the Fathers in piety handed us down
Have we loyally guarded, unharmed, or diminish'd, betray'd?
Religion they gave—do we cherish the things that endure?
Do we estimate learning more precious than comfort or gold?
Has self left the citizen single in purpose and pure?
And over our prosperous homes breathes the spirit of old?
Not merely to guard unimpair'd is enough, but to add—
Since treasure of character surely must dwindle, or grow—
To add of our own, of our best, to uplift and make glad
The hearts of our Kin in that future we never shall know.
And this we resolve: we will mingle our more to the less—
The Past thro' our wills as a far-shedding glory shall shine—
Dear Town, that hast blest us as only a mother can bless,
We pledge thee anew our devotion! Our best shall be thine!

THE CHAIRMAN: In speaking of those who have given fame to Cambridge for the literary side, there is the dear Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, whenever I saw him, always seemed to speak of Cambridge, and of Cambridge, and again of Cambridge; for there he was born and brought up, and though, for convenience, he resided in Boston, he always

called Cambridge the chief of his homes, and I think that Cambridge has a right to call him her Holmes. If we think of all these men, there is one characteristic that marks them all, and that is their patriotism, their love of country, their public spirit. You heard what President ELIOT said of Lowell. Of that cluster of men, two that he named are still with us. Both of them are also public-spirited and have done a great deal, given much of their time, for great public occasions. One of the two, when a clergyman in Worcester, heard of Anthony Burns being imprisoned in the Court House. He came down to Boston and joined in the attempt at rescue. When the Civil War broke out, he took charge of a regiment of colored soldiers, and went to the front, and we know what that means when he was to meet the Southern regiments on the battlefield. He is going to deliver to us to-night the chief address, the historical address of the evening. He needs from me no introduction: Colonel THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

ADDRESS OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

I MUST, like my predecessors (if I could do it so well), go back in my memorials, go back into the past,—at the risk of likening myself to a well-known Philadelphia diner-out, of whom it was said, I remember, that at the beginning of a dinner he could tell you, if necessary, his recollections of George Washington, and at the end of dinner he could tell you quite as much about Christopher Columbus.

I am not going quite so far back as my old friend Dr. McKenzie has gone, but I shall have to strike across his path at one point, and that I can do in reference to one of his own predecessors, and perhaps the most eminent among them, with some personal testimony that I have in regard to the tradition of that predecessor at a period long ago. It is a matter of absolute and trustworthy character, for it comes from my own mother, and it is a matter of unexceptionable freshness and charm from the fact that it is

from a letter written by that mother when she was about twelve years old. It was written by her, then visiting in Boston and Cambridge, to her mother by adoption, who was then in Hingham. This is the passage: "Now, mama, I am going to surprise you. Mr. Abiel Holmes of Cambridge, whom we so kindly chalked out for Miss N. W. [Nancy Williams, afterwards Mrs. Loammi Baldwin] is going to be married, & of all folks in the world, guess who to — Miss Sally Wendell! I am sure you will not believe it, however, it is an absolute fact, for Harriot and Mary Ann Jackson told Miss Penelope Russell so, who told us. It has been kept a secret for six weeks; nobody knows for what. I could not believe it for some time, & scarcely can now; however, it is a fact, they say. Mama must pay the wedding visit."

And that momentous epistle, coming to light by an accidental search among some old letters, became a matter of correspondence with the person most vitally interested in that marriage, — Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. I sent him the letter, and this is his answer:

July 7, 1868.

MY DEAR HIGGINSON:

I thank you for the curious little scrap of information so nearly involving my dearest interests, — whether I should be myself or somebody else, — and such a train of vital facts as my household shows me.

How oddly our ante-natal history comes out! A few months ago my classmate, Devens, told me he had recently seen an old woman who spoke of remembering me as a baby, and that I was brought up on the bottle which has made me feel as tenderly, every time I visit my wine cellar, as Romulus and Remus did when Faustula carried them to the menagerie and showed them the wolf in his cage.

Among the interesting men whom I knew as a child in Cambridge, Dr. Holmes, of course, ranked as one of the first. I was a constant playmate of his nephew, who lived in the old Holmes house, — the old house first spoiled and then carried away, unluckily, to make room for the gymnasium and the Law School, — and I was living in a house near by at the head of Kirkland Street, — the house where I was born, now occupied by Mr. Charles Batchelder; and there Charlie Parsons — Dr. Holmes' nephew — and I used to play every day, almost, in the very study of one of the old Orthodox ministers

to whom Dr. McKenzie has alluded, the Rev. Abiel Holmes. The corner of his study was given to us to play in on stormy days in the winter. The old gentleman stood at a high desk in the corner room, writing on his sermons and on the "Annals of America," and we, undisturbed, went to the closet and filled our pockets with apples. Then we brought from his shelves rows of the great Rees Cyclopedias, in far bigger volumes than any we have to-day, and each built a fortification out of the Cyclopedias, and we proceeded to arm ourselves with apples for our afternoon pastime. After a very vigorous game,—with some excellent shots, and a very risky and uncertain outcome,—after that there came a period of peace. We collected the apples once more and sat down upon the ruined towers to eat them together. And once while that was done the dear old Doctor, I remember, came to the window—it was a winter night and the window was frosty—and he, for some time, was occupied in drawing little stars in a procession on the window, and after he had drawn them all he wrote something underneath, and called us up to look at it, and explained to us that the words he had written, "Per Aspera ad Astra," meant "Through difficulties to the stars;" and that he had drawn for us the stars. And we went back and finished our apples, and remembered his maxim while we lived. So profound are the early impressions that are made upon us that I have ties with many places which the children of the present pass unmoved. There is a point opposite our old house where, as I never can forget, I stood with my mother and looked down the road and saw where, far off, flames showed that the convent was being burned in Somerville. It burned and burned, and I felt my mother throbbing with indignation; and I remember how the men of Cambridge came back afterwards (my brother being a leading physician here then), and they agreed that it would be necessary to patrol Cambridge that evening to guard against the wrath which might be visited upon us for that act of sectarian persecution. And I remember vividly how, the next morning, when the family butcher came to the back door, I went out as usual to greet him (for he sometimes gave me a ride in his wagon and let me hold the reins), I stood there with my mother, and she burst out with indignation to him, and said what a terrible thing this was; and I remember to this day how the good man went on quietly cutting off the steak, and replied, "Well, I dunno, Mis' Hig-

ginson, I guess them biships are real desperate characters." And I learned for life the lesson of religious toleration.

And in the same way there are the associations that I got from that little cemetery, just opposite the College yard, to which we boys went often, exploring, and translating the Latin epitaphs, and calling up the old associations. That was a lesson of religious breadth also, it seems to me, which appealed to Dr. Wendell Holmes, for in one of his verses, in that one fine phrase, he says of the two steeples :

" Like sentinel and nun, they keep
Their vigil on the green;
One seems to guard, and one to weep
The dead that lie between.
And both roll out so full and clear
Their music's mingling waves
They shake the grass, whose peunoned spear
Leans on the narrow graves."

And I remember the sense of religious communion that this gave me, the feeling that those two churches were not so disunited as they seemed in those days, but might be as cordial in co-operation as they really are to-day.

And I remember this kindness toward human life, as extended to it in different countries, because I recall something which Dr. Holmes in one of his early poems advises all the young girls in Cambridge to do, and which I do not think a young girl of the present day has ever thought of doing. There is a tombstone beside the further fence, close by the Episopal Church, of which he said :

"Lean o'er the slender western wall
Ye ever-roaming girls,
The wind that bids the blossom fall
May lift your floating curls
To sweep the simple lines that tell
The exile's date and doom,
And sigh; for where his daughters dwell
They wreath the stranger's tomb."

And I never pass that way that I do not lean over the fence and look for that tombstone which marks the grave of some wandering Frenchman and reflect how absolutely incapable the girls of the

present day would be of doing what Holmes recommends, because not one of them wears curls, and they therefore couldn't by any possibility lean over and let the wind float those ornaments to touch the tombstone.

Later, when I was sent to Mr. Wells's school, opposite Elmwood Avenue, I used to walk up and down the street with three older boys, Lowell and Story and my own elder brother, pressing close after them and listening to a wonderful account that Lowell was giving to the others of a book which had been given to him and was named Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and telling how it was a curious book, that Queene was spelled with a final "e," and there was in it a place called "the Bower of Blisse" with the final "e" also. And we smaller boys, looking across to the river, to our bathing place, resolved to go and build a "bower of blisse" there, which we did close by a lot of big apple trees, near to where the Norse memorial is now; and we used to go out there, and to lie on the grass and make believe that we were playing in Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

And the first time I ever saw Ralph Waldo Emerson,— who also, you must remember, was at that time a resident of Cambridge, living on the corner of Winthrop Square,—a lot I am sorry to see built upon, because while it was empty it was such a memorial of Emerson,— the first time I saw him was in Lyceum Hall in the old Lyceum days. We boys went into these lectures one by one, trying to walk as softly as possible, and our boots thumping and squeaking all the way down to the front of the hall; we would take turns, each boy going in, listening for about five minutes, and then deciding that he wanted to go out, and on one occasion I had gone in, and this man whom I never before had heard rose and spoke in that wonderful, separate world of thought that Emerson had around him while speaking, even then. My comrades did their duty, one by one going off as usual, and going down a place where there had once been a stovepipe, and it had been withdrawn, and the hole was still there, and they naturally preferred that to the ordinary staircase, and each one, climbing down, let himself drop, boots and all, to the bottom. And I lingered and went out after them all, with the grown people, and was received with indignation, because the thing to do, after you went out, was to play baseball in the place that is now Harvard Square and make as much noise as possi-

ble. But I stayed in and heard that lecture through, and when I came out I was received with indignation, and they said, "What did you stay in for?" My only answer was, "I don't know." They asked me again, "What did you stay in for?" And I answered, "I don't know; I kind of liked to hear that man." "What did he lecture about?" "I don't know." "What is his name?" "Oh, I don't remember; Emerson, or something like that." "Could n't you understand him?" "No, I could n't understand a word of it."

I think that that was perhaps one of the very greatest compliments that was paid to Emerson during that period; that this boy of ten or eleven years, who had never before stayed through a lecture in his life, and who had never gone very much apart from his playmates, should have been held there by the magnetism of the man, without understanding a word of his lecture. Yet how little the older people around me yet knew what Emerson was to be for all of us! It now makes me think of that noble sentence with which Emerson himself closed one of his lectures: "What forests of laurel we give, and the tears of mankind, to those who have stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries."

At the conclusion of Colonel Higginson's address the meeting was dissolved.

THE FOURTH MEETING

THE FOURTH MEETING of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held, by direction of the President, on the twenty-fourth day of April, nineteen hundred and six, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, the President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presiding.

The Minutes of the preceding two Meetings were read and approved.

The death of Professor JAMES MILLS PEIRCE was announced.

On recommendation of the Council it was voted that the following Amendments to the By-Laws be adopted, namely:—

First: That in Article XII the words "last Monday" in the second line be struck out and the words "fourth Tuesday" be inserted in their place; that the words "last Mondays" in the fourth line be struck out and the words "fourth Tuesdays" be inserted in their place, — the By-Law thus amended reading as follows: "The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesdays of January and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council."

Second: That in the By-Laws now numbered VI to XVI both inclusive, the numbers VI to XVI, both inclusive, be struck out and in their place and in the same order be substituted the numbers VIII to XVIII, both inclusive.

Third: That the following be adopted as a new By-Law and be numbered VI, namely:

VI. ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Any person not a resident, but either a native or formerly a resident for at least five years, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible to associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of one dollar each payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

Fourth: That the following be adopted as a new By-Law and be numbered VII, namely:

VII. SEAL.

The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1905, a shield bearing a representation of the Daye Printing Press and crest of two books surmounted by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting-house of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister, and, underneath, a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent*.

On behalf of the Committee on the Identification and Marking of Historic Sites in Cambridge, the following report was presented by HOLLIS R. BAILEY, Esq.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON THE IDENTIFICATION AND MARKING OF HISTORIC SITES IN CAMBRIDGE

THE present report of the committee consists of a list of the most important Historic Sites in Cambridge, with the location of each. It contains also all the existing inscriptions.

We are indebted to the Hannah Winthrop Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution for the greater part of the list of sites.

We are indebted to Mr. John W. Freese for copies of most of the inscriptions.

1. INMAN HOUSE. HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL PUTNAM.
Left-hand side of Brookline Street, somewhat below Auburn Street.
 2. FORT WASHINGTON.
Foot of Allston Street, near Charles River.
 3. ALVAN CLARK PLACE.
Last house on left-hand side of Brookline Street, approaching Essex Street bridge.
 4. CAPTAIN'S ISLAND.
Bathing Beach, foot of Magazine Street.
 5. SITE OF FORT No. 1.
Where Riverside Press now stands on Blackstone Street.
 6. SITE OF FORT No. 2.
Left-hand side Putnam Avenue, just below Franklin Street.
-

SITE OF A FORT
BUILT IN 1775
BY ORDER OF
GENERAL WASHINGTON.

7. CITY HALL.
Massachusetts Avenue, between Bigelow and Inman streets.
 8. SITE OF INMAN HOUSE.
Inman Street, opposite Austin Street, rear of City Hall.
-

IN 1775
GENERAL PUTNAM
HAD HIS HEADQUARTERS
IN THE HOUSE
WHICH STOOD HERE.

9. SITE OF CHIEF JUSTICE FRANCIS DANA'S HOUSE.
Massachusetts Avenue, between Dana and Ellery streets,
well back from the street.
10. PHIPS-WINTHROP HOUSE.
Now occupied by Romish Sisters, Bow and Arrow streets.
11. APTHORP HOUSE, BISHOP'S PALACE.
Between Plympton and Linden streets.

APTHORP HOUSE
BUILT IN 1760.
GENERAL BURGOYNE
AND HIS STAFF OFFICERS
WERE CONFINED HERE AS
PRISONERS OF WAR
IN 1777.

12. SITE OF FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE IN CAMBRIDGE.
Big Tree Swimming Pool, Holyoke Street.
-

HERE STOOD
THE FIRST SCHOOLHOUSE
OF CAMBRIDGE
BUILT IN 1648.

13. SITE OF GENERAL GOOKIN'S HOUSE (1st?).
East side of Holyoke Street, between Harvard and Mt.
Auburn streets.
14. SITE OF PRESIDENT HOLYOKE'S HOUSE.
N. E. corner Holyoke Street and Holyoke Place. House
torn down May, 1905.
15. SITE OF GOVERNOR THOMAS DUDLEY HOUSE.
N. W. corner Dunster and South streets.
-

THOMAS DUDLEY,
FOUNDER OF CAMBRIDGE,
GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS,
LIVED HERE IN 1630.

16. JOHN HICKS HOUSE.
S. E. corner Dunster and Winthrop streets.
-

BUILT IN 1762
HOUSE OF JOHN HICKS
WHO WAS KILLED
BY THE BRITISH SOLDIERS
APRIL 19TH, 1775.
USED BY GENERAL PUTNAM
FOR ARMY OFFICE.

17. SITE OF FIRST MEETING HOUSE.
S. W. corner Dunster and Mt. Auburn streets.

SITE OF THE
FIRST MEETING HOUSE IN CAMBRIDGE,
ERECTED A.D. 1632.

18. SITE OF SAMUEL DUDLEY HOUSE.
S. E. corner Dunster and Mt. Auburn streets.
19. FERRY (to BOSTON).
College Wharf, foot of Dunster Street.
20. GREAT BRIDGE.
Foot of Boylston Street (better known as Soldiers' Field bridge).
21. SITE OF DR. KNEELAND HOUSE.
S. W. corner Boylston and Winthrop streets.
22. SITE OF JUDAH MONIS HOUSE.
S. E. corner Boylston and Winthrop streets.
23. MARKET PLACE.
Winthrop Square.
24. SITE OF MR. HAYNES' HOUSE, LATER OCCUPIED BY SIR HARRY VANE.
S. W. of Winthrop Square.
25. SITE OF FIRST JAIL, SITE OF TOWN SPRING.
West of Market Place.
26. PROFESSOR JOHN AND MADAM WINTHROP HOUSE.
Formerly occupied by M. R. Jones, N. W. corner Boylston and Mt. Auburn streets.
27. SITE OF BLUE ANCHOR TAVERN.
Now tailor shop, N. E. corner Boylston and Mt. Auburn streets.
28. SITE OF BRADSHAW'S.
Brick block on Boylston Street recently erected on west side of the street.
29. SITE OF SIMON AND ANNE BRADSTREET HOUSE.
Now occupied by store of J. H. Wyeth & Co.

30. BRATTLE HOUSE.
Now Social Union, Brattle Street.
31. READ FARM.
Now occupied by Dr. Driver, Brattle Street.
32. SITE OF AARON HILL HOUSE.
Now occupied by St. John's Memorial Chapel, Brattle Street.
33. SITE OF JOHN TALCOTT HOUSE.
S. E. corner Brattle and Ash streets.
34. SITE OF SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE.
Brattle Street, near Story Street.

NEAR THIS SPOT
STOOD THE
SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE
AND THE SMITHY
REFERRED TO IN
LONGFELLOW'S POEM
"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH."

35. COL. HENRY VASSALL HOUSE.
S. E. corner Brattle and Hawthorn streets.
36. JOHN VASSALL HOUSE.
Brattle Street, opposite Longfellow Park.
37. JOSEPH E. WORCESTER HOUSE.
Now occupied by Mrs. Chauncey Smith, Brattle Street.
Third house above Craigie House.
38. SITE OF LECHMERE-SEWALL-RIEDESEL HOUSE.
N. W. corner Brattle Street and Sparks Street (Mr. William Brewster's).
39. LECHMERE-SEWALL-RIEDESEL HOUSE.
N. W. corner Brattle Street and Riedesel Avenue.
40. LEE HOUSE.
N. E. corner Brattle Street and Kennedy Avenue.
41. RUGGLES-FAYERWEATHER HOUSE.
N. W. corner Brattle Street and Channing Place.

42. ELMWOOD.

Elmwood Avenue, Mt. Auburn and Brattle streets.

BIRTH PLACE OF
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
BUILT IN 1767.
OCCUPIED IN 1774 BY
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OLIVER
COUNCILLOR TO THE CROWN
AND LATER BY
ELBRIDGE GERRY,
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES.

43. SITE OF CAPTAIN THATCHER'S HOUSE.

E. corner Mt. Auburn Street and Coolidge Avenue.

44. BURIAL PLACE OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

Mt. Auburn Street, between Elmwood Avenue and Hawthorn
Street.

45. DUDLEY-LOWELL WILLOWS-PALISADES.

Corner Charles River Roadway.

46. WINDMILL LANE.

Ash Street.

47. RADCLIFFE COLLEGE.

Garden Street, corner Mason Street.

48. WASHINGTON ELM.

Garden Street, corner Mason Street.

UNDER THIS TREE
WASHINGTON
FIRST TOOK COMMAND
OF THE
AMERICAN ARMY
JULY 3D, 1775.

49. SITE OF WIIITEFIELD ELM.

Garden Street, nearly opposite Waterhouse Street.

50. DR. BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE HOUSE.

Old house on Waterhouse Street, No. 7.

51. CAMBRIDGE COMMON.

First Camp Ground,
Puritan Monument,
Old Cannon,
Seion of Washington Elm.

Inscription concerning Old Cannon.

THESE GUNS
WERE USED BY THE
CONTINENTAL ARMY
IN THE
SIEGE OF BOSTON
DURING THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Inscription on Soldiers' Monument.

The Soldiers and Sailors of Cambridge, whose names are here inscribed, died in the service of their country, in the war for the maintenance of the Union.

To perpetuate the memory of their valor and patriotism, this Monument is erected by the City,
A. D. 1869-70.

Inscription on Puritan Monument.

(Front.)

JOHN BRIDGE
1578-1665
LEFT BRAINTREE, ESSEX COUNTY ENGLAND, 1631
AS A MEMBER OF REV. MR. HOOKER'S COMPANY
SETTLED HERE 1632
AND STAYED WHEN THAT COMPANY
REMOVED TO THE CONNECTICUT.
HE HAD SUPERVISION OF THE FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL
ESTABLISHED IN CAMBRIDGE 1635
WAS SELECTMAN 1635-1652
DEACON OF THE CHURCH 1636-1658
REPRESENTATIVE TO THE GREAT AND GENERAL COURT 1637-1641
AND WAS APPOINTED BY THAT BODY TO LAY OUT LANDS
IN THIS TOWN AND BEYOND.

(West Side.)

THIS PURITAN
HELPED TO ESTABLISH HERE
CHURCH, SCHOOL
AND REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT
AND THUS TO PLANT
A CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.

(North Side.)

ERECTED
AND GIVEN TO THE CITY
SEPTEMBER 20, 1882
BY
SAMUEL JAMES BRIDGE
OF THE SIXTH GENERATION
FROM JOHN BRIDGE.

(East Side.)

THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD
SHALL RENEW THEIR STRENGTH.

52. CHRIST CHURCH.

Garden Street, near Old Burying Ground.

OLDEST CHURCH BUILDING
IN CAMBRIDGE
BUILT IN 1760
OCCUPIED BY
CONTINENTAL TROOPS
IN 1775.

53. SITE OF MOSES RICHARDSON HOUSE.

Holmes Place, now occupied by Harvard Law School.

HERE ASSEMBLED
ON THE NIGHT OF
JUNE 16TH, 1775
1200 CONTINENTAL TROOPS
UNDER COMMAND OF
GENERAL PRESCOTT
AFTER PRAYER BY
PRESIDENT LANGDON
THEY MARCHED TO
BUNKER HILL.

54. SITE OF HASTINGS-HOLMES HOUSE.

Holmes Place, near Hemenway Gymnasium.

SITE OF THE HEADQUARTERS
OF GENERAL WARD
AND THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY
IN 1775.
BIRTHPLACE OF
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

55. BIRTHPLACE OF COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

7 Kirkland Street.

56. FOXCROFT-DANFORTH HOUSE. *Site.*

N. E. corner Kirkland and Oxford streets.

57. JARED SPARKS HOUSE.

Quincy Street, next south of new chapel.

58. HARVARD HALLS.

College Yard.

59. SITES OF HOOKER, SHEPARD, LEVERETT, WIGGLESWORTH,
SEWALL, AND APPLETON HOUSES.

Inscription on Boylston Hall, College Yard.

HERE WAS THE HOMESTEAD OF
THOMAS HOOKER 1633-36
FIRST PASTOR AT NEWTOWN

THOMAS SHEPARD 1636-49	JOHN LEVERETT 1696-1724
JONATHAN MITCHELL 1650-68	PRESIDENT OF HARVARD COLLEGE
FIRST AND SECOND MINISTERS	EDWARD WIGGLESWORTH 1724-68
OF THE FIRST CHURCH OF CAMBRIDGE	FIRST HOLLIS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY
AND	
EDWARD WIGGLESWORTH 1765-94	
SECOND HOLLIS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY.	

60. SITES OF SECOND, THIRD, AND FOURTH MEETING HOUSES.
About on site of Dane Hall (slight difference in site).

SITE OF THE
FOURTH MEETING HOUSE
BUILT IN 1756
HERE WASHINGTON WORSHIPPED
IN 1775.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION
OF MASSACHUSETTS
HELD HERE IN 1779
LAFAYETTE WELCOMED HERE
IN 1824.

61. SITE OF BOARDMAN HOUSE.
E. corner Massachusetts Avenue and Dunster Street
(Brock & Eaton's store).
62. SITE OF FIRST PRINTING PRESS.
S. W. corner Massachusetts Avenue and Dunster Street
(Brock Bros'. store).

HERE LIVED
STEPHEN DAYE
FIRST PRINTER IN
BRITISH AMERICA
1638-1668.

63. OLD COURT HOUSE.
Now on Palmer Street.
64. BURYING GROUND.
Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Garden Street.
Soldiers' Monument in old burying ground.

ERECTED BY THE CITY
A. D. 1870
TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN HICKS,
WILLIAM MARCY,
MOSES RICHARDSON,
BURIED HERE.
JASON RUSSELL,
JABEZ WYMAN,
JASON WINSHIP,
BURIED IN MENOTOMY
MEN OF CAMBRIDGE
WHO FELL IN DEFENCE OF
THE LIBERTY OF THE PEOPLE
APRIL 19, 1775.
“O, WHAT A GLORIOUS MORNING IS THIS!”

65. OLD MILE STONE.

Corner Burying Ground.

(<i>East Side.</i>)	(<i>West Side.</i>)
CAMBRIDGE	BOSTON
NEW BRIDGE	8 MILES
2½ MILES	1734
1794.	A. I.

66. HOME OF THE LATE CHARLES DEANE.

80 Sparks Street.

67. HOME OF THE LATE JUSTIN WINSOR.

74 Sparks Street.

68. HOME OF COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

29 Buckingham Street.

69. HOMES OF THE LATE JOIN FISKE.

22 Berkeley Street, later 90 Brattle Street.

70. HOME OF THE LATE LUCIUS R. PAIGE.

Washington Street.

71. COOPER-AUSTIN HOUSE.

21 Linnaean Street.

72. JOHN WATSON HOUSE.

2162 Massachusetts Avenue, near Rindge Avenue.

AT THIS PLACE
APRIL 19, 1775
FOUR CITIZENS WERE KILLED
BY BRITISH SOLDIERS
RETREATING FROM LEXINGTON

ERECTED BY THE CITY
1880
NAMES OF THOSE KILLED
ISAAC GARDINER, WILLIAM MARCY,
JOHN HICKS, MOSES RICHARDSON.

73. SITE OF WASHINGTON ALLSTON HOUSE AND STUDIO.

Auburn Street, next to brick block at corner of Auburn and Magazine streets.

74. BIRTHPLACE OF MARGARET FULLER.

71 Cherry Street.

75. FORT PUTNAM.

Fourth and Otis streets, East Cambridge.

PUTNAM SCHOOL

SITE OF
FORT PUTNAM
ERECTED BY THE AMERICAN FORCES
DEC. 1775
DURING THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

76. LECHMERE POINT.

Second and Otis streets, East Cambridge.

NEAR THIS SPOT
800 BRITISH SOLDIERS
FROM BOSTON COMMON
LANDED APRIL 19TH, 1775,
ON THEIR MARCH TO
LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

77. SITE OF HAUGH HOUSE.

First house built in East Cambridge.

78. WADSWORTH HOUSE. OLD PRESIDENTS' HOUSE.

In College Yard, east of Dane Hall, near Harvard Square.

WADSWORTH HOUSE
BUILT IN 1726
OCCUPIED BY
THE COLLEGE PRESIDENTS
FROM WADSWORTH
TO EVERETT,
AND IN JULY, 1775
BY WASHINGTON.

79. SITE OF OAK TREE, SCENE OF WINTHROP-VANE ELECTION,
1637.

ON THIS SPOT
IN 1630
STOOD AN ANCIENT OAK
UNDER WHICH WERE HELD
COLONIAL ELECTIONS
THIS SCION OF THE
WASHINGTON ELM
WAS PLANTED
MAY, 1896.

HOLLIS R. BAILEY }
JOHN W. FREESE } *Committee.*
WM. W. DALLINGER }

The special subject of the evening was "Reminiscences of John Bartlett."

THE CHAIRMAN: I well remember as a boy, living in Berkeley Street, when on the opposite side came a new resident, a Mr. John Bartlett. At one time during the absence of my family I stayed with Mr. John Bartlett and his wife. Though they had no children it was a very pleasant visit. They were extremely kind to me as a young boy of the awkward age of nine years, and I shall always look back upon that two months' stay with very great satisfaction.

Among my very earliest recollections was that of hearing the name of Willard. A Mr. Willard had been president, as you know, of Harvard College, and there was a strong friendship, beginning I am not aware how far back, between the Willard and Dana families — perhaps because some Mr. Willard was kind to the descendants of that early Dana settler, whose humble occupation as one of the town's officers in ringing the swine was referred to at the last meeting of this Society. At any rate this friendship of long standing has been always very sincere.

The two names Bartlett and Willard were brought together when Mr. John Bartlett married Miss Hannah Willard, and again to-night it is most appropriate that we again bring the two names together in the way of an address on this same Mr. John Bartlett by a prominent member of the Boston Bar, Joseph Willard, Esq.

ADDRESS OF JOSEPH WILLARD

MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN:

BY the courtesy of this Society I have been associated in the pleasant duty of recalling some of the traits of character and incidents of the life of our late excellent friend and your fellow-citizen, John Bartlett. And it is fitting that in this city of his adoption, and in which he lived nearly threescore years and ten of his active and retired life, his many friends should gather to remember him.

John Bartlett was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, 14 June 1820, and died in Cambridge Sunday, 3 December, 1905. He came of good Pilgrim stock, counting the honored names of Elder Brewster and Richard Warren, both Mayflower men, among his ancestors. He was proud of his Mayflower descent, in the right way; not, that is, for ostentation, as is too much the fashion of to-day, but as an incentive to live worthy of the blood he inherited. I think he indeed reproduced their sturdy independence, their patience in suffering, and their single-eyed devotion to duty and principle. But he had beside these traits of character, one, which they may have possessed,—cheerfulness in the trials of life that nothing could weaken or abate; and another, that they are certainly not credited with having,—a keen sense of humor, that saving grace of existence which, I think, is perhaps as efficient an aid to well-being in life as the theological grace of that earlier day.

At some time in the period of his retirement, probably near the end of the last century, looking back over an active career from the quiet haven of his Cambridge home, as yet uninvaded by sickness or domestic grief, he penned a brief account of his boyhood in

Plymouth. It was made as an introduction to a volume, which I have before me, modestly entitled, "A Record of Idle Hours," and contains, with that business-like precision, which was a second nature to him, a list of all the books he had read from the year 1837, when he came to this city to live, continued down to the last years of his life.

But he began long before to love books. As he says, in the same introduction: "I had an early taste for reading, and before the age of twelve had read not only most of the juvenile literature of that period, but also 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Josephus,' 'Arabian Nights,' 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' 'Scottish Chiefs,' 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife,' 'Cruise of the Midge,' 'Telemachus,' 'Paul and Virginia,' 'Tom Cringle's Log,' Cooper's 'Spy' and 'Last of the Mohicans;' Scott's 'Ivanhoe,' 'Talisman,' and 'Pirate,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' Münchhausen, and—Opie on 'Lying.'" I wonder how many of us have carefully perused "Josephus," "Telemachus," and—Opie on "Lying"! and could say so without being ourselves apt illustrations of the last-named highly instructive work!

His autobiographical fragment continues: "In 1837 I was entered as a clerk in a bookstore, and found myself amid a world of books, 'in wondering mazes lost.' Without a guide, philosopher, or friend, I plunged in, driving through the sea of books like a vessel without pilot or rudder." But our friend had a pilot in his instinctive power of selection, and a rudder in his ready assimilation of what he read, that directed him better than could any of the would-be guides who nowadays kindly seek to direct our taste by lists of the "hundred best books," and who might as well try to prescribe for our appetites the hundred best articles of food. Like the pears of Horace's Calabrian host, that which they would force upon us only repels.

"My clerical duties," concludes Mr. Bartlett's brief narrative, "were unusually onerous, yet I always found time for study and reading; and, during my active business life of fifty-two years, I devoted much time to these purposes. My library was dukedom enough, with few exceptions, for all my wants."

The business energy and tact and exceptional capacity for work that Mr. Bartlett possessed soon raised him from a clerical position to assuming the whole management and control of the College book-

store; and he rapidly redeemed it from the slack condition into which it had fallen in the less energetic hands of his predecessor.

It was nine years after Mr. Bartlett became a resident in Cambridge before it was made a city; and the influence of the College upon the town was certainly more distinctly felt then than now in its wider limits and greater size.

The Cambridge of that day is foreshadowed in Lowell's delightful essay, "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago;" that is, in the earlier decades of the last century; and while many of the marked figures which he painted in such lively colors had passed from the stage, some still remained, like Professors Popkin and Sales; and other and greater names were then the boast of the University and the literary, scientific, and scholarly attractions to its halls. Longfellow, Agassiz, Lowell, Felton, Sophocles, Beck, Gray, Peirce, Channing, and Wyman, to name no more, were among its teachers; and in this was Mr. Bartlett's great good fortune and our own; for to him it gave the suggestion to which we owe his best-known work, the "Familiar Quotations."

A bookstore in any cultivated place, but especially in a university town, is the centre to which gravitates inevitably whatever is excellent in letters, study, or culture. The best men in each succeeding year found in the place and the man the attraction of accurate scholarship, strong literary taste, and ready appreciation of the best results of study. It would take too long to do more than mention a few. But the years which sent out from the College, as graduates, Richard H. Dana, Charles Devens, James R. Lowell, Story, sculptor and poet, Nathan and Edward Everett Hale, William G. Russell, Wentworth Higginson, Senator Hoar, Professors Norton, Child, Lane, and Goodwin, Joseph Choate, President Eliot, Justin Winsor the historian, Furness the Shakespearean scholar, Alexander Agassiz, and Phillips Brooks, to come to no later day, gave an intellectual stimulus and companionship that was of itself an education. One name among the many of a date later than those just mentioned deserves especial mention, that of the fine scholar, Rezin Augustus Wight, who, graduating in 1856, grew so near to Mr. Bartlett as a collaborator that he became his associate editor, and so remained till his death in 1890 at the age of fifty-five.

It was natural that Mr. Bartlett should look to a man of college

training for co-operation, for he, like many who have not received a college education, placed perhaps an exaggerated estimate upon it. But with him this lack served only as a spur to greater effort for self-improvement and a keener appreciation of his opportunities for study. Self-directed, he read widely and avidly, and the five thousand titles which his record (already mentioned) of books perused by him enumerates, showed how he drew from the best sources of English literature; while for the classics or foreign masterpieces he had Emerson's authority that a translation may sufficiently replace the original. The same well-poised judgment, which made him competent to determine the value of literary wares to be offered to the public, gave him a discriminating taste in reading and a wonderful power of orderly arrangement; and to the frequenters of his bookstore he became an authority to be referred to more and more for the sources of apt or quotable phrases; and the "Familiar Quotations" was the result.

The unassuming first edition of the "Familiar Quotations" saw the light in 1855. I have it now before me, a slender little volume of two hundred and sixty-seven pages, tentative, almost timid in its character. I remember that Mr. Bartlett told me, and it was an indication of his doubt as to the success of his venture, that he thought an appropriate motto for his book would have been the quotation from John Bunyan's quaint apology for his work of the lines:

"Some said, 'John, print it; others said, 'Not so.'

Some said, 'It might do good,' others said, 'No.' "

But it became so rapidly known and met so hearty an appreciation of its judicious selection and accuracy that Mr. Bartlett might apply to himself Byron's phrase: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." He had reached his public. The scholar was pleased to find ready to his hand the best of what he had known; the unscientific man now could almost keep pace with the better taught. The critic found where the exquisite thought of the poet had its first form in an earlier day, whose crude ore was wrought into the refined gold of the master; and last, and not least, the orator or after-dinner speaker had his *vade mecum*, his sure reliance in oratorical or conversational difficulty, like Master Slender's Book of Riddles in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

I think not many persons realize the difficulty of the task Mr. Bartlett undertook. It seems easy enough merely to set down the verse or phrase that passes current everywhere, to give it accurately, and perhaps in some instances to point out its ancestry, if it had any. But into the select circle what was to be admitted and what was to be excluded from it? Here came the task of decision; and to a scholar the danger was that his own familiarity with a passage might mislead him to regard it as generally familiar, and impute to the public his own knowledge; and his difficulty increased in the ratio of his own learning. He must needs, Brutus like, sacrifice his own nearest and dearest, if conformity to the public acceptance required it. On the other hand, the standard of familiarity was not to be local only, and a wide scholarship was demanded, that all the domain of English speech should be represented, and that if he erred at all it should be on the side of fulness.

How well Mr. Bartlett's sound judgment met all these requirements the success of the book best evidenced. It would be most interesting if time permitted to follow step by step the growth of the book, and trace its expansion, its admission of new, and its exclusion of disentitled, candidates. But only a brief statement of figures is possible. The first edition of 1855 is a small duodecimo of two hundred and sixty-seven pages, with only twenty footnotes. The fourth edition, in 1864, had five hundred pages; the eighth, in 1883, was an octavo of nine hundred and twelve pages; and the last—the ninth—is a stout volume of almost twelve hundred pages, with nearly five thousand footnotes. And this was not mere addition, for the pruning-knife was judiciously and unflinchingly applied.

One feature of the later editions, and particularly of the last, deserves especial notice, as it is not perhaps generally appreciated; but it is one which has rendered this book one of the most valuable contributions made to the study of literature, and therefore to the history of thought. It is the citation of parallel, precedent or subsequent, or even of derivative passages, expressing the same conception.

Now while in the first edition there are but twenty, in the last edition there are nearly five thousand of these. You have here, therefore, not merely the ancestry of the thought, and can trace its

gradual working out from its rude earlier form to its perfected shape, but you are brought face to face with the great problem of the community of ideas, its limits and its possibilities. For the similarities are often not plagiarisms, but underivative and original; and the phrase to which Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Montaigne, or Byron may have given world-wide currency may only be another form of the thought expressed by some obscure writer or thinker, who comes to be known solely because of the better shape in which his conception has been put by another and greater mind.

Thus Byron's grand lines —

“ So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart ; ”

have their plagiaristic or imitative echo in Moore's feebler verse —

“ They,
Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume,
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
See their own feathers plucked to wing the dart,
Which rank corruption destines for the heart.”

But perhaps their origin was in Waller's stanza, a century and a half earlier —

“ The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.”

And whether all three may or may not have drawn the figure from Æschylus' lines —

“ With our own feathers, not by others' hands,
Are we now smitten,”

may and perhaps always will be a question.

Yet we find a little known French poet, Jean Bertaut, — a century before Waller, — expressed, though with far less poetic beauty, the same conception —

“ Nous seuls empennons de nos plumes
Les traits, dont il nous rend blessés.”

And the grand Shakespearian lines —

“ Men’s evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water; ”

have their contemporaneous echo in the same Bertaut’s —

“ L’Injure se grave en metal
Et le bienfait s’escrit en l’onde.”

That Shakespeare never heard of Bertaut is more than probable ; that Bertaut never read Shakespeare is certain ; and both are preceded by Sir Thomas More’s quaint wisdom : “ For men use if they suffer an evil tourne to write it in marble and whoso doeth us a good tourne we write it in dust.”

Similar examples can be multiplied indefinitely, but it is in Mr. Bartlett’s book that the opportunity for their study has first been adequately presented.

From the “Familiar Quotations” to the compilation of the “Shakespeare Concordance” was a natural step ; for no less than one tenth of all the familiar phrases in the former work are Shakespeare’s. This admirable Concordance was a labor of love with Mr. Bartlett, and although begun thirteen years before he retired from business, was not completed till five years of that retirement had passed, and might well be called the fruitage of that period. It had particularly the tender association of his wife’s devoted aid, acknowledged so lovingly in the dedication. Its necessary bulk, inevitable from its extensive plan to give more than a bare literal list of words, of course limited its sale mainly to large libraries, or professed Shakespearian scholars. I think Mr. Bartlett had perhaps hoped for a more popular acceptance of his book, led thereto naturally enough by the absorbing interest which a scholar feels in his work ; but he received his reward in the service he knew he had rendered to literature, in a work whose scrupulous accuracy is such that in its nearly four hundred thousand lines scarcely an error is to be found.

Praise, public and private, for both of his literary labors had come to him in no stinted measure. But one honor I think he prized above all others. The regard he had for the College, enhanced by his wife’s inherited associations through her father the professor, and her grandfather the President, rendered it particu-

larly fitting that the College should enrol him as one of her sons by adoption as she did, by giving him the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1871. He became also a member of the Φ B K in 1894, and of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1892.

Not to many who pass threescore and ten is it given to escape the scriptural limitations on the joy of living, and to find the later years not those of sorrow and trouble. I think our friend had the scriptural warning in his mind when at the age of sixty-nine he retired from active business and at seventy-two brought to a conclusion his best-known work. The preface to the ninth edition of the "Quotations" has a pathetic note of farewell in the words: "The small thin volume — the first to bear the title to this collection — after passing through eight editions, each enlarged, now culminates in its ninth, and with this closes its tentative life."

I have dwelt at this length on the literary side of Mr. Bartlett's life, as this it is by which he will be best known publicly. But you, who were his relatives, friends, and neighbors, knew another and finer side to the man. I have often thought that his friend Lowell might well have had him in his mind when he wrote the lines:

"The wisest man could ask no more of fate,
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true."

A man's character may often best be judged by the friends he makes and retains; and if, of the groups of friends who were his in middle life, and remained his till death parted them, I might name two especially near and dear to him, they would be James Russell Lowell and John Holmes. Of the latter sunny-natured, rare, and delightful man and genial humorist, if any of you desire more knowledge than your personal memories of him give, no words of mine can add to the charming picture of him drawn in the pages of Colonel Higginson's "Contemporaries." With Lowell Mr. Bartlett's association was constant for forty years. His exquisite taste, clear literary judgment, and ample scholarship Mr. Bartlett found always at his service; nor was their intercourse limited to serious studies. The verses in the years 1857 and 1858 in which he celebrated the gift of one of the trophies of Mr. Bartlett's skill as an angler, the famous seven-pound trout, are printed

in his collected works, and I will only quote from them here; while little bits of verse, even to the last year of the poet's life, touched, among others, on the same pleasant theme.

“I see him trace the wayward brook
Amid the forest mysteries,
Where at their shades shy aspens look,
Or where with many a gurgling crook
It croons its woodland histories.

“I see him step with caution due,
Soft as if shod in moccasins,
Grave as in church, for who plies you,
Sweet craft, is safe as in a pew
From all our common stock of sins.

“The unerring fly I see him cast,
That as a roseleaf falls as soft,
A flash, a whirl! he has him fast,
We tyros, how that struggle last
Confuses and appalls us oft.

“Unfluttered he: calm, as the sky
Looks on our tragicomedies,
This way and that he lets him fly,
A sunbeam shuttle, then to die
Lands him with cool aplomb at ease.

“The friend who gave our board such gust,
Life's care, may he o'erstep it half;
And when Death hooks him, as he must,
He'll do it gently as I trust,
And John Holmes write his epitaph.”

The pleasant bond that united these three friends was broken by the death of Lowell in 1891. Eight years later John Holmes, so quaintly referred to, passed away at the age of eighty-five, and with his death ended the familiar association of half a century.

In 1900, at fourscore, Mr. Bartlett's vigorous health became seriously impaired in sight, hearing, and power to walk. It was the beginning of a physical imprisonment that ended only with his life. To this was added his anxiety for his gentle wife, whose mental alienation rendered her an object of constant solicitude, but chiefly from the fear lest, if he should not survive her, she would

not be assured of the same protecting care with which he watched over her. But his serene courage never failed; and the sorrow of her death a year before his had yet this alleviation from that ever-present anxiety.

I think few of you, whose privilege it was to visit him in this last decade of his life, can forget the delightful reception with which you were greeted, as soon as you came within his recognition. As the attendant announced you to him, as he sat in the well-remembered place in his beautiful library, surrounded by the books he had loved so well, but which he was never more to read, you could see the alert look and attitude as he waited till you reached him, and then the cheery smile, the cordial grasp of the hand, the pleasant word of greeting welcomed you, and the door of his imprisonment opened wide once more. Then came the flow of reminiscence, of pertinent anecdote, of apt quotation, and in turn a perfectly receptive appreciation of all that you had to offer in kind. There was no taint of old age in his mind, and his memory seemed only to strengthen with the years.

And so it continued to the last. On Friday, December 1st, I was summoned to his bedside by a note, informing me of his serious illness. I found him fully conscious, and aware that his physicians had said that he had but a few days to live. I remained with him at his desire for quite an hour, and not only was his mind alert and his business directions clear, but there was the same cheery tone, pleasant memory of the past, and thoughtful reference to the present, though the voice was feeble and the utterance slow. Two days later he died.

In presenting this imperfect tribute to our friend's memory, I should feel more regret for its deficiencies if I were not sure that to those who knew him well no commendation was necessary, and still more, that there are others to follow me who will more than supply what I have failed adequately to present.

THE CHAIRMAN: One characteristic of Mr. Bartlett I think we must all have noticed, if brought in contact with him, was his great modesty and willingness to receive a suggestion in the lines in which he was a great expert from anybody who might be able to furnish him information.

There was also another side to his character beside the literary,—he was a sportsman—a fine fly-rod trout fisher. I remember his telling with much glee how, going to Waverley Oaks and fishing in Waverley Brook, which had long been believed to have been thoroughly fished out, he caught and landed a nice two-pound trout. He also had the record of catching the largest trout landed in modern days, that is, in the last sixty or seventy years, in the White Mountains at Jackson Falls. He had the length of the trout measured on his fishing rod, which some of us have seen, and as to weight of that fish I hardly dare now to state the number of pounds, but I recall there was a six in it. That is very large for a brook trout, but such is one's recollection of fish.

It is always a delight to hear the next speaker, who is going to talk to us. One of the privileges of living in Cambridge is that we can hear from time to time Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

ADDRESS OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

FELLOW MEMBERS OF THIS ASSOCIATION,—to whom our friend here, the speaker of the evening, should be added as an honorary member, I think,—I have heard with the greatest interest what has been said, and I am very much struck with his keenness of recognition as to some of the very points of which I have ventured to speak in writing about Mr. Holmes and Mr. Bartlett. Yet we are uninformed about one or two things of which I should like very much to have heard more in Bartlett's case, such as his experience during his naval life. He was nearly a year, I think, on board a naval vessel during the war. He went out in an official capacity as paymaster, and I do not know whether he has left any record of it—I am not aware of it myself.

It would have been very interesting to see an account of such an entire transfer of life as his was under these circumstances, for he was certainly at all times of his life, and almost more in his age than in his youth, one of the best raconteurs I have known. Stories

lost nothing in his hands. He remembered, as was said by the speaker of the evening, until later years with a readiness and precision that was absolutely humiliating to those who were some years younger. I never was made to feel that his stories grew with time. You could hear them at intervals of a year and they would be no longer at the end than they were at the beginning. He had a delicate humor and extraordinary delineation. I have also had the honor of having had in my hands that marvellous book of the record of his reading. I think I never encountered its equal, and in view of the fact that a large part of his life was spent in active and sometimes complicated business relations, it was all the more extraordinary.

I wrote at one time in a book—I find it always safe to quote one's own books, for in spite of the kindness of friends one seldom finds his quotations recognized—this I wrote:—

“ There are books in the English language so vast that the ordinary reader recoils before their text and their footnotes. Such, for instance, is Gibbon’s ‘ Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,’ containing substantially the history of the whole world for thirteen centuries. When that author dismissed the last page of his task, on June 27, 1787, in the historic garden at Geneva, having arranged that it was to appear before the public at once in four different languages, is it not possible that he may have felt some natural misgiving as to whether any one person would ever read the whole of it? We know him to have predicted that Fielding’s ‘ Tom Jones ’ would outlast the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of Austria, but he recorded no similar claim for his own work. The statesman, Fox, to be sure, pronounced Gibbon’s book to be ‘ immortal,’ simply because, as he said, no man in the world could do without it; and Sheridan added, with undue levity, that if not luminous it was at least voluminous. But modern readers, as a rule, consult it; they do not read it. It is, at best, a tool-chest.

“ Yet there lies before me what is, perhaps, the most remarkable manuscript catalogue of books read that can be found in the English-speaking world, this being the work of Bartlett at eighty-three, who began life by reading a verse of the Bible aloud to his mother when three years old, had gone through the whole of it by the time he was nine, and then went on to grapple with all the rest of literature, upon which he is still at work.

" His vast catalogue of books read begins with 1837, and continues up to the present day, thus covering much more than half a century, a course of reading not yet finished, and in which Gibbon is but an incident. One finds, for instance, at intervals such items as these :

" ' Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," read twice between 1856 and 1894; Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" third reading, 1895; Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," vols. 1 and 2, fourth reading; ' followed soon after by 'Gibbon, vols. 3-6, fourth reading; Gibbon, vols. 7-8, fourth reading.' What are a thousand readings of 'Tom Jones' compared with a series of feats like this? And there is a certain satisfaction to those who find themselves staggered by the contemplation of such labor, when they read elsewhere on the list the recorded confession that this man of wonderful toil occasionally stooped so far as cheerfully to include 'That Frenchman,' and 'Mr. Barnes of New York.' "

There are other things which I have written about John Bartlett at different times, and one especially in the *Nation* not long after his death, and I would venture to quote from this,—

" There came, however, an event in Bartlett's life which put an end to all direct labors, when his wife and co-worker began to lose her mental clearness, and all this joint task had presently to be laid aside. For a time he tried to continue his work unaided; and she, with unwearied patience and gentleness, would sit quietly beside him without interference. But the malady increased, until she passed into that melancholy condition described so powerfully by his neighbor and intimate friend, James Russell Lowell — though drawing from a different example — in his poem of 'The Darkened Mind,' one of the most impressive, I think, of his poems. While Bartlett still continued his habit of reading, the writing had to be surrendered. His eyesight being ere long affected, the reading also was abandoned, and after his wife's death he lived for a year or two one of the loneliest of lives. He grew physically lame, and could scarcely cross the room unaided. A nervous trouble in the head left him able to employ a reader less and less frequently, and finally not at all. In a large and homelike room, containing one of the most charming private libraries in Cambridge — the books being beautifully bound and lighting up the walls instead of darkening them — he spent most of the day reclining on the sofa,

externally unemployed, simply because employment was impossible. He had occasional visitors, and four of his old friends formed what they called a ‘Bartlett Club,’ and met at his house one evening in every week.” [It is possible we may have a representative of this group here; I wish we might have.] “Sometimes days passed, however, without his receiving a visitor, he living alone in a room once gay with the whist-parties which he and Lowell had formerly organized and carried on.

“His cheerful courage, however, was absolutely unbroken, and he met every casual guest with a look of sunshine. His voice and manner, always animated and cheerful, remained the same. He had an inexhaustible store of anecdotes and reminiscences, and could fill the hour with talk without showing exhaustion. Seldom going out of the house, unable to take more than very short drives, he dwelt absolutely in the past, remembered the ways and deeds of all Cambridge and Boston literary men, spoke genially of all and with malice of none. He had an endless fund of good stories of personal experience. Were one to speak to him, for instance, of Edward Everett, well known for the elaboration with which he prepared his addresses, Bartlett would instantly recall how Everett once came into his bookstore in search of a small pocket Bible to be produced dramatically before a rural audience in a lecture; but in this case finding none small enough chose a copy of Hoyle’s ‘Games’ instead, which was produced with due impressiveness when the time came. Then he would describe the same Edward Everett whom he once called upon and found busy in drilling a few Revolutionary soldiers who were to be on the platform during Everett’s famous Concord oration, and whom he drilled first to stand up and be admired at a certain point of the oration and then to sit down again, by signal, that the audience might rather rise in their honor. Unfortunately, one man, who was totally deaf, forgot the instructions and absolutely refused to sit down, because the ‘squire’ had told him to stand up. In a similar way, Bartlett’s unimpaired memory held the whole circle of eminent men among whom he had grown up from youth, and a casual visitor might infer from his cheery manner that these comrades had just left the room. During his last illness, mind and memory seemed equally unclouded until the very end, and almost the last words he spoke were a caution to his faithful nurse not to forget to pay the small

sum due to a man who had been at work on his driveway, he naming the precise sum due in dollars and cents.

"He died on the morning of December 3, 1905, aged 85. Was his career, after all, more to be pitied or envied? He lived a life of prolonged and happy labor among the very choicest gems of human thought, and died with patient fortitude after all visible human joys had long been laid aside."

THE CHAIRMAN: Colonel Higginson has referred to the "Bartlett Club," and has explained his wish that we might have a member of this "Bartlett Club" here. Fortunately we have Mr. Woodward Emery to tell us about the "Bartlett Club," why it was organized, what it has done, and I trust also about his own share in it as well as what the other members did.

ADDRESS OF WOODWARD EMERY

I HAVE been asked to say a few words to-night in memory of John Bartlett.

I propose to speak of him as a friend and neighbor. We lived in the same neighborhood for more than a quarter of a century, during which time we became better and better acquainted until within the past decade I have enjoyed his intimate friendship.

You all know him to have been a man of rare parts, possessing so many of the excellencies of human nature as to entitle him to high rank among his fellowmen. His pure friendliness is a characteristic all will easily recognize. It was almost as wide as his human sympathy, which though intelligently restrained responded to all misfortune. It gave him that touch of nature which made him kin to all. I recall his telling of the interest he ever had in the College students in the old days of his bookstore in Harvard Square; how he encouraged them in their taste for books and allowed them to carry away whatever they fancied, but he said they always came back and paid for what they had taken. His generous and sympathetic treatment evidently made them feel that they had incurred a debt of honor.

At request he once signed the College bond of a young stranger from the south, who later came, having been at College about a year and a half, and deposited the amount of the bond. Shortly thereafter the youth disappeared, leaving unnumbered debts behind, but his trusting bondsman was secured. He understood their natures!

His sense of humor was keen and his wit responsive and unfailing, which when linked to his prodigious memory lent a brilliancy to his conversation rarely equalled. He had met and known the keen wits and sparkling intellects of his day and generation, and many an anecdote of interesting personality, which enlivened an hour of intercourse, can never again be told in his inimitable way. He possessed the rare faculty in a story-teller of seldom if ever repeating his stories; which in one whose conversation was replete with anecdote and reminiscence was remarkable.

His tastes and fancies were with books, his business was with books and the making of books, and this brought him in contact with the bookish class. He was a painstaking, untiring student, one who if not a creator himself made familiar to all the beauties of the greatest creators, and the readers of Shakespeare his debtors for all time.

But withal he loved things outside the library. The recreations of a man form part of his character and a knowledge of them helps in our estimate and appreciation of him. When, therefore, we think of Mr. Bartlett as an ardent fisherman, a lover of the game of whist, and a fine chess player, we feel that a strong side-light is thrown upon his life. He loved the old-fashioned game of whist and he played it well, as I know from many an evening's contest as his opponent. Every winter for thirty years he, James Russell Lowell, John Holmes, and Charles F. Choate played an evening a week together, except while Mr. Lowell was absent as foreign ambassador.

His game of chess was ingenious, original, and aggressive, and he played it, as he did most things, with superior skill.

A man's estimate and appreciation of the gentler sex is a safe measure of the delicacy and quality of his nature, and that Mr. Bartlett held women in the highest esteem his many contributions to their happiness and pleasure give testimony. His attitude toward them was distinguished by a tender, respectful graciousness of

manner mingled with a sprightly cordiality, and he enjoyed their society.

He was a keen sportsman in his love of angling, a disciple of Sir Izaak, of whose works he made a collection, and had, I believe, a copy of every edition of "The Compleat Angler," which he ultimately gave to Harvard. He was a small man in stature, as you all know, and not especially vigorous or hardy looking, and yet, as he told me, he has carried his fishing gear up the stream of a March morning encumbered with rubber-boots and a long, thick ulster over heavy clothing, and fished all day, walking many miles and returning at night astonished at his freedom from fatigue, and ready to perform the selfsame feat the next day,—all for love of the sport.

You remember the lines of Lowell in acknowledgment of the receipt of a seven-pound trout, and will forgive me for reciting a single stanza singularly fitting at the present moment:

" And when they come his deeds to weigh,
 And how he used the talents his,
One troutscale in the scale will lay
 (If trout had scales) O' t will outweigh
The wrong side of the balances."

For years thereafter a trout found its way to the songster, and a witty acknowledgment followed hard upon.

Whatever he did was done *con amore* and in response to a spontaneity which lasted to the end. A playful mental energy which seemed never to tire kept company with his daily doings. He once told me he never felt despondent or downhearted. Certainly, cheerfulness was a pronounced characteristic which led to a hopeful outcome, and was an ever-present help in time of need, both to his business associates and in domestic affliction.

" Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded way
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day!"

His reading was desultory and somewhat wide in and among histories, both ancient and modern, biographies, poems, and dramas — the English classics yielding, I think, the largest field of pleasure. The same spirit of thoroughness and certitude which gave him success in business led him to keep a record of the books

he read, some of which, like Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," he read many times. His capacious and ready memory drew from this store, as well as from the intercourse of friendly relationship during a long life, in the pleasant talks of his latter days, when loss of eyesight prevented farther enjoyment of his favorite pastime. In this, perhaps, he suffered a less calamity than most, in that his memory was stored with the reading which had absorbed an average of ten hours a day for nearly fifty years.

As a story-teller he was unrivalled, and always capped another's story by something it reminded him of, and then capped his own with a rejoinder. It was marvellous to realize how much of the experiences of life among all sorts of men he had passed through in the somewhat narrow sphere of his daily living and how much of their flavor he had brought away with him. He never tired in referring to the spontaneous wit of his late friend, Mr. John Holmes, from whom he said mirth and wit bubbled almost without conscious thought, so that in repeating to him something he had just previously said it would appear as a new idea and take on unremembered point.

He had wit to perceive and language to express, and yet his tongue never gave vent to envenomed speech. He could be scathing, but there was a mixture of gentleness with it which showed the tenderness of his heart. He could not be unkind; it was too foreign to his nature. Not that he could be affronted with impunity,—far from it; his temper would rise to the situation, and the well-merited rebuke would pierce the toughest shell. While gentle, he was firm and brave. His service to his country in the Civil War showed there was no lack of courage in him.

In his estimates of his fellowmen he was not offensive in his differentiations; for all that, he had the proper prejudices of a gentleman, and did not fail to express them in choice and pointed language.

In politics he pursued a uniformly sensible and steady course, neither veering with the varying winds nor trying to catch at elusive phantoms, content to be a republican when national issues were at stake, and a non-partizan in municipal affairs. He fully performed his duties as a citizen, and made liberal contributions toward matters of public interest as well as to private charities. Indeed, all his life he was a generous giver to those persons and

causes which he believed had a right to appeal to him for assistance. Such natures as his tie knots in friendship which never are unloosed.

“Friendship! Mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life! and solder of society!”

His industry was untiring, as his great works, “Familiar Quotations” and the Shakesperian Concordance testify; but of the latter, I gather from what he has said to me, the labor would have been more than he could have given were it not for assiduous and devoted help from his beloved wife. Her care and cheerful aid in arranging the thousands of slips of quotations made that great work possible for him to accomplish.

One cannot think, and should not speak, of Mr. Bartlett without making reference to his wife. For over fifty years they lived happily together. The lack of children seemed to make them all the more dependent on each other—a loyal, happy, and united marriage, with an old-time halo of sacred love encircling it. It gave a tender loveliness to his loyal nature which only those about him could realize and appreciate. The lines of Jefferys, taken from the “Familiar Quotations,” could never be more appropriately applied:

“We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years;
We have shared each other’s gladness,
And wept each other’s tears.”

A philosophic temperament, broadened by wide reading, gave depth to his religious feelings, which though never concealed were rarely expressed. I was deeply impressed by my last interview at his bedside, within twenty-four hours of his end, when, taking my hand and looking up with his wonderful gray, sympathetic eyes, he said with a smile, “I shall carry with me the memory of our pleasant meetings.” He was referring to the Bartlett Club, as three of us had dubbed ourselves in our visitations to him during the last year of his life, and while trying to carry cheer had received far more than was within the power of any or all of us to give.

The latest and pleasantest memories of Mr. Bartlett are associated with his home. On the sunny side of Brattle Street, nearly a generation ago, he built a house commodious and well suited to his

needs and tastes, environed by a well-kept rose garden and perfect lawn, which engrossed to the last his attention and interest. I shall always love to recall him as he sat in his pleasant library surrounded by his books, which had been the cheery companions of his long life, attended by his devoted and faithful servants, and extending to his friends a cordial greeting and hearty welcome. The infirmities which limited his last days were rarely referred to, and the conversation was devoted to the scenes of his youth, the memories of the distinguished literary men whom he had known so well, and the books which he had read so often, and whose contents he could recall with so much accuracy and vividness.

How pleasing to picture him sitting amid his books, musing on the recollections suggested by them, breathing an atmosphere redolent of patient philosophy, and solacing himself with these fitting lines of Wordsworth :

“ What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind :
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be ;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering ;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.”

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FRANK GAYLORD COOK,	ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,	WILLIAM C. LANE,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,	ALICE M. LONGFELLOW,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,	ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
	WILLIAM R. THAYER.

COMMITTEES APPOINTED BY THE COUNCIL

1905-1906

On the Early Roads and Topography of Cambridge.

STEPHEN P. SHARPLES,EDWARD J. BRANDON,
EDWARD R. COGSWELL.

On the Collection of Autograph Letters of Distinguished Citizens of Cambridge.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, WILLIAM C. LANE,
HENRY HERBERT EDES.

On the Identification and Marking of Historic Sites in Cambridge.

HOLLIS R. BAILEY, JOHN W. FREESE,
WILLIAM W. DALLINGER.

*On the Collection of Oral Traditions and of Early Letters and other
Documents of Citizens of Cambridge.*

CAROLINE L. PARSONS, ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
ELIZABETH E. DANA.

On Sketches of Noted Citizens of Cambridge.

ARTHUR GILMAN, STEPHEN P. SHARPLES,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI.

*On Making a Roll of Historical Documents concerning the Founding and
the Early Years of Cambridge.*

ANDREW MCF. DAVIS, WILLIAM R. THAYER,
JAMES ATKINS NOYES.

On a Seal for the Society.

FRANK GAYLORD COOK,
F. APTHORP FOSTER.

HOLLIS R. BAILEY,

On Auditing the Accounts of the Treasurer.

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS.

On Publication.

FRANK GAYLORD COOK,
JOHN T. G. NICHOLS.

WILLIAM C. LANE,

*On the Celebration of the Two Hundred and Seventy-fifth Anniversary
of the Founding of Cambridge.*

FRANK GAYLORD COOK,
HENRY HERBERT EDES.

HOLLIS R. BAILEY,

*On the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, *Chairman.*

FRANK A. ALLEN,
JAMES BARR AMES,
CLARENCE W. AYER,
SAMUEL F. BATCHELDER,
WILLIAM C. BATES,
STOUGHTON BELL,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,
GEORGE H. BROWNE,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,
GEORGE HOWLAND COX,
ANDREW McF. DAVIS,
CHARLES W. ELIOT,
LILIAN H. FARLOW,
ARTHUR GILMAN,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,
EDWIN B. HALE,
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
GEORGE HODGES,

ELIZABETH HARRIS HOUGHTON,
AGNES IRWIN,
WILLIAM JAMES,
WILLIAM C. LANE,
ERASMUS D. LEAVITT,
MARY T. MCINTIRE,
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
EDWARD J. MORIARTY,
BLISS PERRY,
EDWARD C. PICKERING,
WILLIAM TAGGARD PIPER,
JOHN READ,
GRACE O. SCUDDEER,
STEPHEN THACHER,
THOMAS B. TICKNOR,
BENJAMIN VAUGHAN,
HENRY P. WALCOTT,
JOSEPH B. WARNER,
HENRY D. YERXA.

REGULAR MEMBERS

ABBOT, MARION S.	BROCK, ADAH L. C.
ABBOTT, CARRIE F.	BROOKS, L. EDNA
ABBOTT, EDWARD	BROWN, JOHN GREENWOOD
ALLEN, FLORA V.	BULFINCH, ELLEN S.
ALLEN, FRANK A.	
ALLEN, OSCAR F.	CHAMPLIN, KATHERINE E.
ALLISON, CARRIE J.	CLARK, ELIZABETH H.
ALLISON, SUSAN CARLYLE	CLARKE, ELLEN DUDLEY
AMES, JAMES BARR	CLARKE, GEORGE KUHN
AUBIN, HELEN WARNER	COES, MARY
AUBIN, MARGARET H.	COGSWELL, EDWARD R.
AYER, CLARENCE W.	COGSWELL, FRANCIS
	COOK, FRANK GAYLORD
BAILEY, HOLLIS RUSSELL	COX, GEORGE HOWLAND
BAILEY, MARY PERSIS	CROCKER, JOHN M.
BANCROFT, WILLIAM AMOS	CUTTER, WATSON GRANT
§BARKER, EDWARD T.	
BARNARD, CLARA EVERETT	DALLINGER, WILLIAM W.
BATCHELDER, CHARLES FOSTER	DANA, EDITH LONGFELLOW
BATCHELDER, LAURA P.	DANA, ELIZABETH ELLERY
BATCHELDER, SAMUEL F.	DANA, RICHARD HENRY
BATCHELOR, GEORGE	DAVIS, ANDREW McF.
BATCHELOR, PRISCILLA C.	DAVIS, ELEANOR W.
BEALE, JOSEPH HENRY, JR.	DEANE, MARY H.
BELL, STOUGHTON	DRESSER, CELINA L.
BLAKE, J. HENRY	
BLISH, ARIADNE	EDES, GRACE WILLIAMSON
BÖCHER, MADELEINE	EDES, HENRY HERBERT
BOUTON, ELIZA J. N.	ELIOT, CHARLES W.
BRADBURY, MARGARET J.	ELIOT, GRACE H.
BRADBURY, WILLIAM F.	ELIOT, SAMUEL A.
BRANDON, EDWARD J.	

§ Resigned.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| ELLIS, HELEN PEIRCE | KERSHAW, FRANCIS STEWART |
| EVARTS, PRESCOTT | KERSHAW, JUSTINE HOUGHTON |
| FESSENDEN, MARION BROWN | KIERNAN, THOMAS J. |
| FOOTE, MARY B. | LAMB, HARRIET F. |
| FOSTER, FRANCIS APTHORP | LANE, WILLIAM C. |
| FOX, JABEZ | LANSING, MARION FLORENCE |
| FOXCROFT, FRANK | LEAVITT, ERASmus D. |
| FREESE, JOHN W. | LONGFELLOW, ALICE M. |
| GAMWELL, EDWARD F. | MARCOU, PHILIPPE BELKNAP |
| GILMAN, ARTHUR | MATHER, WINIFRED |
| GOODWIN, AMELIA M. | MCDUFFIE, JOHN |
| GOZZALDI, MARY ISABELLA | MCINTIRE, CHARLES J. |
| HALE, EDWIN B. | MCKENZIE, ALEXANDER |
| HALL, EDWARD H. | MITCHELL, EMMA M. |
| HANNUM, LEANDER M. | MORISON, ANNE T. |
| HARRIS, CHARLES | MORISON, ROBERT S. |
| HARRIS, ELIZABETH | MYERS, JAMES J. |
| HARRIS, SARAH E. | NICHOLS, JOHN T. G. |
| HART, ALBERT BUSHNELL | NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT |
| HASKINS, DAVID GREENE, JR. | NORTON, GRACE |
| HIGGINSON, MARY THACHER | NOYES, JAMES ATKINS |
| HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH | PAINE, JAMES L. |
| HILDRETH, JOHN L. | PAINE, MARY WOOLSON |
| HILL, F. STANHOPE | PARKE, HENRY C., JR. |
| HODGES, GEORGE | PARKER, HENRY A. |
| HOOPES, WILFORD L. | PARSONS, CAROLINE LOUISA |
| HOPPIN, ELIZA MASON | PEABODY, CAROLINE E. |
| HORSFORD, KATHARINE | PEARSON, LEGH RICHMOND |
| HOUGHTON, ALBERTA M. | *PEIRCE, JAMES MILLS |
| HOUGHTON, ELIZABETH HARRIS | PERRIN, FRANKLIN |
| HOUGHTON, ROSERYSSE G. | PERRIN, LOUISA C. |
| HOWE, ARCHIBALD M. | PICKERING, LIZZIE SPARKS |
| HOWE, ARRIA S. D. | PIPER, WILLIAM TAGGARD |
| HOWE, CLARA | POPE, CHARLES HENRY |
| HUBBARD, PHINEAS | RAND, HARRY SEATON |
| HULING, RAY GREENE | READ, ANNA M. |
| JAGGAR, THOMAS AUGUSTUS | READ, ELISE WELCH |

* Deceased.

READ, JOHN	THAYER, WILLIAM R.
READ, WILLIAM	THORP, JOSEPH G.
REARDON, EDMUND	TICKNOR, FLORENCE
REID, WILLIAM B.	TICKNOR, THOMAS B.
ROCKWELL, ALICE TUFTS	TILLINGHAST, WILLIAM H.
ROCKWELL, J. ARNOLD	TOPPAN, SARAH M.
ROLFE, WILLIAM J.	TOWER, CHARLES B.
ROPES, JAMES HARDY	VAUGHAN, ANNA H.
RUSSELL, ETTA LOIS	VAUGHAN, BENJAMIN
SAUNDERS, CARRIE H.	WALCOTT, ANNA M.
SAUNDERS, GEORGE S.	WARE, THORNTON M.
SAUNDERS, HERBERT A.	WENTWORTH, ANNIE LOUISE L.
SAWYER, DORA WENTWORTH	WENTWORTH, WILLIAM HALL
SAWYER, GEORGE A.	WESSELHOEFT, MARY A.
SAWYER, GEORGE C.	WESSELHOEFT, WALTER
SCUDDER, GRACE O.	WESTON, ANSTIS
SEAGRAVE, C. BURNSIDE	WESTON, ROBERT DICKSON
SEVER, MARTHA	WHITE, EMMA E.
SEVER, MARY C.	WHITE, MOSES P.
SHARPLES, STEPHEN P.	WHITTEMORE, ISABELLA STEWART
SHEA, JAMES E.	WHITTEMORE, WILLIAM RICHARDSON
SHEFFIELD, MARY GERTRUDE	WILLARD, SUSANNA
SIBLEY, BERTHA	WILLIAMS, OLIVE SWAN
SIBLEY, HENRY C.	WINLOCK, MARY PEYTON
SMITH, EMMA G.	WINSOR, CAROLINE T.
SORTWELL, ALVIN F.	WORCESTER, SARAH ALICE
STEARNs, GENEVIEVE	WRIGHT, GEORGE G.
STORER, SARAH FRANCES	WRIGHT, PAMELIA KEITH
SWAN, SARAH H.	WRIGHT, THEODORE F.
TAFT, CHARLES H.	WYMAN, CAROLINE K.
TAFT, EMILY H.	WYMAN, MARGARET C.
TAYLOR, FREDERIC W.	YERXA, HENRY D.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

DAVENPORT, BENNETT F.

WILLARD, JOSEPH

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

AGREEMENT OF ASSOCIATION

WE, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do, by this agreement, associate ourselves with the intention to constitute a corporation according to the provisions of the one hundred and twenty-fifth chapter of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the Acts in amendment thereof and in addition thereto.

The name by which the Corporation shall be known is The Cambridge Historical Society.

The Corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

The place within which the Corporation is established or located is the City of Cambridge within said Commonwealth.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this Nineteenth day of April in the year nineteen hundred and five.

CHARLES W. ELIOT

HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY

GRACE H. ELIOT

FRANK GAYLORD COOK

MARY THACHER HIGGINSON

GEORGE S. SAUNDERS

STEPHEN P. SHARPES

ARCHIBALD M. HOWE

ELIZA J. N. BOUTON

JOHN L. HILDRETH

Alice M. LONGFELLOW

JOSEPH G. THORP

ELIZABETH E. DANA

Wm. W. DALLINGER

GRACE WILLIAMSON EDES

FRANCIS COGSWELL

MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI

EDWARD J. BRANDON

WILLIAM C. LANE

EDWARD T. BARKER

EDWARD ABBOTT	JAMES ATKINS NOYES
MARY PERSIS BAILEY	HENRY HERBERT EDES
LEGII RICHMOND PEARSON	OSCAR F. ALLEN
RICHARD H. DANA	EDWARD R. COGSWELL
ARTHUR GILMAN	JOHN T. G. NICHOLS
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE	GEORGE HODGES
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON	SUSANNA WILLARD
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON	GRACE NORTON
WM. R. THAYER	DAVID G. HASKINS, JR.
EDWIN B. HALE	ALBERT BUSINELL HART
WILLIAM READ	EDWARD H. HALL
ANNA M. READ	CAROLINE LOUISA PARSONS
CAROLINE K. WYMAN	S. FRANCES STORER
JOHN W. FREESE	FRANKLIN PERRIN
ANDREW McF. DAVIS	LOUISA C. PERRIN

All the foregoing being residents of said Cambridge.

NOTICE OF FIRST MEETING OF THE SUBSCRIBERS.

To

You are hereby notified that the first meeting of the subscribers to an agreement to associate themselves with the intention of forming a corporation to be known by the name of The Cambridge Historical Society, dated April 19, A. D. 1905, for the purpose of organizing said corporation by the adoption of by-laws and election of officers and directors and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held on Saturday the seventeenth day of June, A.D. 1905, at eight o'clock P. M., at Cambridge Social Union, 42 Brattle Street, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

RICHARD H. DANA.
HOLLIS R. BAILEY.
FRANK GAYLORD COOK.
Three of the subscribers to said agreement.

Dated June 8, 1905.

SUFFOLK ss.

JUNE 13, 1905.

We certify that we have served the foregoing notice upon each of the subscribers by copy served as follows: deposited in the post-office post-paid addressed to each at his place of residence seven days at least before the day fixed for the first meeting.

RICHARD H. DANA.

HOLLIS R. BAILEY.

FRANK GAYLORD COOK.

SUFFOLK ss.

JUNE 13, 1905.

Subscribed and sworn to

Before me,

CHARLES E. SHATTUCK,

Justice of the Peace.

CHARTER

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Be it Known, That whereas Charles W. Eliot, Grace H. Eliot, Mary Thacher Higginson, Stephen P. Sharples, Eliza J. N. Bouton, Alice M. Longfellow, Elizabeth E. Dana, Grace Williamson Edes, Mary Isabella Gozzaldi, William C. Lane, Edward Abbott, Mary Persis Bailey, Legh Richmond Pearson, George S. Saunders, Archibald M. Howe, Joseph G. Thorp, Francis Cogswell, Edward T. Barker, Henry H. Edes, Edward R. Cogswell, George Hodges, Grace Norton, Albert Bushnell Hart, Caroline Louisa Parsons, Franklin Perrin, Richard H. Dana, Arthur Gilman, Alexander McKenzie, Charles Eliot Norton, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William R. Thayer, Edwin B. Hale, William Read, Anna M. Read, Caroline K. Wyman, John W. Freese, Andrew McF. Davis, Hollis Russell Bailey, Frank Gaylord Cook, John L. Hildreth, William W. Dallinger, Edward J. Brandon, James Atkins Noyes, Oscar F. Allen, John T. G. Niehols, Susanna Willard, David G. Haskins, Jr., Edward H. Hall, S. Frances Storer, and Louisa C. Perrin have associated themselves with the intention of forming a corporation under the name of

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

for the purpose of collecting and preserving books, manuscripts, and other memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth, and have complied with the provisions of the Statutes of this Commonwealth in such case made and provided, as appears from the certificate of the President, Treasurer, Secretary, and Council, having the powers of Directors, of said corporation, duly approved by the Commissioner of Corporations and recorded in this office:

Now therefore, I, William M. Olin, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do hereby certify that said Charles W. Eliot, Grace H. Eliot, Mary Thacher Higginson, Stephen P. Sharples, Eliza J.

N. Bouton, Alice M. Longfellow, Elizabeth E. Dana, Grace Williamson Edes, Mary Isabella Gozzaldi, William C. Lane, Edward Abbott, Mary Persis Bailey, Legh Richmond Pearson, George S. Saunders, Archibald M. Howe, Joseph G. Thorp, Francis Cogswell, Edward T. Barker, Henry H. Edes, Edward R. Cogswell, George Hodges, Grace Norton, Albert Bushnell Hart, Caroline Louisa Parsons, Franklin Perrin, Richard H. Dana, Arthur Gilman, Alexander McKenzie, Charles Eliot Norton, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William R. Thayer, Edwin B. Hale, William Read, Anna M. Read, Caroline K. Wyman, John W. Freese, Andrew McF. Davis, Hollis Russell Bailey, Frank Gaylord Cook, John L. Hildreth, William W. Dallinger, Edward J. Brandon, James Atkins Noyes, Oscar F. Allen, John T. G. Nichols, Susanna Willard, David G. Haskins, Jr., Edward H. Hall, S. Frances Storer, and Louisa C. Perrin, their associates and successors, are legally organized and established as, and are hereby made, an existing corporation under the name of

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

with the powers, rights, and privileges, and subject to the limitations, duties, and restrictions, which by law appertain thereto.

Witness my official signature hereunto subscribed, and the Great Seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereunto affixed, this twenty-fourth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and five.

Seal
of the
Commonwealth

WILLIAM M. OLIN
Secretary of the Commonwealth

BY-LAWS

I. CORPORATE NAME.

THE name of this corporation shall be "THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY."

II. OBJECT.

The corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

III. REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

Any resident of the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible for regular membership in this Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Persons so elected shall become members upon signing the By-Laws and paying the fees therein prescribed.

IV. LIMIT OF REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

The regular membership of this Society shall be limited to two hundred.

V. HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

Any person, nominated by the Council, may be elected an honorary member at any meeting of the Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Honorary members shall be exempt from paying any fees, shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VI. ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Any person not a resident, but either a native, or formerly a resident for at least five years, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible to

associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of one dollar each payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VII. SEAL.

The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1905, a shield bearing a representation of the Daye Printing Press and crest of two books surmounted by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting-house of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister, and, underneath, a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent.*

VIII. OFFICERS.

The officers of this corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary with the powers of Clerk, a Treasurer, and a Curator, elected out of the Council by the Society. All the above officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

IX. DUTY OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-Presidents, respectively, in the order of their election.

X. DUTY OF SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give to each member of the Society written notice of its meetings. He shall also present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XI. DUTY OF TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the accounts, of the corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it, and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of its funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society a bond, in amount and with sureties satisfactory to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited prior to the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

XII. DUTY OF CURATOR.

The Curator shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

XIII. DUTY OF COUNCIL.

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall arrange for its meetings, and shall present for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XIV. MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesdays of January, and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.

XV. QUORUM.

At meetings of the Society ten members, and at meetings of the Council five members, shall constitute a quorum.

XVI. FEES.

The fee of initiation shall be one dollar. There shall also be an annual assessment of two dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting.

XVII. RESIGNATION OF MEMBERSHIP.

All resignations of membership must be in writing, provided, however, that failure to pay the annual assessment within six months after the Annual Meeting may, in the discretion of the Council, be considered a resignation of membership.

XVIII. AMENDMENT OF BY-LAWS.

These By-Laws may be amended at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting, provided that the substance of the proposed amendment shall have been inserted in the call for such meeting.

The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

II



PROCEEDINGS

OCTOBER 23, 1906 — OCTOBER 22, 1907



The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

II

PROCEEDINGS

OCTOBER 23, 1906—OCTOBER 22, 1907



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Published by the Society

1907

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The Geog.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

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PROCEEDINGS
OF
THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE FIFTH MEETING

BEING THE SECOND ANNUAL MEETING

THE FIFTH MEETING, being the Second Annual Meeting, of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, was held the twenty-third day of October, nineteen hundred and six, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. In the absence of the President, the Third Vice President, ARCHIBALD M. HOWE, presided.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On behalf of the Council, HENRY HERBERT EDES submitted its Annual Report as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

In obedience to the requirements of Article XIII of the By-Laws, the Council submits its Annual Report.

The Society has held four meetings, (1) for organization on the seventeenth of June, (2) the Autumn meeting on the thirtieth of October, at which Professor Norton gave Reminiscences of his early life in Cambridge, (3) a Special meeting in Sanders Theatre on the twenty-first of December, in commemoration of the Two hundred and Seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Cambridge, and

(4) the Spring meeting on the twenty-fourth of April, which was chiefly a memorial of John Bartlett.

At the Special meeting prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Samuel McCord Crothers, and the principal address was made by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Other addresses were made by the President of the Society, Mr. Richard H. Dana, the Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, the Hon. Herbert Parker, the President of the Common Council, Mr. George A. Giles, who, in the unavoidable absence of Mayor Daly, spoke for the City of Cambridge, the Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie, and President Eliot. An ode, written for the occasion by Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, was also read, and vocal and instrumental music was rendered by pupils of the public schools.

At the Spring meeting the speakers were Mr. Joseph Willard, Colonel Higginson, and Mr. Woodward Emery; and a comprehensive, detailed report on the most important historic sites in Cambridge, with existing inscriptions thereon, was received.

To more effectually promote the objects of the Society and to facilitate its work, several Committees¹ have been appointed by the Council.

From the organization of the Society, the Trustees and Librarian of the Public Library have cordially co-operated with our officers. The meetings of the Council have been held in the Library building, where accommodations have been provided for the safe keeping of gifts to the Society. Previous to the celebration on the twenty-first of December, the Librarian issued a special bulletin and afforded unusual facilities to pupils of the public schools for the study of the early history of Cambridge. The co-operation of the School Committee and the Superintendent of Schools, particularly in connection with the Anniversary Celebration, also calls for recognition. Special exercises were held in the schools, at which this Society furnished speakers, and in certain grades the early history of the City was made the subject of essays.

The Regular, or Resident, Membership of the Society is limited to two hundred persons, of whom fifty were Charter Members. There are also two Associate Members.

¹ A list of these Committees is printed in the Publications of this Society, I. 89, 90.

Although we have lost but two Regular Members by death, the passing of Professor JAMES MILLS PEIRCE and Mrs. EDWARD CHARLES PICKERING has created a void in the community as well as in our own fellowship which it will be difficult to fill. Genial and gracious, keenly alive to the interests of Cambridge and of the University, and zealous in their efforts to promote them, their memory will long be cherished by all who enjoyed the privilege of their friendship, their influence, and their hospitality.

On the thirty-first of May the Council voted that in the exercise of its right, under the By-Laws, to make nominations for Honorary Membership, it will recommend to the Society only persons who, by their published works or in other ways, are connected with Cambridge; and that the total number of Honorary Members to be proposed by the Council shall never at any time exceed ten. At this meeting the Council will present the names of

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, JAMES FORD RHODES,
JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE.

The gifts which have been received will be enumerated in the Report of the Curator; and the Treasurer's Report will furnish the facts concerning our finances, which have been prudently husbanded and, though slender, are in a satisfactory condition.

The first volume of the Society's Publications is now in the printer's hands. It will contain the Proceedings of our meetings from the seventeenth of June, 1905, to the twenty-fourth of April, 1906, including the Addresses and Reports made thereat, and the documents connected with the incorporation of the Society, the By-Laws, and Lists of the Officers and Members. The work is being done at the University Press, which of itself is a sufficient guaranty that the typographical appearance of the book will be of the best.

As we look forward to the work of another year the Council realizes that a wide field and great opportunities lie before us, and that what the Society needs most are workers and money and, eventually, a fire-proof building.

We should strive to stimulate an interest in historical research, especially in the young men and young women of the City, and to inspire in them a wish to join our ranks. We should also impress on

their minds that original research, and not mere compilations or a re-statement of facts already treated by others, is what the Society expects of its members. It should also be inculcated that no work in the field of History can be called *good* that is not accurate and thorough, and that all other is worse than none, since a slipshod and inaccurate performance not infrequently postpones for years a proper treatment of the subject. We should encourage the gift of unpublished manuscript letters, diaries, and other documents, portraits, views, and memorabilia relating to Cambridge, and also the exhibition of such at our meetings where their possessors are unwilling to part with them. With the consent of the owners, these, when of sufficient value, should be printed in our Publications, and edited with ample notes. Thus will our Publications become a repository of valuable original material for History and be consulted by historical students and scholars.

Like that of every other new organization our reputation must be made largely through our activities, our good, sound, original work, and the character of our Publications. To accomplish these things the Society needs an endowment, and especially a Publication Fund to enable it to print original matter. Our members and friends should not lose sight of the fact that a good financial basis is essential to the production of the best results whether by individuals or by societies. When, in due time, we shall have a building of our own, we doubt not that we shall have accumulated meanwhile, portraits and views and relics with which to adorn it; but our first aim should be to secure an endowment dedicated in perpetuity to our Publications, and through them to establish our reputation in the field of historical research.

These are only a few of the directions in which the Society should strive to exercise its influence and to win the confidence and support of the people of Cambridge.

The Secretary submitted his Annual Report as follows:—

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

IN taking up, at the organization of the Society, the duties allotted to the Secretary, it became necessary for him to procure suitable books of record, and to devise suitable forms and methods for conducting and preserving the correspondence of the Secretary with the members of the Society and with other persons. For this purpose, books of the best quality of paper, binding, and other details, were procured for recording the proceedings of the Society and of the Council and for preserving letter-press copies of letters and other written matter issued by the Secretary.

Concurrently with the use of these books and with the correspondence by the Secretary, he has received large numbers of letters which have been for the most part preserved, and will form a nucleus of a valuable collection of autograph letters belonging to the Society. Doubtless the Curator will soon make provision for the filing and indexing of these letters in accordance with a system that may be suited to the future growth in their number.

In connection with the election of members into the Society it has been necessary under the By-Laws to secure their signatures in the book of records kept by the Secretary, and in this there has been no little difficulty. In order that this signing of the By-Laws might be made as easy as possible to the persons elected to membership, the book has been left most of the time in the care of the Treasurer at the office of the Cambridge Savings Bank, 15 Dunster Street; and, as no other place seems more accessible, this practice will be continued. In this connection attention is called to the fact that many of the Charter Members have not yet signed their names to the By-Laws in the book kept by the Secretary, and inasmuch as this list of signatures will be of historic value in itself, it is hoped that such Charter Members will sign the By-Laws as soon as possible.

In drafting the calls for the meetings of the Society, the Secretary has taken the opportunity of annexing to the formal call brief notes of items of interest connected with the work of the Society, thus furnishing to each member a periodical bulletin of information.

A card catalogue is kept of all members of the Society, and at the celebration of the 275th Anniversary of the Founding of Cambridge a separate card list or catalogue was made of all persons specially invited to the public exercises. And this list will be of great service in connection with the coming celebration under the auspices of the Society of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

In the absence of the Curator the following was submitted as his Annual Report by the SECRETARY : —

ANNUAL REPORT OF CURATOR

SINCE the organization of the Society, it has received, by gift, many valuable books, manuscripts, and other memorials.¹

For the safe keeping and the exhibition of this collection, through the courtesy and co-operation of the Trustees and Librarian of the Cambridge Public Library, ample space and other facilities have been allotted at the Library, and any glass cases or other receptacles that may be needed for the proper protection and display of these and of future gifts will be provided by the Society. By these means it is hoped that more and more, as time goes by, gifts will be made to the Society of manuscript letters, diaries, records, books, pamphlets, and other objects of historic interest and value, many of which are doubtless in the possession of the citizens of Cambridge, especially those citizens whose families have resided in Cambridge for several generations.

Notwithstanding the courtesy and generosity of the Cambridge Public Library above alluded to, it is obvious that it would be a great stimulus to the growth of such a collection, as well as to the development of the work of the Society generally, if a suitable building should be provided for its sole use and enjoyment; and it is hoped that the time will soon come when, either by gifts of the living or by the wills of the dead, provision will be made for such a building.

The TREASURER submitted his Annual Report, as follows :

¹ For a list of these gifts and of the donors see page 131 of this Volume of Proceedings.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

CASH ACCOUNT

From June 19 to October 30, 1905

RECEIPTS

Initiation fees and annual assessments from 63 Regular members @ \$3.00	\$189.00
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DISBURSEMENTS

Frank G. Cook, Incorporation, postage, paper and envelopes	\$12.15
Cambridge Social Union, meeting in rooms	2.00
Bureau of Printing & Engraving, sundries	11.35
Hollis R. Bailey, printing and postage	2.65
Hobbs & Warren Co., Blank Books, letter book and letter file, records, cash and ledger	25.65
Oscar F. Allen, postage	1.86
Caustic & Claffin, printing	2.50
E. E. Merrill, stenographing and typewriting	1.30
Guarantee Company of America, premium on Treasurer's bond 1 year to Nov. 1, 1906	2.50
Balance on hand October 30, 1905	<u>61.96</u>
	<u>\$127.01</u>

From October 30, 1905, to October 23, 1906

RECEIPTS

Balance on hand Oct. 30, 1905	\$127.04
Initiation fees from 139 regular members @ \$1.00	\$139.00
Annual dues for the year ending Oct. 23, 1906 from 138 regular members @ \$2.00	276.00
Annual dues for the year ending Oct. 22, 1907 from 91 regular members at \$2.00	182.00
Annual dues from 2 associate members, 1 for one year @ \$1. and 1 for 2 yrs. @ \$1, \$2.	3.00
Proceeds of Posters of the celebration of the 275th Anniversary of the Founding of Cambridge	4.27
28 special contributions toward the expenses of said celebration	115.00
Interest on deposit in the Cambridge Savings Bank	<u>6.58</u>
	<u>725.85</u>
	<u>\$852.89</u>

DISBURSEMENTS

Reporting, stenographing, typewriting, printing, stationery, and supplies	\$143.78
Engraving and graining	131.10
Use of Sanders Theatre and decorating same	27.22
Music	8.50
Carriage hire for speakers	12.00
Five copies of Records of the First Church in Cambridge . .	25.00
	<u>347.60</u>
Balance on hand October 23, 1906	<u>\$505.29</u>

OSCAR F. ALLEN,
Treasurer.

Examined, compared with the Treasurer's books, and found satisfactory,
Oct. 23, 1906.

J. T. G. NICHOLS,
Auditor.

The following persons were chosen a Committee to consider and report a list of nominations for the offices of the Society for the ensuing year: STEPHEN P. SHARPLES, ARTHUR GILMAN, and SUSANNA WILLARD.

The report of this Committee was read and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were elected by ballot for the ensuing year:

The Council

OSCAR F. ALLEN,	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,	ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,	WILLIAM C. LANE,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,	ALICE M. LONGFELLOW,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,	ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,	WILLIAM R. THAYER.
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,	

President	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
Vice-Presidents	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE. ARCHIBALD M. HOWE.
Secretary	FRANK GAYLORD COOK.
Treasurer	OSCAR F. ALLEN.
Curator	WILLIAM R. THAYER.

The SECRETARY-ELECT was duly sworn.

The following persons were elected Honorary Members:—
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, JAMES FORD RHODES, JOSEPH
HODGES CHOATE.

The following paper was read by WILLIAM COOLIDGE
LANE:

NEHEMIAH WALTER'S ELEGY ON ELIJAH CORLET

I HAVE brought to exhibit to the Society what is perhaps the only remaining memorial of one of the early worthies of Cambridge, Elijah Corlet, the first schoolmaster of the town, who was teaching as early as 1642 and continued his labors until his death in 1687–8, a period of at least forty-five years. This memorial is a copy of the “Elegiack verse, on the death of the pious and profound Grammariān and Rhetorician, Mr. Elijah Corlet, Schoolmaster of Cambridge, who deceased Anno Ætatis 77, Feb. 24, 1687.” It is a broadside, and no other copy of it is known to exist.

The references to Corlet in contemporary literature are few, but such as exist show the high regard in which he was held, not only by his pupils, but by the leaders of the Colony contemporary with him. Mather, at the end of his biography of Thomas Hooker,¹ quotes a Latin epitaph composed by Corlet, and speaks of him as “that memorable old school-master in Cambridge, from whose education our college and country has received so many of its worthy men, that he is himself worthy to have his name celebrated in no less a paragraph of our church history, than that wherein I may introduce him.”

In his “Essay on the memory of my venerable master, Ezekiel Cheever,” printed at the end of his “Corderius Americanus” (1708), p. 28, Mather again refers to Corlet in the well-known lines,

“ Tis Corlet’s pains and Cheever’s we must own,
That Thou, New-England, art not Seythia grown.”

In “New England’s First Fruits,” that little pamphlet printed in London in 1643, which gives the first printed notice of the College,

¹ Mather’s *Magnalia*, Book III., Part I., Appendix, § 27.

the Faire Grammar School is mentioned "by the side of the College, for the training up of young scholars, and fitting of them for academical learning, that still as they are judged ripe, they may be received into the College. Of this school Master Corlet is the master, who hath very well approved himself for his abilities, dexterity and painfulness in teaching and education of the youth under him."

Only the barest outline of his life can be given. The earliest notice of him is in the register books of Oxford,¹ which show that he was the son of Henry Corlet, of London, and matriculated at Lincoln College 16th March, 1627, at the age of 17. When he came to America is not known, but he evidently was teaching in Cambridge before 1643: that is to say, when he was about thirty-two years old. His house was on the east side of the present Dunster Street, between Mt. Auburn and Winthrop Streets.² His neighbor on the north was Governor Dudley's son, Samuel, and on the south, the bookseller Hezekiah Usher, who moved to Boston in 1645. About opposite his house was the first meeting-house. His school stood on the west side of Holyoke Street, about half way between Mt. Auburn Street and Massachusetts Avenue.³ The lot was owned in 1642 by Henry Dunster, President of the College at that time, and contained a house in which it is probable that the school was first conducted. In 1647 a school-house was erected on the same lot; and the agreement between Henry Dunster and Edward Goff on the one side and Nicholas Wyeth and others, masons, on the other, is printed in Paige's "History of Cambridge."

Keeping school in Cambridge in these early days was evidently an unprofitable occupation, and in order to retain Mr. Corlet's services, both the town and the Colony from time to time helped him out with grants. The earliest notice of such a grant is in 1648,⁴ when it "was agreed at a meeting of the whole town, that there should be land sold off the Common for the gratifying of Mr. Corlet

¹ Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses, 1500-1714*, 1891, I. 329.

² For particulars in regard to Corlet's dwelling-place and in regard to his family and descendants, I am indebted to Mrs. Isabella M. Gozzaldi, who has made a careful study of such points.

³ Paige, *History of Cambridge*, 1877, p. 370.

⁴ Records of the town of Cambridge (1630-1703), 1901, p. 77.

for his pains in keeping a school in the town, the sum of ten Pounds, if it can be attained, provided it shall not prejudice the cow common." In 1654 it was voted¹ to levy about forty pounds for the encouragement of the grammar-school master, but two months later the levy was reduced to twenty pounds, to be "given to Mr. Corlet for his present encouragement to continue with us." In 1662² "the townsmen, taking into their consideration the equity of allowance to be made to Mr. Corlet for his maintenance of a grammar school in this town, especially considering his present necessity by reason of the fewness of his scholars, do order and agree that Ten Pounds be paid to him out of the public stock of the town." In 1664³ it was voted that he "be allowed and paid out of the town rate annually Twenty Pounds for so long as he continue to be schoolmaster in this place." The General Court was also persuaded to supplement the grants made by the town, in order that grammar-school education should be maintained and encouraged. In 1659 the following is found in the records of the Colony:⁴

"In answer to the petition of Daniel Weld and Elijah Corlett, school-masters, the Court, considering the usefulness of the petitioners in an employment of so common concernment for the good of the whole country, and the little encouragement that they have had from their respective towns for their service and unwearied pains in that employment, do judge meet to grant to each of them two hundred acres of land, to be taken up adjoining to such lands as have been already granted and laid out by order of this Court."

The two hundred acres of land granted at this time were afterwards laid out in the town of Sudbury.⁵ In 1661⁶ he was authorized by the General Court to purchase land from an Indian in satisfaction of a debt of £7. 10, and in settling this claim a farm of three hundred and twenty acres was laid out at the north end of Nepnap Hill.⁷ In 1668 Corlet was again a petitioner to the General Court for assistance, and it is recorded:⁸

¹ Records of the town of Cambridge (1630-1703), 1901, p. 106.

² *Ibid.*, p. 138. ³ *Ibid.*, p. 153.

⁴ Records of Massachusetts Bay, edited by N. B. Shurtleff, 1854, IV. (1), p. 397.

⁵ *Ibid.*, vol. iv (2), p. 16.

⁶ *Ibid.*, vol. iv (2), p. 6.

⁷ *Ibid.*, vol. iv (2), p. 284.

⁸ *Ibid.*, vol. iv (2), p. 406.

"In answer to the petition of Mr. Elijah Corlet, the Court having considered of the petition, and being informed the petitioner to be very poor, and the country at present having many engagements to satisfy, judge meet to grant him five hundred acres of land where he can find it, according to law."

This land was laid out at the southern end of Lake Quinsigamond, in Worcester County. The Boston and Albany railroad, as it crosses the lower end of the lake, doubtless crosses this grant. The land was afterwards sold to the grandfather of Henry Flint, who was for so many years a tutor in Harvard College, and the pond was thereafter called for a long time "Flint's Pond."¹

Corlet married Barbary Cutter, who came over to this country with her mother, Elizabeth Cutter, a widow, and two brothers, William and Richard. The mother was a member of Corlet's family up to the time of her death in 1662. He had three children. Ammi Ruhamah,² who graduated at Harvard College in 1670, taught school at Plymouth for a year or two, was afterwards a Fellow of the College, but died of the smallpox while still an officer of the College, 1st February, 1679. The older daughter, born August 14, 1644, probably died young; the other, Hepzibah, married, first, James Minott, 2d May, 1673, and afterwards Daniel Champney. By the first husband she had one daughter, Mary, who was living unmarried in 1723; and by the second a daughter, Hepzibah, born 23d June, 1627, who probably died in 1715. Hepzibah, the granddaughter of Elijah Corlet, married Jonathan Wyeth, and had two children who lived to marry,—Jonathan, who married Sarah Wilson and had twin boys and twin girls; and Deborah, who married Daniel Prentice and lived where the Botanic Garden is now. They had a son, Samuel Prentice, who was a minute-man at Lexington, and married Mary Todd in 1782.

A few words must be added in regard to the author of the "Elegy," Nehemiah Walter,³ who became a minister highly esteemed

¹ Mass. Hist. Soc. Proceedings, 1867-1869, 1st series, X. 137-139.

² Sibley, Biog. sketches of graduates of Harvard Univ., 1881, II. 319-320.

³ The source of nearly all our information concerning Walter is the biographical preface by Thomas Prince and Thomas Foxcroft in the edition of his "Discourses on the whole LVth Chapter of Isaiah," published in 1755, five years after his death.

in the Colony. Born in Ireland in 1663, but of English parentage, he came to New England in 1679. At the age of thirteen he is said to have readily conversed in Latin.¹ He had been apprenticed to an upholsterer in 1674, but it was found that his tastes were altogether literary. After coming to this country, he was at first placed under Ezekiel Cheever, the Boston schoolmaster, but entered College almost immediately, in 1680. He was Butler in 1683, and graduated in 1684. Soon after, he made a voyage to Nova Scotia, where he became proficient in French, but returned to study in Cambridge, and was often employed by Corlet as his assistant. "It reflected a lustre on his character that the memorable Mr. Elijah Corlet, master of the Grammar School in Cambridge, used to express a distinguishing value for him by employing him to officiate at times in the care of his school when obliged to be absent himself, always esteeming his place well supplied by Mr. Walter, and fully confiding in his skill, prudence, and diligence."² The Elegy, it will be noticed, was composed when he was but three years out of College and was still studying for the ministry in Cambridge. In 1688 he was ordained as a colleague with John Eliot in Roxbury, then eighty-four years old. His people in Roxbury, and Eliot himself, showed a deep affection for him, and the liveliest satisfaction at having secured him for their minister. Walter continued as the minister of the church in Roxbury up to 1750, so that his ministry and Eliot's together covered a period of one hundred and eighteen years. He was for many years a member of the Corporation of Harvard College, and sided with Increase Mather, his father-in-law. After Mather's exclusion from the presidency, he attended no more meetings of the Corporation, and was considered to have abdicated his office.

Although little can be said for the excellence of Walter's Elegy as a piece of literature, it is notable as being without doubt the

¹ Prince and Foxcroft state that at this early age (in Ireland) he often had an opportunity of conversing in Latin "with Popish Scholars in his Neighbourhood, who had learnt to speak it rather more fluently, by Rote; and in his Disputes with them, he found it a singular Advantage to him, that he had such frequent Occasion to tax them of false Grammar, and cou'd cite them to the Rule; which serv'd to put them to the Blush, or at least bring them to a Pause, and to give him Leisure to recollect his Thoughts."

² Prince and Foxcroft's Preface, p. iv.

earliest piece of blank verse produced in America. Our fathers in New England turned their hands readily to verse, especially to the composition of funeral verse; but so far as I can learn, every other production of the American muse before Walter's time, and for many years after, was in rhyme. Walter alone thought it "not convenient to dance upon his hearse in jingling rhyme," but found it more becoming to employ "metrically ordered mournful steps."

An ELEGIACK VERSE,

On the Death

Of the *Pious* and *Profound* GRAMMARIAN and RHETORICIAN,

Mr. ELIJAH CORLET,

SCHOOL-MASTER of CAMBRIDGE, Who Deceased Anno *Estatis 77. Feb. 24. 1687.*

On *Roman* Feet my stumbling *Muse* declines
To walk unto his Grave, lest by her Fall
She trespass, in accosting of his Head
With undeserved breach. In jingling *Rythme*
She thinks it not convenient to Dance
Upon his Sacred Herse; but *mournful* Steps
If Metrically order'd, she computes
The most becoming of this Tragick Scene.

Could Heav'ns *ignifick* *Ball* (whose boundless Womb
Millions of flaming *Aetna*'s does engulf)
From Candle's dull and oleaginous
Transfused Beams, a glowing *Atom* draw,
Which might a super-added Lustre give
Unto its conick Rayes; then might our Verse
Swell with impregnant *hopes* of bringing forth
Some rich Display of *Corlet*'s Vertues rare.
But this *Herculean* Labour forc'd we deem
Not second to *Impossibilities*.
This presses hard our tim'rous heart whence flows
A Torrent of amazing Fears, whose *Waves*
Bode Universal *Deluge* to that Verse
That dares pretend to equalize his *Fame*.
Creep then, poor *Rhythmes*, and like a *timid Hare*

Encircle his rich Vault, then gently *squatt*
 Upon his Grave the Center there proclaim
 Tho' he *subside*, yet his abounding Worth
 Does infinitely *supersede* thy *Layes*

Tell to the World what Dowries Nature showr'd
 Into his large capacious Soul; almost
 Profuse in large Donations; yet kind Art
 Still adds unto the store, striving to reach
Perfection's Top, during a *mortal* state.
 Sagacious Nature, provident that nought
 Of her dispensed bounty frustrate prove,
 Boyls up this *Fount of Learning* to an head,
 Which over-topping of its Banks she glides
 Through Nature's *Conduit-pipes* into the Soil
 Of tender *Youth*, which gaping sucks it in,
 Like thirsty *Stars* Bright *Phebus*'s liquid *light*.
 A *Master of his Trade*, whose Art could *square*
Pillars of rooted *strength* whose shoulders might
 A Common-Wealth uphold. *Aholiab*-like
 Divinely qualifi'd with curious Skill
 To carve out *Temple* work, and cloath the *Priest*
 With sacred Robes, adapted for the Use
 Of Functions so divine. —————

Rivers of *Eloquence* like *Nectar* flow'd
 From his Vast Ocean, where a *Tully* might
 Surfeit with draughts of *Roman* Eloquence.
 Immortal *Oakes* (whose *golden mouth* ne're blew
 A blast desil'd with indisposed Speech)
 Suspecting his own parts, rarely pronounc'd
 His *Ciceronean* lines, until they'd touch'd
 This *Lydius Lapis* CORLET: then approv'd
 They're *Eloquence proof* esteem'd, and challeng'd
 The *Roman* tribe of Orators to spend
 Their subtily, and pierce their *Eagle's Eyes*
 Into their very bottom. —————

Had *Grecian* Dialet and *Roman* Tongue
 Surviv'd this Age within their native Soyl,
 Endless had been their Feud; *Athens* and *Rome*
 Had set their *Tully's* and *Demosthenes* to fight
 With Swords brandish'd with shining *Eloquence*

For to decide the Controverse, and prove
To whom by right Great CORLET did pertain.
This proving unsuccesfull, nought can quench
Their flaming zeal, save by (*Colossos* like)
Erecting his large Statue, whose proud feet
Might fix their Station on the Pinacles
Of each of these *Metropolies* of Art.
Nor were his Parts exclusive of his *Zeal*
In serving his rich Donor. No Serpent
Bearing a fulgent Jewel in his Crest,
While ensed Poison steeps his venom'd heart.
But *Grace* the Crown of all shone like a Sun.
Fix't in the Center of that *Microcosm*,
Blown to the full, perfum'd with sacred smell,
This flower *Heaven* pluckt. When *Nature's* Tree
Too feeble grown to bear such ponderous fruit
Elijah's Chariot born on *Seraph's* wings.
Monnts with this Treasure to the port of *Bliss*.

Sie mortus ecceinit

NEHEMIAH WALTER.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON read the following Paper:

CAMBRIDGE EIGHTY YEARS SINCE

THE following paper is made up of extracts from letters of my mother, in the form of a diary, addressed to one of my elder brothers who had lately sailed — on Oct. 13, 1827 — for Rio Janeiro on commercial business. She was the wife of the “Steward and Patron” — the latter being a position held by my father, but now abolished — of Harvard College in Cambridge; and they resided in the house built for him by the college on his appointment to the office. It is still standing, though now much enlarged, at the head of Kirkland Street, being occupied by its owner, Charles F. Batchelder, Esq. She was the mother of ten children, of whom I was the youngest, being less than four years old at the time of her writing, and she had also the care of two step-daughters, both of whom were to her as her own.

It must be remembered that the whole population of Cambridge

at the period of these letters was less than six thousand, divided into three villages of which "Old Cambridge"—the part containing the college buildings—was but one. It must also be borne in mind that the communication with Boston was by stage, and that the habits were in many respects different from what they now are; this being noticeable, for instance in the observance of New Year's Day as the chief annual festival, instead of Christmas Day as now. All the extracts have been arranged chronologically, beginning with one or two which show the general occupations of a Cambridge lady's day at that time.

Oct. 22, 1827. I sent off a great packet to you this morning, which I earnestly hope may reach you, though I have some doubts. How I wish I could look in upon you and know exactly how you are situated, how you are doing and how you feel. . . . I have been into town today with Anna to carry Ann Lincoln. I dined at Dr. Jackson's and called afterwards at Grandfather's where I saw a cheerful party assembled around the dinner table; Aunt and Uncle Tyng, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, Francis and Anna in addition to the family. . . . We came home and have been quietly seated at our work since, only interrupted by little W——'s rampant spirits before he went to bed. He spells to me every night in sister's little book. Last night he read "God Reigns." He looked up at me and asked, "What does God do with the reins?"

Wednesday, Oct. 24. Another busy, active day—after breakfast I sallied out to visit the sick. Our good friend Mr. Hastings the carpenter is quite ill with fever. I went to offer my services to aid and assist his wife in her trouble. I found that he was somewhat relieved, though still very sick and likely to be for some time—his pretty wife and children quite comfortable—from thence to see poor little Charley [Parsons] who is very weak, though convalescent—then up to Mrs. Norton's, who is quite well with her little girls—and all agreeable—by the time I got back it was near twelve. I found Mrs. Bradford here—she had walked out from Boston. A short call from Aunt Stearns to ask for some grapes for a sick man—which Aunt N. is commissioned to get tonight. Susan Channing drove up—she had brought Grandmother C. to see Mr. Ellery, and stops for Anna to go up and see

Mary Wells with her. On her return she took in Aunt Nancy [Storrow] to spend the day — Aunt Susan is to have Miss Roche there tonight and some other friends; and father and Martha and Aunt N. were all engaged to join the party — After dinner Mrs. Bradford came for me to take her down to the bridge and when I returned and was just going to sit down quietly with little W——, Mrs. Dwight and her children drove up — a very pleasant visit from them and before they had gone Mrs. Salisbury and daughter came in — they staid a while and then came Mr. [Jared] Sparks who entertained me with talk about Mr. Hall [Basil Hall the English traveller] whom he thinks a free hearted, generous, fine spirited fellow, rough and blunt, and somewhat conceited and dictatorial — but exceedingly desirous of getting the most accurate information about the country for the purpose of making a book which Mr. S. says will be the best book ever written about us, though from a droll story Mr. S. tells us about him I should fear he would sometimes take up with hasty information. He said at some place that the Americans had plays acted in their churches, and that they began with prayer. Andrew Belknap, who boarded with them, told this to Miss Isabella Cochran, who, desirous that Captain Hall should not remain in such error, and wishing to vindicate us from such a charge, resolved to correct it. She met him at Mrs. Boott's and asked him how he could say such a thing — he told her it was certainly true and offered to appeal to some gentleman present for the truth of his assertion — he unfortunately pitched upon Mr. [President] Quiney, who is often in a dreamy mood, particularly in parties. "Mr. Quiney, is it not true that the Americans act plays in churches and introduce them by prayer?" "Ah, yes," said Mr. Quiney, not in the least knowing what he said — "There no [w]" said the Captain [Hall], "you hear what this gentleman says." However, Miss C. [Cochran] would not rest, so she forced Mr. Quiney to understand himself, and Captain Hall to be undeceived — and it was explained in this way. Many country villages have their school examinations where sometimes they add also exhibitions, conducted in their churches, where they are always prefaced by prayer — hence arose this amusing mistake. We have, that is Anna and I have, had an evening alone with the children who have been studying their lessons diligently — and

then reading. . . . Thacher's [aged nine] desire for a farmer's life increases, though he seems more fond of books. He raves at Waldo [aged thirteen] for being a gentleman, and usually denounces him as a thundering dandy—he overpowers Waldo and so indeed he does all of us. It is irresistible to hear him scold. . . . W is becoming very literary and there is no bounds to his goodness. . . . Well I wish the folks would come home for I have been up ever since six o'clock and am tired and sleepy—Adieu. [In one day eleven different visitors!]

Thursday, Oct. 25.—Stayed at home all the morning quietly sewing, and for a wonder without visitors. Just before dinner I went in to see little Charles [Parsons] who is still very feeble—he is a dear little boy and I longed to have him for my own to take care of. [She having already borne ten children of her own]. . . . Judge C— of Augusta is remarkable for cowardice, stinginess and folly in general. He once met with a pair of saddle bags in the road—which he picked up and carried home—leaving word at the tavern where it might be found. After some time a man appeared as the owner and the Judge told him he would not think of charging him anything for his trouble—"Thank you Judge, I am very much obliged to you—but Judge—there was a leg of Mutton in the saddle bags"—"True," said the Judge, "but that would not keep, so I ate it—" "Thank you Sir," rejoined the man, "I ought to be very thankful that you did not eat the Saddle Bags."

Friday, Nov. 16, 1827. I have pleasant news to communicate tonight—I received a note from Mr. Norton this afternoon announcing the birth of a fine Son—this you may be sure filled us all with joy, and I doubt not the parents are as much delighted as it is possible. Nothing could be so delightful to them—I long to see the little baby and shall go tomorrow to try for a sight of it. I pray Heaven its little life may be spared and that it may be an honour and blessing to his family.

Saturday, Nov. 17—I had the pleasure this morning of seeing young Mr. Norton [now Professor C. E. Norton], a pretty, sweet baby as can be—little darling, I was truly thankful to see him sleeping by his dear mother—the little girls having the whooping cough are not allowed to see their little brother for some weeks. That is a disappointment to their mother as she is likewise pre-

vented from seeing them and cannot be separated from the baby. . . . Lucy Channing has had the pleasure of walking up and down Chestnut street with Miss Emily Marshall — a distinguished honor which she no doubt feels. [Miss Marshall was the mother of the late Mrs. Samuel Eliot, and was the beauty of Boston in her day. Both Willis and Percival wrote acrostic sonnets about her.]

Sunday, Nov. 18. This evening Mr. Cole and George Bradford have been to see us. The latter told us rather a horrible story that happened to Lucy Payne. Mr. L—— has been, it seems, much in love with her, and certainly he took an odd way of showing it. He went to see her one evening last week, and after spouting poetry and acting in a very passionate way, he took up a handkerchief and asked whose it was. She told him it was Sturgis's, upon which he threw it to the other side of the room. She then took it up and put it round her neck, upon which he went behind her, took the two ends of the handkerchief, and pulling them tight round her throat, tied them in a knot. She at first thought it was a joke, but feeling that she was choking, tried to untie it — she found she could not and called to him to do it, and he went quietly and untied it! She thought it would not do to leave him, but still continued in the room, and by-and-by she cast her eye round and saw him pointing his finger at her throat. She asked him what he was about and he said he was only seeing how easily he could strangle her. Upon this she thought she could bear it no longer, and went out of the room — it seems to me as if the man must be crazy. I should think the insane hospital was the best place for him. What is to be the result of this business I know not. Mr. Lyman, I understand, is to take the matter into his own hands.

Thursday, Nov. 27. . . . I am still deeply engaged in Scott's "Life of Bonaparte" — I have got my hero out of Russia after the fatal and wicked campaign — and most truly do I agree with Mr. Channing's excellent review of his character — a cold-hearted, selfish wretch, sacrificing everything dear and precious to his vain and unprincipled ambition. I can have no sympathy with such a monster — what do you think, my son? Richard Dana has sent out a little volume of poetry, some of which has a good deal of merit, but showing a gloomy, morbid state of feeling like all his writings.

Tuesday, Dec. 4. A very quiet happy day though a storm, engaged in making my little boy's clothes all day, while he by my side, reading or playing, has been my comfort and delight; he begins to read in Mrs. Barbauld's "Lessons," and this, considering he is not yet four years old, is doing very well—he has been part of the time catching fish "in 'ahant" [Nahant], firing his bow and arrow and bounding his ball—and this afternoon he made a visit to Grandpapa Mellen's—he has entirely got over his cold, and seems quite like himself, as playful and good as possible. . . . Between daylight and dark he plays Waldo [an elder brother, aged thirteen] is his Custard Pudding, and after beating and stuffing him, he roasts him in the oven; then after supper he takes his books and generally spells a great deal, and I read to him.

Thursday, Dec. 13, 1827. This has been a day of variety and visitors. Cousin Eliza [Guild] left us with Elizabeth at eleven o'clock; soon after pretty Mrs. Webster called with Miss —, who is not so pretty; then Mr. Dwight and Miss Lowell; the latter stayed to dinner and was very entertaining. She is fixed at Mrs. Burr's this winter, and is extremely happy—everybody goes to see her, she is much attended to and highly amused. After she left us we had an unexpected and very pleasant call from Mr. and Mrs. [S. V. S.] Wilder—she as pretty as ever, and he very good humored and agreeable—he gave us a little touch of theology, but all pleasantly—he praised Louisa extremely [the younger daughter of the household], and seemed charmed with her looks. "The pride of the Hill," he calls her. W—— went in to make Charles Parsons a visit and returned enchanted with a little horse and wagon Charley had given him, so that he appeared in fine trim before the visitors, and was much more gracious than common. Nothing, however, takes him from his books, and he has been reading to me to-night a whole chapter of Mrs. Barbauld's "Lessons" without missing a word.

Monday, Dec. 17.—We are to have all the college gentlemen tomorrow evening, and it is a formidable undertaking. I wish it was well over. I shall have a load on my mind until it is past, and to make the matter worse, your father proposes that I should send for Mrs. President [Kirkland], also, which I think will be tremendous, but I suppose I must, and I trust I shall live through it. I

had a letter from Anna to-day, from Salem ; she is enjoying herself very much, but means to come home on Wednesday. Dr. Follen and Mr. Worcester have spent the evening with us, the former very agreeable.

Tuesday evening, Dec. 18. — Well, my dear Stephen, the dreaded evening is over and we are thankful enough, though it went off much better than I had any idea it would. I wrote a note to Mrs. Kirkland this morning and sent it over by Thacher [a boy of nine] who returned charmed with Mrs. K., "the cleverest woman," he said — she gave him four pears, and took him into the parlor and talked to him a long while — she was likewise much pleased with him, she told me this evening he was a sweet boy. About half came that we expected, but among them your ancient friend Colonel Metcalf, and I assure you I longed to have you here, when I heard that well-known twang. Dr. Popkin came and Mrs. Kirkland attacked him with all her powers of attraction — he bore it manfully. We ladies sat in this back room and the gentlemen were introduced into the other. At nine o'clock we spread the table with cake, fruit and wine, and sent for them all in — then, I standing at the head of the table, received them all and began to help them to eat and drink. After satisfying their appetites, they all began talking in knots and it passed off very pleasantly. Mr. Sales was very gay and noisy — he kept Francis, Sam. Lothrop, and young Stearns, the tutor, in a roar the whole time. Thacher and Waldo behaved sweetly, going about and handing plates to the company ; T. particularly, who is not so much encumbered with modesty as his brother, is very pleasing. Susan T. [Tyng] and father talk of setting out tomorrow, but I hardly think they will make it out, on account of the weather ; as to me, I feel as if such a load was taken off my mind that I shall sleep sound tonight, I doubt not.

Thursday, Dec. 20. — . . . I have been quietly at home all day — and tonight I have been reading "Cyril Thornton" [by T. Hamilton], which everybody says is equal to Walter Scott . . .

Saturday, Dec. 22. — I did not write last night because I was reading "Cyril Thornton" till very late and had no eyes for writing. I am much disappointed in this book, it is defective in taste, interest and morality — and I am sorry it should have been so

highly recommended; it is said to be equal to Walter Scott, but it is no way comparable to that great genius; none of the fine touches of character, none of the delicate shades of sentiment—the style is coarse, many of the observations indecorous and the morality decidedly bad—I should be very unwilling that a young person should read it, that is, a young person whose principles were not formed. . . . Today we hear that the far-famed Miss Marshall has plighted her troth to Wm. Otis. I presume it is true and . . . no doubt she is pleased—for as she could not have a fortune she will be glad to marry into one of the first families in the country.

Monday, Dec. 24.—Today has been more comfortable than yesterday—but the house has been very cold. Susan Tyng and Elizabeth have been to dress the church all day. This afternoon I walked up to see Mrs. Norton; her young Son grows like a beech bird—The little girls have not yet seen their brother on account of having the whooping cough—he is to be named Charles Eliot—and so is Mrs. Guild's (son)—Anna and Francis have gone to a party at Mrs. Anna Cabot's given by Miss Elizabeth—I have had rather a tired, confused sort of day—not working to much profit, though working—tomorrow I hope I shall do better.

Tuesday, Dec. 25.—Christmas day—There has been a deal of moving today, though I have been stationary. The boys with James Park and Sam walked into town to go to Church—Mr. H. went down to Lechmere Point dedication and dined with the minister. Susan Tyng walked into town and Aunt Naney expected to go but she was disappointed—Mrs. Norton not calling as she thought she would. Anna staid at home with me and we have had a quiet day. E. and M. [Elizabeth and Martha] both being at home—Louisa and W—Thacher expended the amount of 6 cents for W. in a little book and with two remaining cents he bought some candy for Aunt Naney's cold—this is a fine little fellow, my Son—I never knew a child superior to him in generosity, disinterestedness and sweetness of temper: he is truly a charming child and will I am sure if his life is prolonged prove an honor and blessing to his family—Waldo is of a different stamp, more like Francis, and we have always expected more of him—but though sensible, correct and refined in feeling and character—I think he

will not be before Thacher in anything interesting or commendable.

[Of these boys, Waldo was in maturity well known as president of the Arkwright Insurance Company in Boston, and for many years a prominent Harvard overseer; while Thacher was lost at sea in early manhood.]

Wednesday, Dec. 26.—Today we have had many interlopers. Susan T. thought she should have a very quiet day but from breakfast time we had continued calls—at dinner we had your friend Bobby, who was so kind as to remain half the afternoon. This evening E. and Susan have been at Mr. Norton's and Mr. Worcester has blessed us all the morning; I was engaged in stewing apples—Aunt N. and Anna ironing—this afternoon I have been working and have read nothing all day except my Bible and that not so much as I like. Anna is a very good girl I must say that for her. Francis goes to three parties tomorrow where the Channings are likewise going and she not invited tonight, they were going to the theatre. She wanted sadly to go—but she did not say one word and really prefers staying at home working to anything else—though she enjoys parties enough—She had a very good time at Mrs. Cabots. [It will be observed that no presents were interchanged until New Year's Day.]

Thursday, Dec. 27.—A snowstorm which disappointed the three Ladies of going into town. This morning Anna made some apple pyes for the first time—we have not been very agreeable to-day. I have had a cold and been rather cross. One hour has been pleasant enough while the children were playing under the sideboard—they were bears, lions, monkeys, Kangaroos, jerboas, &c. Thacher got angry because I told him not to frighten W—, roaring like a Lion—and went off to the window in disgust—the other children tried to get him back and sent W— the Kangaroo to call him. “The monkey's sick and wants you to come and doctord her.” “I won't go,” says T. to Aunt N. “I shall have an all fired jawing if I do.” However the little kangaroo conquered him, and he went off and doctored with all his might—Anna desires me to tell you she has got a new gown, and expects to look sublime in it. It is a red striped calico morning gown.

Friday, Dec. 28.—. . . tonight we have all been playing at

“question and answer”—the children have all been engaged with us and have been very merry, and on the whole I have reason to be very thankful for a happy day, in which health and cheerfulness and peace and harmony have prevailed without interruption or disturbance.

Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1828.—A happy New year to you, my dear Boy. I awoke this morning with the joyous shouts of the children—all clamorous with their good wishes. Waldo and Thacher hung up their socks and when I went into Aunt N’s chamber, Thacher was capering away in great style about his “bunkum” book—Louisa too with her little Milton given by Aunt Nancy was very happy—and little W. has had books and gifts enough—a large cow and milkmaid from the Miss Nortons and a volume of Mrs. Barbauld’s Lessons, in which he reads as well as I can, and a beautiful little dissected map, all of which have made him supremely happy. Mrs. Norton sent Waldo, Thacher and Louisa books and Mrs. Guild and cousin Eliza [Guild] sent Louisa French books—it has not after all been a very brilliant day with us—we wanted our Stephen. Anna went into town this afternoon to Mrs. Lee’s party—and Francis has gone to Mrs. Sullivan’s.

Monday, Jan. 7, 1828.—. . . There has been a town meeting of Dr. Holmes’s parish to induce the good man to give up some of his straightlaced notions—particularly to exchange as he used to do with the liberal clergy,—Mr. Abraham Hilliard and Mr. Whipple on the liberal side and Wm. Hilliard [the bookseller]. Mr. Frank Dana made a very eloquent speech in favour of liberal notions, but I am too sleepy for any more—Adieu. [This was preliminary to the division of the Congregational church into the two churches now presided over by Rev. Dr. McKenzie and Rev. Dr. Crothers.]

Wednesday, Jan. 9.—. . . We have had the last novel of Scott, the “Chronicles of the Canongate,” and I think it is a sad falling off, for our great friend; it is so unlike his former works that I should not think it written by the same person—and I do hope he will yet retrieve his reputation by a better book—before he closes his literary career. The last North American is very entertaining—then there are souvenirs, Forget-me-nots, Bijou’s innumerable—some of them beautiful—others pretty silly.

Friday, Jan. 25.—Aunt Nancy desires me to give her love to

you and tell you she has been spending the day at Mr. Norton's and that Mr. N. inquired very kindly for you. I have been engaged the major part of the day in reading "The Red Rover," which I think a very original and extremely entertaining work, the interest is constantly kept up by new and curious incident and fine description — W—— has been very sweet; he bids fair to be a great scholar and talks with great fluency about "the Atlantic Gocian" and all the states by name.

Saturday, Feb. 2. — . . . Today, having an errand in town, I rode in with Martha and walked directly out again though the ground was covered with snow. I do not mind the walk at all, and though I found it far from pleasant, I feel very little fatigue — almost the only thought I had in coming out was that you had so often come over the same ground. I came the Clark road [now Broadway] and find it much the shortest. There is something in the exercise of walking that prevents me from much thought — I believe my bodily powers must be in a state of rest to promote any powerful action on my mental ones — they do not both together seem capable of strong exercise. I have often observed that my thoughts were more vivid and distinct in the night than at any other time. I attribute it partly to the entire rest of the body — but this human mind is a strange machine and nothing is more surprising to me than the versatility of its powers, the power of flying from one set of ideas to others of a precisely opposite quality — what a happiness it is and how may it be improved to promote and extend human happiness.

Wednesday, Feb. 6. — We have been highly amused with W—— to-night — he has lately got a wood pencil which pleases him much — and he has been drawing a great deal with it — he told Jim Parke this afternoon he could draw the "Possum up the gum tree" — this evening I told him to — he made some marks on the paper and then showed them to me saying as he pointed, "there 's the possum up the gum tree, there 's the raccoon in the hollow, there 's catch him up my boy, there 's give him half a dollar," this indication of genius excited universal acclamation — as does likewise his knowledge of geography — it is really curious to hear him going over all the names of places, States, lakes, rivers, etc., on his map — it pleases him exceedingly and he is as regular as clock work in all his operations.

He reads every night and looks at his map till he is sleepy — you would find him much improved, I think — he shows great quickness in acquiring.

Friday, Feb. 8.— . . . W—— has had a bad cold to-day — he went to school this morning being a very bright fine day — this afternoon he has seemed rather more hoarse but I trust he will not be sick — he has been charmed with a pair of India rubbers that Aunt Nancy brought him from town, and also with a rabbit. It was funny enough to see him with this last — Aunt N shoved it toward him on the table while he was reading, and all the children stood round the table waiting impatiently till he looked up and saw it — but it was sometime before he could leave his reading. When he did the change in his little face repaid us all for our expectation — he was in ecstasies, to be sure, but notwithstanding his transports he went through all his usual occupations, which are reading, looking at the map, and putting together his dissected map; he is the most methodical little thing and the dearest and best little boy in the world.

Wednesday, Feb. 12. — This is the third day of windy cold weather; it is beginning now to moderate but it has been tremendous. I have not been able to let W—— go out to-day, though he is much better, and quite well enough to go out if the weather was fit. Let me see what I have done to-day — why, after breakfast I cleaned my room most violently; that took me an hour — then I came down and found Susan Tyng reading Mr. Everett's speech which she would give me a screed of; then I sat down and read my Bible — then Locke's Commentary — heard W—— read and say his "gography," then took up Miss Kinders' little book and between that and "Conversation" whiled away the morning till dinner time, not feeling smart enough to do much else. . . . Francis [the eldest son] is writing a review of "Cyril Thornton." Martha is composing a letter to Miss Dix. Father is writing ministerial letters [i. e., letters to clergymen], Aunt N., E. and Anna are working. . . . So goodbye, my love.

Saturday, Feb. 16. — I dreamt about poor Mrs. Leonard all night and this morning after breakfast I went over to see her again. I found her still very ill and brought home with me her little boy of three years old, stopping at Farwell's to get a gown for him — for

his poor mother did not like to have him come on account of his shabby dress. The little fellow has been some trouble and a good deal of amusement to us — he is a spirited, self-willed boy and quite disposed to domineer over W——. He took the wheel-barrow, filled it with blocks, and would not let W—— touch it, saying, in his playful way — “Get long away, Tom.” We made him his new gown which pleased him mightily. W—— is pulled down a good deal with his cold — not being able to go out makes him irritable.

March 6th. — I am in momentary expectation of letters from you, which I hear from Frank Dana have arrived in town from Monte Video. Father is in town and will bring them out. It would amuse you to see W—— describe your course on the map — he points with his little finger to Rio Janeiro — then he says “down to Atlantic to Monte Video at the mouth of the River La Plata, down the Atlantic, round Cape Horn, up the Pacific to Valparaiso” — he learns a little more geography every day. I have still been engaged in the arduous duty of mantua making which is the most tiresome of all employments — but I have almost got through. We have got hold of a famous Review of German Literature in the Edinburgh — which makes a great noise but seems to me to be more sound than sense — Dr. Channing and the blues are all in admiration of it — it is written by Mr. McAuley [Macaulay] the author of a Review of Milton which appeared some time since in the same work —

Thursday, March 20. . . . W—— is still at home and the young gentleman has become somewhat troublesome, he will have incessant and devoted attention or he is not satisfied. . . . We have a gang of girls here this afternoon to tea. Susan & Lucy, Nancy Perkins, Susan H. and Miss Sarah A—— who is too white and fat: and in the evening in came Waldo Emerson, Motte, and your friend Bobby Walcott who always comes when Susan H. is here. I am tired to death and long for rest to mind and body.

[With this arrival of Ralph Waldo Emerson upon the scene, who had taught school in Cambridge and was only just “approved to preach,” these extracts from a faithful mother’s diary may well close.]

At the conclusion of Colonel Higginson’s address, the meeting was dissolved.

THE SIXTH MEETING

THE SIXTH MEETING of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held on the twenty-second day of January, nineteen hundred and seven, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Third Vice-President, ARCHIBALD M. HOWE, presided.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On behalf of the Committee On Sketches of Noted Citizens of Cambridge, STEPHEN P. SHARPLES read the following paper :

NATHANIEL JARVIS WYETH

Born, Cambridge, January 29, 1802; died, Cambridge, Aug. 31, 1856.

Son of Jacob Wyeth. Married, Jan. 29, 1824, Elizabeth Jarvis Stone; born 1799; died Aug. 29, 1865. She was his cousin.

"He was one of the most active and energetic men ever born in Cambridge. About 1830 he led a band of adventurers across the Rocky Mountains to Oregon; after his return he engaged in the ice business at Fresh Pond, was one of the first shippers of that article to foreign or coastwise ports, and through life conducted that business with great skill and efficiency. He was not ambitious of public station, and held no municipal office except that of selectman, in 1843."

Such is the brief, unsatisfactory, and incorrect account given in "Paige's History of Cambridge" of a most remarkable man.

When I was a boy of perhaps a dozen years old, in searching over my father's library for something to read, I came across a book with the title, "Narrative of a Journey Across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River," by John K. Townsend. This book is often quoted as "Townsend's Narrative." As it was not a novel I was

allowed to read it. In this way I first became acquainted with the adventures of Nathaniel J. Wyeth, though at that time I was more interested in John K. Townsend, who was a relative of my father. He was a distinguished ornithologist and was among the first to describe the birds and animals of the Rocky Mountain region. It was not till years after that I discovered that this journey was the second that Wyeth made across the continent.

Townsend fixes the date of their journey, by his first sentence, as March, 1834. This work is much fuller of the details of the journey than Wyeth's diary, to which I shall refer later, and more nearly resembles in style Lewis and Clark's famous work. Townsend was a good observer, and gives much information in regard to the journey; unfortunately, in fording a river he lost part of his notes. The book has recently been republished in part.

In November, 1892, John A. Wyeth, M. D., of New York City, published in Harper's Magazine an article entitled "Nathaniel J. Wyeth and the Struggle for Oregon." At that time Dr. Wyeth had not seen "Townsend's Narrative," but he had in his possession Captain Wyeth's letters and diary. These letters and diary have since been published by the Oregon Historical Society, and are parts 3 to 6 of volume one of their journal.

The first published account of Captain Wyeth's expeditions was published in Cambridge in 1833. This was entitled, "Oregon, or a Short Account of a Long Journey from the Atlantic to the Region of the Pacific by Land, by John B. Wyeth, one of the party who left Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, July 28, 1832, four days' march beyond the ridge of the Rocky Mountains, and the only one who has returned to New England." This little book has less than ninety pages. It was for years the only account of Captain Wyeth's expeditions to be found in the library of Harvard University.

This book was edited by Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse. It is very interesting as a moral essay on contentment. The doctor evidently had not the spirit of a pioneer, and could see no pleasure in roughing it. The author, John B. Wyeth, was a brother of the late Benjamin Wyeth, for many years sexton of the Shepard Memorial Church.

He evidently went on the expedition expecting to have an easy time, and as soon as he found that exploration meant hard work,

he gave it up and came back home, leaving the party at a time when it would have been much easier to have continued to the coast.

Washington Irving, in "Bonneville's Adventures," says of this expedition:

"This was a party of regular 'down-easters'; that is to say, people of New England, who, with the all-penetrating and all-pervading spirit of their race, were now pushing their way into a new field of enterprise with which they were totally unacquainted. The party had been fitted out and was maintained and commanded by Mr. Nathaniel Wyeth of Boston. This gentleman had conceived an idea that a profitable fishery for salmon might be established on the Columbia River and connected with the fur trade. He had accordingly invested capital in goods calculated, as he supposed, for the Indian trade, and had enlisted a number of eastern men in his employ who never had been in the far west, nor knew anything of the Wilderness."

This description of the men is correct, but the statement that they were in the employ of Captain Wyeth is incorrect. So far from being employed by Captain Wyeth, each member contributed his share towards the expenses of the expedition. This fact as much as any other one thing led to the failure of the expedition. While Captain Wyeth was nominally the head of the expedition, contributing more funds towards it than any other person, he yet had no actual authority, and the company was governed on the town meeting plan, with Captain Wyeth as moderator.

Irving continues:

"With these he was boldly steering his way across the continent, undismayed by danger and difficulty or distance, in the same way that a New England coaster and his neighbors will coolly launch forth on a voyage to the Black Sea or a whaling voyage to the Pacific. With all their national aptitude at expedient and resource, Wyeth and his men felt themselves completely at a loss when they reached the frontier and found that the wilderness required experience and habitudes of which they were totally deficient. Not one of the party excepting the leader had ever seen an Indian or handled a rifle; they were without guide or interpreter and totally unacquainted with woodcraft and the modes of making their way among savage hordes, and subsisting themselves during long marches over wild mountains and barren plains."

Chapters 41 and 42 of Bonneville are largely devoted to Captain Wyeth and his adventures. In summing up at the end of Bonneville, Irving says:

"Wyeth's enterprise was prosecuted with an intelligence, spirit, and perseverance that merited success. All the details that we have met with prove him to be no ordinary man. He appears to have the mind to conceive and the energy to execute extensive and striking plans. He had once more reared the American flag in the lost domains of Astoria, and had he been enabled to maintain the footing he had so gallantly effected, he might have regained for his country the opulent trade of the Columbia of which our statesmen have negligently suffered us to be dispossessed."

This account was published in 1843, but was evidently written some time previously.

Nathaniel J. Wyeth was born on the point which projects into Fresh Pond, at the end of Fresh Pond lane. Here his father for many years kept the Fresh Pond House, which he had built on land purchased from his father, Ebenezer Wyeth. The land was first in possession of the Wyeth family in 1751. For many years the Fresh Pond Hotel was one of the most celebrated resorts around Boston. Both Jacob and his nephew, Jonas Wyeth, found it a profitable place of business. Before railroads made New Hampshire accessible, it was a popular summer resort. After it ceased being used as a hotel it was used as a nunnery, and was finally confiscated by the city and moved off the point in order to protect the waters of Fresh Pond. The building now stands on the corner of Lake View avenue and Worthington street. The point on which the hotel stood now forms part of Kingsley Park. It seems to me that it would be well that the site of the old hotel should be marked in some way, and such a marker should commemorate the fact that this was the birthplace of Nathaniel J. Wyeth. Mr. Wyeth's early life was probably spent on the borders of the pond. He was among the first to engage in the business of cutting ice for export. In his letters he mentions the fact that Mr. Tudor has still a place for him. He is said to have invented much of the machinery used in cutting and storing ice. In the report of the tenth census of the United States, Mr. Hall says:

"Most of the modern improvements in facilities for cutting and storing ice are due to the inventive genius of Nathaniel Wyeth, the foreman of Mr. Tudor, and to John Barker, also in his employ; and it was owing to the first named of these progressive men that the old-fashioned vault was finally abandoned in favor of regular ice-houses, built first of brick and then of wood, and planted at the water's edge. Mr. Barker and Mr. Wyeth also invented a number of handy tools for use on the pond."

The Boston Transcript, in a notice of his death August, 1856, said:

"It is not perhaps too much to say that there is not a single tool or machine of real value now employed in the ice harvesting which was not originally invented by Mr. Wyeth. They all look to Fresh Pond as the place of their origin." "As one who laid open a new field of honorable industry" he was held "entitled to the rank of a publick benefactor."

While this eulogy is not quite correct, as the Tudor Company started the business about the year that he was born, he undoubtedly did much to render it practical and profitable. Dr. Waterhouse, after describing the business of cutting ice on Fresh Pond, says:

"The only risk to which the ice merchant was liable was a blessing to most of the community; I mean the mildness of a winter that should prevent his native lake from freezing a foot or two thick. Our fishermen have a great advantage over the farmer in being exempt from fencing, walling, manuring, taxation, and dry seasons, and only need the expense of a boat, line, and hook, and the risk of life and health; but from all these the ice man is in a manner entirely exempted; and yet the captain of this Oregon expedition seemed to say, 'All this availeth me nothing, so long as I read books in which I find that by going about four thousand miles overland from the shore of our Atlantic to the shore of the Pacific, after we have there entrapped and killed the beavers and otters, we shall be able, after building vessels for the purpose, to carry our most valuable peltry to China and Cochin China, our seal skins to Japan, and our superfluous grain to various Asiatic ports.'"

The doctor's words are introduced here to show how unsafe it is to prophesy, as all Capt. Wyeth's most sanguine dreams have

come true. We have still living among us men who saw the visionary captain start on his long journeys, one of these as a boy saw the captain's wagon boats built at the blacksmith shop which stood 'neath the spreading chestnut tree on Brattle Street. He has lived to visit his son living on the shores of the Pacific, where he is Park Commissioner of the city of Seattle, in that region of which the doctor writes: "Had their expedition been to the warm climate of Africa, or to South America, they would have been sure of plenty to eat, but in the western region, between the Rocky mountains and the great river of the West, the case is far otherwise."

The salmon fishery that the captain hoped to establish has grown into a great business, and instead of the salmon feeding a few Indians on the banks of the Columbia, they are now served fresh in the very city from which the captain started.

Trains of cars are started daily from this coast laden with fruit for the East. Although he died a man in middle life, he lived to see Oregon organized as a territory, and now three wealthy States have been carved out of the land which Dr. Waterhouse did not think worth the trouble of acquiring.

The following paper was read by FRANKLIN PERRIN:

A FEW FACTS CONCERNING THE WASHINGTON HOME GUARD OF CAMBRIDGE

As is well known, the city of Cambridge was the first to present a volunteer military company for service in the Civil War. The early departure of other Cambridge companies left the city with only the small police force for protection against mobs. This led to the formation of a military company, which was called the Washington Home Guard, a drill-room for which was built, by private subscription, upon land in the rear of the Charles River National Bank, and belonging to Harvard University. This drill-room was dedicated May 29, 1862. Ex-Governor Washburn, who had been the leader in the formation of the company, presided. After a prayer, offered by Rev. John A. Albro, D. D., Governor Washburn gave the following toast: "The Washington Home Guard! Never forgetting the citizen, when acting the soldier, may they show, in their

example, that to be a good citizen is one of the best qualifications for being a good soldier." Joseph G. Coolidge, who had been chosen the first captain of the company, responded. Other speakers were Sidney Willard, Mayor Charles Theodore Russell, Hon. Richard H. Dana, and Rev. Mr. Harrington from Cambridgeport.

Sidney Willard, who had had military experience as a member of the First Corps of Cadets of Boston, fortunately offered his services as drill-master. The company was composed of citizens from all ranks,—Harvard professors, doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, tradesmen, etc. Ex-Governor Washburn and Dr. Beck were privates, who were always present at the drills, which took place twice a week and sometimes oftener, so that, under the discipline of Sidney Willard, the company reached a state that led him to say that he was proud to take the company out on street parades.

After the drills, speeches in the drill-room were in order. These speeches, taken in connection with the military experience obtained, and the growing need of men at the front, led some of the members to enlist for the war. Sidney Willard himself enlisted as captain in the 35th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, of which regiment he became major. As he left us he was presented by the company with a silver pitcher as a slight token of their appreciation of his valuable services. This pitcher is still in the hands of the family. A new company was formed in Cambridge to go to the front, and of those from the Washington Home Guard who enlisted, one of the company (Hyatt) became the captain.

At the time of the draft-riots, Governor Andrew "requested" us to repair at once to the State Arsenal in Cambridge, bounded by Follen, Garden, and Chauncy Streets, to guard it from the mob, which it was feared would get control in Boston as it had in New York. The mob in Boston had already armed itself, to a certain extent, by breaking into hardware stores. At the State Arsenal there were many guns and rifles, as well as ammunition. That night our company, commanded then by Captain Isaac Bradford, was at the Arsenal grounds. During the night, Governor Andrew sent wagons to the Arsenal to convey muskets, rifles, and ammunition to the State House; these wagons were guarded on the way to Boston by a militia company that had been organized at Cambridgeport at about the time our company was formed. This com-

pany, which was commanded by Rev. Asa Bullard, was composed of many of the most prominent men of Cambridgeport; among them was Rev. John Ware. The next morning we marched back to the drill-room, where the Mayor, Charles Theodore Russell, had us sworn in as policemen, as we had not then been enrolled as a part of the State militia. We were to wound and kill members of the mob legally. After Mayor Russell addressed us, we marched again to the Arsenal, where we were on guard four days and nights, with loaded muskets and a brass cannon mounted on wheels and pointed at the gateway. When doing guard duty, I remember that Dr. Beck was on the beat south of me, and a Mr. Ross on the beat to the north. I refer to this because, during the second evening, Ross's son came to him in tears, saying, "Mother wishes you to come as soon as you can to protect her, as our house is threatened by a mob." Ross, taking a pistol from his pocket, replied, "My boy, my duty is here! Go back with this loaded revolver, and if any one attempts to enter the house, shoot him."

Shortly after our experience at the Arsenal, the company was reorganized, becoming the Twelfth Unattached of the State Militia, with Charles F. Walcott as captain. Now we were "ordered" by Governor Andrew to go into camp at Readville. Those who could not go were obliged to furnish substitutes. Before leaving the barracks we were addressed by Captain Walcott, who told us that we should now be under orders from the United States Government, and that Uncle Sam never took men conditionally,—that we were liable to go to the front at any time. Dr. Beck, who was called upon to speak, said that he had been obliged to leave his home and country (Germany) because of his desire for more liberty, and that none of us could appreciate the importance of the war so fully as he, and that he should go to the front if possible.

On reaching Readville, as we marched to our barracks, we were closely inspected by members of the other companies, who would occasionally intimate that we were a company of what would be called in these times "dudes." But, on discovering later that our barracks and surroundings would serve them as models of neatness; that there was no shirking when our men were put on "Cook's Guard;" that our Sergeant Vaughan, when a private of one of their companies was insubordinate, put him in irons and in the guard-

house; that we could beat them at foot ball and other games, they learned to respect us. To our great regret the United States Surgeon refused to accept Dr. Beck. The next day, when he reluctantly left us, we escorted him to the station, where in tears he bade us good-bye.

There were batteries at the Point at Provincetown, manned by a company which was sent to the front, and we were ordered there to take its place. Here the drilling and sea air fitted us so well for active service that we offered ourselves as a company to the Governor to be sent to the front. The parents of some of the students who were in our ranks, learning this, interceded with Governor Andrew, and prevailed upon him to let us remain until the close of our first enlistment of 90 days, when Captain Waleott and some other members of our company enlisted for further service.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART read a paper on "Colonial Pirates and Privateers."

At the conclusion of Professor Hart's address the meeting was dissolved.

THE SEVENTH MEETING

THE SEVENTH MEETING—a Special Meeting called by the Council—of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the twenty-seventh day of February, nineteen hundred and seven, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the purpose of celebrating the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON presided.

The meeting was open to the public.

Among the invited guests were many persons distinguished in literature, science, and public life, including the Governor of the Commonwealth, the Mayor of the City, Julia Ward Howe, George W. Cable, Sarah Orne Jewett, Owen Wister, William James, and William Watson Goodwin. There were also present two of the daughters of the poet, Alice M. Longfellow and Annie Allegra Thorp, and his eleven living grandchildren.

The printed programme was as follows:—

PROGRAMME.

OPENING ADDRESS The Chairman, CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.
LETTERS FROM EMINENT PERSONS.

ADDRESS THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.
CANTATA, "The Village Blacksmith," CHORUS FROM THE CAMBRIDGE
Music by CHARLES F. NOYES. PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
Accompanied by the Orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School.

ADDRESS CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT.
POEM THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.
In the absence of Mr. Aldrich on account of illness, his poem will be read by
CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND.

ADDRESS WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.
In the absence of Mr. Howells on account of illness, his paper will be read by
BLISS PERRY.

The LONGFELLOW CENTENARY EXHIBITION of rare editions, manuscripts, portraits, and other memorabilia, will be open free to the public in the Cambridge Room of the Cambridge Public Library, Broadway, Cambridge, each day from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. of the week beginning February 25, 1907.

OPENING ADDRESS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Forty years ago to-day the *Boston Daily Advertiser* contained some verses addressed to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow on his birthday. They were signed with the initials of his neighbor, friend, and brother-poet, Lowell, and the second stanza of them ran as follows:

“With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world, but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.”

The poem contained a prophecy, of the fulfilment of which this meeting is one of the many signs:

“Surely if skill in song the shears may stay
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,
He shall not go, although his presence may,
And the next age in praise shall double this.”

In another month that benignant presence will have been gone from us for twenty-five years,—a quarter of a century in which there have been many fluctuations in current taste in literature, and in which the competition of authors seeking for popular favor has been keener than ever before. Many have had their little day of sunshine; few have outlived a single short summer. But all this while there has been no change in the hold of Longfellow on the hearts of men, and to-day justifies Lowell’s prophecy that the next age should double the praise which his own had lavished upon him.

But I will leave to others to set forth the charm of poems “which, long as our modern usage shall endure, shall make forever dear their very ink;” for to-night, here in Cam-

bridge, the home of the poet, it is the life rather than the poems of Longfellow that I, as a spokesman of my fellow townsmen, — of his fellow townsmen, — am drawn by affectionate memory chiefly to celebrate; more mindful of the sweeter secret which lies within the melody of his verse than of the outward rhythm and rhyme.

The happy influence on a community of the habitual presence of a good and pleasant man or woman is immeasurably enhanced when to goodness and pleasantness is added the gift of genius which makes its possessor a special object of admiration and of general interest. And if this genius find its expression in verse addressed not only to the comparatively few of highly cultivated intelligence, but which through its breadth of sympathy and through its musical expression of simple, elementary sentiments appeals to the vast multitude of common men and women; and, further, if this genius be united with a character of exceptional purity, gentleness, and graciousness, then the blessing of the presence of such a nature in a community is perfected. Such a blessing was ours in Cambridge while Longfellow lived. Its influence abides with us still and will abide with those who follow us. “A good life hath but a few days, but a good name endureth forever.”

The prosaic aspects of our town, even such as those which Harvard Square unblushingly exhibits, are made interesting by memories and associations with the poet, while its pleasanter regions, such as Brattle Street and Kirkland Street and many others, are dignified and adorned by his memory, and have become places of pilgrimage for his sake. But, as was said three centuries ago, “the diocis of every exemplar man the whole world is;” and so, though Cambridge was made the better by his actual presence and is the more famous for his memory, the diocese of Longfellow is bounded only by the limits of the language in which he wrote; for the

spirit which inspired his poetry was that of the peace and good-will for which the whole world longs.

"I should have to think long," said Walt Whitman, "if I were asked to name a man who has done more and in more valuable directions for America." And so at the close of a century from his birth, in every quarter of the land, America is celebrating the birthday of him who did so much for her. Everywhere the tone of affection mingles with that of admiration. It is the man, the exceptionally good and pleasant man, no less than the delightful poet, who is everywhere cherished and honored; and here in the community which knew him best, the two tones of love and admiration mingle in one harmony of blessing on his memory.

Mr. Cook will now read to us some letters which have been addressed to the Cambridge Historical Society by persons invited and unable to attend this meeting. Before he does so, however, I want to have the pleasure of reading a note which Miss Irwin was kind enough to send to me this afternoon. It is dated Belmont College for Young Women, Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 22, 1907.

MISS AGNES IRWIN
DEAN OF RADCLIFFE COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR MISS IRWIN,—I take the liberty of writing you, since you are a member of the Committee of Longfellow Centenary, to ask that you please use these flowers as a little loving memorial from some Southern College girls, who know and love him so well, who have trod all the paths Evangeline and Hiawatha trod, and feel that in our uncrowned poet laureate we have learned the lessons of joy and life.

The flowers will be sent from a Boston florist, and I hope may reach you safely.

I am very truly,

PAULINE SHERWOOD TOWNSEND

Those flowers, as welcome as they are significant, were on the table this afternoon at the Children's Hour, and they are here.

LETTERS FROM EMINENT PERSONS

MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE,
February 13, 1907.

MY DEAR MR. COOK:

. . . While it is peculiarly appropriate that the old university town should be the scene of these commemorative exercises on the twenty-seventh day of February, having been so long the chosen home of the poet, this is an event in which all the world of readers must feel a grateful interest. For his verse has a singularly wide and varied appeal; it expresses his crystal-clear thought in scarcely less luminous phrase, the noble reflection of his own elevated character, and the rich treasures of his scholarly research,—all pulsing with the faultless measure that makes the words seem set to music.

This centennial occasion must be to all the fellow-townsmen of the poet a source of special and just pride, with which many others will sympathize.

Yours sincerely,

MARY N. MURFREE.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 7, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

With profound thanks I acknowledge the honor of your invitation for the public exercises in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of our country's master-poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. While ill health denies my bodily presence, I feel that I shall yet be undeniably with and of your grateful company, and that no uttered tribute to his genius or his human love and loyalty but that my fervent spirit, with all mankind's, shall share that sacred voice and testimony.

Very gratefully and truly yours,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

DEAR SIR:

Your Society, and the guests invited to participate in the Celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of America's most widely read and best-beloved Poet, cannot fail to make of it one of the most interesting events in our literary history. Later generations will recognize the enduring worth of the Poet's work; but those who enjoyed his friendship are passing from the stage, and soon none will be left to speak with authority and at first hand of that most gracious and winning personality. This circumstance lends a unique interest to the forthcoming celebration, to which many who remember the man as he moved among us may be expected to bring tributes of reminiscence and appreciation. The occasion is one I regret that I must miss — one at which nothing less than a thousand miles of intervening land and sea prevents me from being present.

With thanks for the honor of your society's invitation,

Cordially yours,

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

ORANGE PARK, FLORIDA,
Feb. 12, 1907.

EDGEWOOD.

MY DEAR SIR:

I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, your very courteous invitation for 27th February, and regret that the condition of my health will compel me to decline. I regret this all the more since, in addition to my admiration for the literary aptitude and conquests of Mr. Longfellow, I had such thorough esteem for his character as a man. He lived always near to the level of his best thought: not — through all his epoch — was another so sweet and strong a "Psalm of Life" intoned as his. Whether "Toiling, rejoicing or sorrowing" (and all these experiences cumulated with him) he was always true, honest, and sincere.

You cannot mark the memory of such a poet, and such a man, with too many laurels.

Very respectfully yours,

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, HIGHFIELD ROAD, RATHGAR,
DUBLIN, February 10, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

I cordially thank the Cambridge Historical Society for the honor of their invitation to the Public Exercises in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Longfellow. I regret that it is not possible that I should be present. But I can gladly acknowledge my personal debt to the genius of Longfellow, and my assurance that he did much to bind together the feelings of the people of Great Britain and Ireland and the people of America. And I can express my confident hope that the celebration may be all that its promoters desire that it should be.

Very truly yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

ROBERT BROWNING SETTLEMENT (INCORPORATED),
29 GROSVENOR PARK, LONDON, S. E.
February 12, 1907.

PROF. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

SIR,—The Council of this Settlement having heard with very great pleasure of the intention to commemorate the Centenary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, at Cambridge, Mass., has requested me to convey to you its hearty congratulations and entire sympathy.

We are approaching the end of the year of commemorations which began with the Centenary of the birth of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. . . .

On Sunday evening last, in Browning Hall, limelight views were shown of the poet's (Longfellow) portrait, of his house, and of his chosen city of Cambridge. Selections from Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend" and from Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha" were sung, and an address was given on the message of Christ in Longfellow. We reverently acknowledge the rare genius of Longfellow, which enabled him to put the joys and sorrows of our common human nature into language of Scriptural simplicity and universality. He is the uncrowned Laureate of the common people of the entire English-speaking world. His poetry has as wide a vogue under the Union Jack as under the Stars and Stripes.

Common love of him and of his works has been a potent influence in binding together with cords of mutual respect and affection the peoples of Republic and Empire. Of the unique position which he occupies in the British and American world his bust in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey may be accepted as eminent symbol. . . .

Cambridge in New England may note with interest that the Settlement from which this greeting comes is acting in conjunction with the Free Church Union of the University of Cambridge in the old country.

With all good wishes for the success of your celebrations,

I remain, yours sincerely,

F. HERBERT STEAD,
Warden.

21 GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK,
February 5, 1907.

DEAR SIR :

All men of my years have necessarily given many pledges to fortune. One of mine practically excludes me from all public gatherings after sundown. I shall be present *in spirit*, however, at the Sanders Theatre on the evening of the 27th inst., and all of the audience who are blessed with the open vision may, if they choose, find me seated in the very midst of the most devoted though very limited class of those present who for more than three-score years and ten have studied and admired and enthused over not only Longfellow's lofty rhyme but over his prose also ; and not only over the poet's writings, but over his affectionate and lovely character.

Even should no others see me there, I will comfort myself by imagining the possibility that the poet himself, who certainly will be there, will not be so blind.

I pray you, Mr. Cook, to make these excuses for my absence on the celebration of this interesting anniversary acceptable to your colleagues of the Cambridge Historical Society, to all of whom I desire my most respectful regards.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN BIGELOW.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y.,
February 13, 1907.

MY DEAR SIR:

It is with sincere regret that I find myself obliged to decline your kind invitation to the public exercises in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Longfellow.

Apart from the great pleasure I have derived from his works, I recall especially the enjoyment received in my visits to him at Craigie House and at Nahant, when his delightful social characteristics appeared most fully.

I am most heartily glad that so noble a celebration in his honor is to take place, and feel grateful to those who have promoted it.

Will you please present my renewed thanks and regrets to the committee, and I remain, dear sir,

Very respectfully yours,
ANDREW D. WHITE.

2643 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY,
February 6, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

Kindly present to the Cambridge Historical Society my appreciation of the invitation, which has but just reached me, to attend the Exercises on February 27, in celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of Longfellow, our most widely read poet of the renowned American Pleiad. He was that exquisite minstrel whom all younger singers, of my own generation, revered as their laureate and inspirer. My own tributes to his ideal career and production, and to his limitless service as our early apostle of taste, sentiment, and beauty, have already been rendered with a grateful heart and to the utmost of my ability.

But I deeply regret that I cannot pay the further tribute of attendance at the coming Celebration. Though now convalescing from a severe illness, I am advised that I shall not have the strength for a visit to Cambridge at the date of the Exercises.

Very sincerely yours,
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE CHAIRMAN: "Let us now praise famous men," says Ecclesiasticus. It is a pleasant duty. Cambridge has many worthy citizens, but of all her living sons there is only one who has established a claim to be called famous, only one whose name is already inscribed on the crowded page of our history. He is familiar with praise, but to-night he is here not to listen to his own praises but himself to join in a chorus of praise of a famous man whose most serious fault was that he was not a native of the town which was the birthplace of Colonel Higginson.

ADDRESS OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We have met this evening to pay tribute to a man who had, among all American authors of his time, the most individual and disarming combination of qualities. He was at once genial and guarded; kind and cordial in greeting, but with an impassable boundary line of reserve; dwelling in a charmed circle of thought, and absolutely self-protecting; essentially a poetic mind, but never out of touch with the common heart; yet not so much a creator as a composer; and viewing his subjects, as a very acute observer has said of him, "in their relations, rather than in their essence." He was one to whom a poem might occur, as did "The Arrow and the Song," while he stood before the fire waiting for his children to go to church with him; and he was equally able to spend patient years in hearing and weighing, "slowly and with decorum," as he says, the criticism of other and younger Italian scholars on his version of Dante. He was abstemious, yet wrote joyous drinking-songs for his friends; did not call himself an abolitionist, yet pronounced the day of the execution of John Brown, of Ossawatomie, to be "the date of a new Revolution, quite as much needed as the old one." When worn with overwork, he could sit down to write a hundred autographs for a fair in Chattanooga; or perhaps go out and walk miles to secure kindness for some old friend troubled with chronic and insuperable need of money. He was choice in his invited guests, yet drove his housemaids to despair by insisting

on the admittance of the poorest children in Cambridge, to tramp through his study daily and to sit triumphantly in the chair which their little school subscriptions had bought for him. This was the man whom we meet to commemorate ; this was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

It is an obvious truth in regard to the poems of Longfellow that, while they would have been of value at any time and place, their worth towards the foundation of a new and unformed literature was priceless. The first and chief need of such a literature was, no doubt, a great original thinker, such as was afforded us in Emerson. Yet Longfellow rendered a service only secondary, in enriching and refining that literature and giving it a cosmopolitan culture — providing for it an equally attentive audience in the humblest log-cabins on the prairie or in the literary courts of the civilized world. It is not many years since the editor of one of the great London weeklies said to an American traveller, "A stranger can hardly have an idea of how familiar many of our working people, especially women, are with Longfellow. Thousands can repeat some of his poems who have never read a line of Tennyson and probably never heard of Browning."

You may count in the Harvard College Library, as I myself have done, the titles of at least one hundred versions from Longfellow's poems, extending into eighteen languages outside the poet's own. It seems to me a dream, when I recall as if it were yesterday the very moment, sixty-seven years ago next December, that I answered a rough knock at the door of Professor Longfellow's Harvard recitation room and let in a printer's devil, blacker than a chimney-sweep, who laid down on the professor's desk a proof sheet, almost as soiled as its bearer and being the title-page of a small book to be called "Voices of the Night." It was not then known in Cambridge that Mr. Longfellow was to publish a volume of verses ; he himself had only just decided on the title and I may have been the first person outside the printing office who saw the proof sheet. Had I but known what was to follow in the development of American literature, the rough banging of that printer's boy would have been to me as solemn as those three notes in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony which have been translated, "Thus knocks fate at the door."

It is pleasant to think that in the modest fame thus announced there lies no room for any serious reaction. The same attributes that keep him from being among the very greatest of poets will make him also one of the most permanent. There will be for him no extreme ups and downs in literary standing, as in the case of those men of greater genius, of whom Ruskin could at one time foolishly write : "Cast Coleridge at once aside, as sickly and useless ; and Shelley as shallow and verbose." Longfellow's range may not be vast, but his workmanship is perfect ; he has always "the inimitable grace of not too much ;" he has tested all literatures, all poetic motives, and all forms of versification ; and can never be taken unprepared. He who has made life richer and ampler, youth more beautiful, age more venerable and more hopeful, has become the permanent friend of mankind. His latest productions — the Sonnets — are his highest and best. He has passed away from us, but he has peopled the realm of imagination with forms which will not readily pass. "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," and "The Village Blacksmith" are lodged forever in the memories of each successive generation of English-speaking children : and as Macready said of Shakespeare's characters in "The Merchant of Venice," "Who is alive, if they are not ?"

THE CHAIRMAN : It is unnecessary to say that a celebration of Longfellow's birthday would be very imperfect unless children took part in it, and to-night we shall have the pleasure of hearing the performance, by young people from our Cambridge schools, of the music of "The Village Blacksmith." For this privilege and pleasure we are indebted to Mr. Chapman, the superintendent of music of the Cambridge schools.

The Cantata "The Village Blacksmith" was then rendered by a chorus from the Public Schools of Cambridge, accompanied by the Orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School.

THE CHAIRMAN : I am sure that the audience would desire me to convey their thanks to Mr. Chapman and to the young

people whom he has instructed so well, for the delightful part of this occasion which they have just taken ; and I also would congratulate you, young people, on your good fortune, not only on being masters and mistresses of instruments and voices, but in having a share in an occasion like this, in which your own sympathies are quickened and which will, so long as you may live, I am sure, remain one of your pleasantest memories.

There would be no need anywhere in America to introduce President Eliot, least of all here in Cambridge. For him *nullum par elogium*.

ADDRESS OF CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I think it was about twenty-five years ago when there was another celebration in this hall, of which the heroes were Mr. Longfellow and Dr. Holmes. There was a large assemblage of children of the public schools, and it was an occasion of eulogy and rejoicing ; and when it was over I said to Mr. Longfellow, "These children, these hundreds of children here, will always remember with delight that they have seen you and Dr. Holmes sitting together on this platform." "Ah," said Mr. Longfellow, "I don't know, I don't know." Like other great men, great scholars, great poets, great prophets, he was not sure of his future. But that is true of every hero. The hero would not be a hero if he knew the issue of his struggle. Yet it touched me very much at the time, and I remember it still with tenderness that Longfellow said here of his own fame, "I don't know."

He was a regular teacher in Harvard University for eighteen years of his term ; and while he was teaching, in the very hour of his lecturing, as Colonel Higginson has told us, the proofs of his best work were coming in. What does a poet do for a university ? A university contains the flower of the youth of the land ; and these youth live with a selected body of teachers who present be-

fore them the great subjects of human thought, of human aspiration. What higher function, what nobler work of man is there than the writing of poetry? I know no higher effort of the human intelligence, except on rarest occasions the spontaneous outpouring of a human soul in prayer to God. What did our poet do for the university? In the first place, he taught for eighteen years, before a somewhat prosaic and utilitarian youth, the great literatures of France, Spain and Italy, represented in their noblest authors. He did this steady, assiduous, painstaking work of instruction. He lived here in these roads and houses, and walked among the academic youth and the academic teachers. He associated with the best of the academic body, of the graduates of the college, of the supporters of the college. His influence on them was deep and strong, and all towards noble, refined, honorable things. I like to recall, too, that so long as he was a member of the Faculty, eighteen years long, he steadily voted with a strong minority who were resisting the reaction against the liberal measures of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Mr. Longfellow steadily voted in favor of freedom,— freedom for the teacher, freedom for the taught. And then he dwelt in many of his poems on the surroundings of the university, on the site of the university; and you know what a strong influence on academic youth in many generations beauty of site and aspect in the seat of a university has; how profound the influence of such beauty is and of associations with great undertakings and great men at the site of a university. Longfellow loved Cambridge, he loved the prospect from his terraces and his windows. He wrote often of the river Charles and its salt marshes. He consecrated the walks westward from Craigie House to Elmwood, and eastward to the college by “the spreading chestnut tree.” You remember the exquisite description which Newman gives of the site of the Academy of Athens and of the views from the hill. Newman thought that much of the beauty and strength of Greek philosophy and poetry had been absorbed there from the wondrous skies and seas of Greece. And all of us know what an exquisite and uplifting influence the beauty of Oxford and Cambridge have been in our motherland. Longfellow filled Cambridge with such delights. For many generations he has made it a place of pious pilgrimage for thousands of

people who had come to love him, and therefore loved the things and sights he loved.

The lessons of Longfellow's writings are, first, the lessons of freedom and public justice, the sterner lessons of the New England experience, the sterner lessons taught from its foundation in this university. But equally characteristic are his teachings of the utter tenderness, grace, and beauty, in human life. He taught men the sanctity of the common sentiments which gather around births, courtships, marriages, the joys and sorrows of domestic life, the national gains and losses, and timely or untimely deaths. These tender teachings, these blessed, simple, common experiences he dwelt on, and put into touching, beautiful words.

The poet uses the finest instrument of human expression, language. He is an artist like the painter, the sculptor, and the musician, but he has a finer organ of expression than they. The painter appeals to human sentiment through the eye, through the sense of color and of form. The draughtsman indicates the grace of line and of shade and shadow with a pencil. The poet speaks the most universal of all expressiveness, the mother tongue. And yet the poet is in the highest sense an artist; and that is a lesson which Longfellow gave here on this spot to the generation of young men who had the privilege of looking on him. He worked with an ideal of perfection before him, a perfection never fully attained, but still with intellectual and moral joy, and steady aspiration toward the ideal of perfection in speech and writing. And then Longfellow taught here another lesson of the highest sort. He taught the lesson of freedom in religious thought, like all the poets of the nineteenth century. He indicated the coming of a new religion, the religion of serviceableness, of tender love in the home, of devoted service to brother-man, a service through which the race lifts itself toward the love of God.

THE CHAIRMAN: The absence of Mr. Howells and Mr. Aldrich to-night is reason for genuine regret, not only because so much of the personal interest of the evening is lost, but even more on account of the cause which keeps them away. We may, however, all rejoice that the latest report from both of them is such as to relieve us from solicitude and to permit

us to send to them our hearty and confident good wishes for their speedy and complete restoration to health.

There is indeed a touch of that irony of circumstance which is so often to be observed in the course of human affairs, in the fact that those two juniors should leave us seniors unassisted to-night. But for me there is one advantage in their absence. It allows me to speak of them in terms which in their presence I should hesitate to use. In both prose and poetry Mr. Aldrich won distinction very early, and has added to it whenever he has written. In that delightful book, "My Literary Friends and Acquaintances," Mr. Howells has spoken of Aldrich's work in words which I venture to adopt as my own. "I should be false," he says, "to my own grateful sense of beauty in the work of this poet if I did not at all times recognize his constancy to an ideal which his name stands for. He is known in several kinds, but to my thinking he is best in a certain nobler kind of poetry. There are sonnets of his, grave, and simple, and lofty, which I think of with a glow and thrill possible only from very beautiful poetry, and which impart such an emotion as we can feel only when a great thought startles along the brain and flushes all the cheek." And let me add for myself, further, that there is no poet,—no living poet,—so far as I know, who has written verses of more exquisite and delicate charm than Mr. Aldrich; verses with many a line "from end to end in blossom like the bough that May breathes on,"—or poems, like the one which we are about to hear, in which the great tradition of the classic masters of English poetry is more truly maintained and continued.

We have every reason to be grateful for the reader who is willing and able to give fitting voice to Mr. Aldrich's poem.

POEM OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

LONGFELLOW¹

1807—1907

Above his grave the grass and snow
Their soft antiphonal strophes write:
Moonrise and daybreak come and go:
Summer by summer on the height
The thrushes find melodious breath.
Here let no vagrant winds that blow
Across the spaces of the night
Whisper of death.

They do not die who leave their thought
Imprinted on some deathless page.
Theyselves may pass; the spell they wrought
Endures on earth from age to age.
And thou, whose voice but yesterday
Fell upon charmed listening ears,
Thou shalt not know the touch of years;
Thou holdest time and chance at bay.
Thou livest in thy living word
As when its cadence first was heard.
O gracious Poet and benign,
Beloved presence! now as then
Thou standest by the hearts of men.
Their fireside joys and griefs are thine;
Thou speakest to them of their dead,
They listen and are comforted.
They break the bread and pour the wine
Of life with thee, as in those days
Men saw thee passing on the street
Beneath the elms — O reverend feet
That walk in far celestial ways!

¹ From the "Atlantic Monthly." Copyright, 1907, by Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

THE CHAIRMAN: I am sure it would please you all if Mr. Copeland would do us the favor of reading those beautiful verses once more.

In compliance with the request of the Chairman, the poem was read a second time.

THE CHAIRMAN: That poem is enough to make an evening memorable.

I referred just now to the delightful book by Mr. Howells, called "My Literary Friends and Acquaintances;" and of that book there are no pages more delightful than those devoted to Longfellow. Of the multitude of books and essays on Longfellow, this seems to me the one which gives the most vivid and faithful likeness of him. If all others were lost, this would preserve to us what was essential in him, and holding the mirror up to nature, would show us the very features of his virtue. Of the friends made in his later life there was none Longfellow esteemed more highly than Howells. They had many common traits as well as common sympathies. Sweetness of heart, sincerity of intellect, poetic sensibility of temperament were the gifts of nature to each. And resulting therefrom were the breadth of sympathy for their fellow-men, their kindness, and the generosity of their judgments. It was a fortunate event for our town when Howells took up his abode in it in 1866. He found his true home here, as he himself has said, for ten years, and made what he called the "carpenter's box" in which he lived for a time on Sacramento Street, and the more elaborate dwelling on Concord Avenue which he afterwards occupied, two of the most precious houses in Cambridge for their personal and literary associations. In the inability of Mr. Howells to read his own essay, there can be no better substitute than his successor in the chair of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

It was a great pleasure to me that Mr. Perry consented to undertake this duty, and I thank him for us all, and ask him now to read the essay.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS¹

ONE of the most poignant experiences of our advancing years, or rather, our retreating years, so swiftly do they evermore fly from us, is the realization that the past is really past. The image of what has been remains much the same with us as the pageant of our actual life, but if we put it to the test in the consciousness of younger men, if we ask the eye of youth, so fatally clear, to share our vision, that image shatters into dust from which it imperfectly and painfully rehabilitates itself. A few years ago, when I proposed writing about the heroines of fiction as I had known them in Hawthorne and Thackeray, Reade and George Eliot, Dickens and Charlotte Bronte, and the rest of my contemporaries, a charming friend of the present day, who entered sympathetically into my notion, said, "Oh, yes, those *old* writers." I have sometimes found to my dismay, that when I have spoken of the war, meaning the Civil War, I have been supposed to mean the Spanish War. The unification of Italy and Germany are vivid actualities with me, but if I mention them to youthful actors on the stage where I am beginning to lag superfluous, I perceive that they are fading or faded events of history. Shall I then put to some such ordeal the auroral remembrance of Cambridge, as I first knew it forty years ago, to find that I have got my East and West transposed, and that it is the evening light which transfigures it?

I will not be so rash, even with the desire of giving you my idea of the circumstance amidst which the great poet whom I had known in his rhyme for half my life became for me the visible and tangible personality that all who knew him loved. Briefly, I will say, it was circumstance worthy a great poet, and that he who was central in it was pre-eminent among such peers as few great poets have had. It was the hour—how present is that hour still!—when Longfellow was completing the mystical journey on which he had faithfully followed the steps where two "sweet guides" had

¹ From the "North American Review." Copyright, 1907, by the North American Review Publishing Company.

led instead of one, and Dante as well as Virgil went before him. Those whom he thought fit to be his companions in this journey joined him in reading the text of their Italian poet, and helping him interpret it in every shade of its significance, so that his version should remain supreme, until some one should, with less conscience or more courage, add to it the rhyme which his scruple adjudged impossible. Elsewhere I have tried to give some sense of those meetings; the quiet lamplit room where the master poet wrought by day, and now his fellow-poets sat with their Dantes in their hands, and scrutinized his English through that Italian, and questioned it in suggestions to which he listened patiently, thoughtfully, but gratefully accepted or refused as he alone decided; the old friend to whom Dante was such an old story, dozing by the fire, and the old terrier under his deep armchair, breathing in a soft diapason with him, till the hour of supper came, and the poet lifted him and led him out to that feast which to the young mortal of the board was truly a banquet of the gods, if the gods knew how to talk, to joke, to laugh, always as mindful of humanity as they are sometimes reported not to be, at their celestial victual. The young mortal was afterwards able to remember lamentably little of all that was said in those luminous nights, but he kept the sense that in the empyrean where Holmes sparkled and Lowell glowed, the mild ray of the larger planet from time to time eclipsed the others in a gentle gayety which was not quite humor, but was of some rarer and finer quality for which the terrestrial spectrum had no specific analysis. "Often," so I have written before, "the nights were very cold, and as I returned home from Craigie House to my carpenter's box on Sacramento street, a mile or so away, I was as if soul-borne through the air by my pride and joy, while the frozen snow clinked and tinkled before my feet stumbling along the middle of the road. I still think that was the richest moment of my life, and I look back at it as the moment, in a life not unblessed by chance, which I would only most like to live over again." But that was in 1866, when it was worth while to be twenty-nine, in an environment where such divine things were possible to juniors. You, into whose clear eyes my dim glasses look to-night, is it as richly worth while in Cambridge now? But no, I will not put you to that question, if in your turn you will spare me, and will make believe with me that my Cambridge

of forty years ago is still as real and substantial as it was then, when it was the home of Lowell, of Child, of Agassiz, of Dana, of the Henry Jameses, father and son, of Shaler, of Fiske, of Palfrey, and the resort, from time to time, of Holmes and Emerson, of Whittier, of Fields, and all the elect spirits which made Boston and the other suburbs of Cambridge their sojourn, with, first among them all, the most universally read poet who has ever lived.

In what shall I have to say to-night in praise of his beautiful art I must always be as sensible of him in the environment in which he lived, and I think the secret of his immense favor, if we look for it apart from his singleness of mind and soul, will perhaps be found in the fact that he was so deeply, so entirely, of his time and place, in his most and in his least imaginative work. His very love of what was old, and strange, and far, affirmed him citizen of a country where he dwelt perforce amidst what was new and known and near. He was the most literary of our poets, but to him literature was of one substance with nature, and he transmuted his sense of it into beauty as he transmuted into beauty the look of the familiar landscape, the feel of the native air, the breath of the mother earth. But he did not go to literature or nature, and he did not come from either without a conscience of what he owed to the world about him. If there was a meaning in a page read or a day lived, which could teach or help other men, he desired to impart it to his verse. This duteous tendency of his became explicit in his poem of "The Singers," where "the youth with the soul of fire," and the "man with bearded face" singing in the market place, and the gray minstrel chanting in "cathedrals dim and vast," contend in the rivalry which was the allegory of his own subjective question.

"For those who heard the singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in the heart.
But the great Master said, 'I see
No best in kind, but in degree.'

"'I give a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen and to teach.
These are the three great cords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright,
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.'"

This was the ideal of that New England mind which flowered into the New England life in those years before the great Civil War, when men fancied they had found, in the sacred and infrangible peace, the solvent of every grief and every fear. The misgiving of justice in the judge of all the earth, as the hard old creeds had imagined Him, had passed into affirmation of love among men, who each owed the other his share of patience and kindness and truth. The same strain so often ethically heard in Longfellow is heard mystically in Emerson, humorously in Lowell, lyrically in Whittier. The New England poet who had not somehow rendered allegiance to that ideal, would have been dateless and homeless, and Longfellow was as faithful to it from the first as he was to that yet finer and purer aesthetic ideal, which divided his homage. The "Psalm of Life," by which he has so often been feebly and falsely judged, is of even date with the "Hymn to the Night," so fine, grave, exalted and exalting, and as absolutely aesthetic as Milton's "Lycidas" or Keats' "Ode to Melancholy," or Tennyson's "Tithonus." This and not the other is prevailingly the dominant of the various music, in which the panes of medieval churches and the leaves of primeval forests alike thrilled. He tried to be true to his confession of faith in *The Singers*, but it is interesting to note how in certain of his most popular poems, which are often his best, the ethical strain seems an afterthought, and the moral is as plainly a tag as any text coming out of the mouth of a saint in an archaic picture. "The Village Blacksmith" is entirely a poem, and a wonderfully perfect one, if you leave off the two last stanzas, in which it becomes a homily. "The Fire of Driftwood" charms wholly till you come to the last stanza, and other familiar pieces have the same excellence and the same defect. Many, like "The Belfry of Bruges," are each a blend of that which charms with that which teaches. At the same time that he was writing these pieces he was writing other pieces as popular, which are without alloy of sermoning, which are pure imagining. Take "The Burial of the Minnesink," simple, fine, positive; "The Skeleton in Armor," the absolute dramatization of a shadowy motive; "The Slave's Dream," with its glorious pageantry; "The Quadroon Girl," exquisite in the restraint of its unmoralized pathos, and you shall seek in vain for any trace of what the modern Spanish critics call the tendon-

cious. Yet he was truer to his time and place in what we must think the poems of less absolute beauty, and we must recognize the fact that if his music had been all in its finally dominant key he would not have been the consoler of the multitudes who hid his words in their heart of hearts and counted themselves one with him.

I remember going to him one day with a lady who greatly wished to look upon him, to touch his hand, to hear his voice, but who would not let him speak before she had said to him of one of his poems, "You did not know it, but you wrote that poem for me." So the innumerable thousands throughout the world would have said of this poem or that, in any of the strange tongues which could hold a version of it. It was a wonderfully world-wide acceptance, such as no other poet has ever known, for to speak of Shakespeare himself as being as widely known or as much read as Longfellow would be to triflē pedantically with a vital human fact. One day he showed me a Chinese translation of the "Psalm of Life" which he had just received, and there was hardly a dialect of the summer seas into which its phrase had not been cast. He could have told those lovers of him that the "Psalm of Life" was no such poem as "The Hymn to the Night," but he could well leave that office to the critics who misimagined him from it.

He was worthy of his universal acceptance, because his beautiful gift was graced by a scholarship hospitably responsive to the appeal of an aspect of literature or nature. Yet we must never forget how deeply Puritanized he was by race and tradition, and how when he withdrew from the pleasant thoughts of other lands and languages it was to find himself in an ancestral chamber, darkened by the shadow of the New England wilderness, remote from the gayety of Spanish suns, and the warmth of German stoves. Otherwise we cannot realize how introspective he was, and how much given in the old Puritanic fashion to self-question, to the interrogation of his motives and the judgment of his actions. Of all our poets he had lived most in the world, both at home and abroad. He liked the world, and until such sorrow as comes to few sequestered him, he lived rather constantly in it; yet again and again he turned from it to ask his soul of that other and greater world within, which in some hour every man frequents with joy or fear. There is no

token of any belief in a state of expiation or fruition in these self-questionings; yet in such poems as "Mezzo Cammin," "Epimetheus and Prometheus," "Victor and Vanquished," "Memories," which I name, not meaning to leave out others, and meaning, above all, to include his great and beautiful "Morituri Salutamus," he confesses himself, and invokes upon his sin of commission or omission whatever penance here seems just, or else gives himself absolution as part of the inevitable and the involuntary in the cosmic frame. His art, consequently, was essentially religious art, as religious as Dante's, as Milton's, as Wordsworth's, and as authentic, deriving its quality from his native ground through whatever alien light and air.

It has been with surprise, in my reading of his verse for the present poor result, that I noted how entirely he has said himself in the intimate things in which a man may say himself without shame, because in them he says you, and he says every one in saying himself. His appeal is in that high ether where the personal is sensible of mergence in the universal; it is the expression of a soul purified of what is transient, impermanent, intrinsic. If among all his poems there is but one that may be called a love poem, there are many poems of feeling, such feeling as comes before passion and endures with it and remains after it, and is the limpid note in which childhood and manhood and age find themselves joined. It is among these poems of feeling that his art frees itself more than elsewhere from the sense of technic, of material, of tendency. As you read "The Bridge," "The Two Angels," "My Lost Youth," "Weariness," "The Bridge of Cloud," the group of sonnets called "Three Friends of Mine," "My Books," "A Nameless Grave," and that exquisite elegiac, "Changed," you are consoled through the continuous throe by a sense of the common sorrow in which your peculiar pang is lost. There is nothing of weakness in the tenderness of these pieces, and we might read any of them together without fear of the maudlin softening which comes so often from sympathetic communion; but I will ask you to listen only to this one, which I have not named with the others, because in my consciousness it stands apart from the others and from all others in its classic perfection. The poet named it "Aftermath."

“ When the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path,
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow,
And gather in the Aftermath.

“ Not the sweet new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom ;
But the rowen mixt with weeds,
Tangled tufts of marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.”

The pathos of the mortality by which our life is haunted from beginning to end, and which age knows no better than youth foreknows it, is intimated here to an effect so self-controlled, so completed, so poised, that it seems as if a syllable less would disturb its delicate balance, a syllable more would spill the tears that brim it. If the classic is to be known by its exclusions, its self-denial, here is something that one might surely say was Greek. If not, where and in what does the “ Anthology ” surpass it?

A poet is not alone to be recognized as imaginative for what he does, but for what he makes us do who read him, for the imagination which he creates in us. Longfellow has this magic power in a score of pieces, in a hundred passages, through a sort of spiritual intimacy which owns us close akin, whether we are young or old, great or mean, wise or simple, so only we be mortal, and which in some lines of his, written when he was an aging man slowly nearing his death, entreats and constrains us with tender entreaty not easily to be put in words.

“ Four by the clock and not yet day;
And the great earth rolls and wheels away,
With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,
Into the dawn that is to be.

“ Only the lamp on the anchored bark
Sends its glimmer across the dark,
And the heavy breathing of the sea
Is the only sound that comes to me.”

A sigh of lonely patience, but it seems to breathe all space and time before us, bringing us not only into the circle of the poet's consciousness, but making each of us its centre. It is on the face of it mere statement, mere recognition, but it is the finest art in the power of imparting emotion without apparent effort. I should like to read from the sonnets called "Three Friends of Mine" the one on Agassiz, though I fear the context will give an undue sense of what was the more moving in Longfellow's verse because his prevalent mood was so far from despondent.

"I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.
The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean's floor
The willows in the meadow, and the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me ;
Then why shouldst thou be dead and come no more?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding ? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent ? Why shouldst thou be dead ?"

It is here as if the eternal primitive in Agassiz called to the eternal primitive in Longfellow, and he responded in the simplicity of this touching lament. It is very timeless, very placeless, unless it is of any time and any place. The gray Homeric head, lifted in pathetic interrogation of the pale sky of the Nahant shore, might in the unchanging round of human experience seem challenging the same dumb mystery beside the Chian strand. After all the centuries of the race's story, after the optimistic faith of the poet, and his many resolute affirmations of a meaning beyond the meaningless, the long-hoping spirit is clouded in the doubt that comes to each in his turn, and he implores the friend he has lost, as if they had been parted in the earliest dawn of the world :

"Why art thou silent ? Why shouldst thou be dead ?"

Simplicity, though I have used the word more than once, is not quite the word for the condition of Longfellow's art. If the artist was ever unconscious, he cannot be so now, after the innumerable

generations of conscious men; but he can still be unaffected, and Longfellow was above everything unaffected. He was wholly without those alloys of personal motive, that love of effect, those grudges and vanities which limit us in our universality, and dwarf us from men to individuals. He was as unaffected as he was conscious in imagining, from his earliest endeavoring, a sort of duty he had to give his country in return for what she had given him, a poem which should be not only worthily but distinctively American, and such a poem he did give her in "*Evangeline*." He gave it on his own terms of course, and this most American, and hitherto only American poem of anything like epic measure, is as perfectly his as it is perfectly ours. His art in mere story-telling is admirably structural in it; he builds strongly and symmetrically as he always did, though sometimes the decoration with which he loads the classic frame distracts us from the delight of its finely felt proportion. Here again he is entirely unaffected, though he is as far from simplicity as convention itself can go. The characters are not persons but types; the lovers, the old fathers, the notary, the village priest, the neighbors one and all, are like the figures in little eighteenth-century moral tales, or some of the older fashioned operas, not yet quite evolved from pastorals. But the poet brings to them his tender sense of their most moving story, and he so adds his own sincerity to their convention that they live as truly and genuinely as if they had been each studied from real life, to an effect of such heartache in the witness as is without its like in poetry.

In the "*Hiawatha*," that somewhat of primitive, of elemental in him, always consistent with his scholarship and gentle worldliness, lent itself to the needs of the wild legends, and realized them to an alien age and race through an art entirely frank in its mannerisms. An epic of our Indian life could not have been possible without the consciousness in which he unaffectedly approached it, and availed himself of the reliefs to its seriousness with which the quaint and whimsical, the childlike, quality of savage fancy had invested its episodes. The "*Courtship of Miles Standish*" is quite as felicitously imagined as the "*Evangeline*" or the "*Hiawatha*"; indeed, on its level of comedy it is of a perfection which the "*Evangeline*" does not always keep on its heights of tragedy. It

is as humorously as that is pathetically conceived, and in the handling of the same verse it shows more of what is like native ease and colloquial habit. It does not matter for the poetic verity whether the original anecdote is questionable or not; but it matters everything that an image of a little remote and very simple world, broken off from the great England of that lingeringly Elizabethan time, and stranded on our wild shore should take us with an enchanting probability far beyond the force of fact. It is an advance upon the "Evangeline" that the persons of the poem tend to be more of characters and less of types, though they are yet so typical, so universal, so eternal in their drama that the lovers of any time can read themselves into the hero and heroine.

In the "Tales of the Wayside Inn," the pictures are set successively in such a frame as many artists have used before, and they have each to make its effect without a strong common tie. But what charming pictures they all are, how good every one in its way: "Paul Revere's Ride," "King Robert of Sicily," "The Saga of King Olaf," "The Birds of Killingworth," "The Bell of Atri," "Lady Wentworth," "The Baron of St. Castine," "Elizabeth," "The Rhyme of Sir Christopher": what life do not these dear familiar names stir within that death which each of us becomes in outliving his youth!

The poet tells, or tells again some story, far-brought in time or place out of the reaches of his measureless reading, or near-found in the memories of his first years, and each story takes his quality, and blossoms, or blossoms anew under his magical touch. I could not very well say why I feel him personally present in these pieces more than in his other poems, but perhaps it is because he read some of them to me, as his young editor, before they were printed, while they were yet fresh in his own script. As I read them now I hear his voice in them, when as I have already so imperfectly said, he read them with "a hollow, a mellow, resonant murmur, like the note of some deep-throated horn." I remember this music in the "Elizabeth," and the "Baron of St. Castine," and the "Rhyme of Sir Christopher," and the look he lifted on me, when he came to some humorous passage, to make sure I was getting his full meaning. I not only hear him, but I see him in these pieces, and I like to fancy that he was turning them in his thought when

sometimes I met him in the streets of that Cambridge which is no more. "In the years when I first knew him," if I may again quote myself, "his long hair and the beautiful beard which mixed with it were of one iron gray, which I saw blanch to a perfect silver. When he walked, he had a kind of spring in his gait, as if now and again a buoyant thought lifted him from the ground. You felt that the encounter made you a part of literary history, and set you aside with him for the moment from the poor and mean."

Whatever Longfellow said became his own in that unmistakable voice of his, which when you read his verse left you in no doubt whose verse it was, no matter who had said a like thing before. If one must not say that his voice is more distinctly heard in his poetic tales than in his larger poems, one feels a peculiar pleasure in its sound there, a tenderness, a richness, such as no other story-teller's has. If he is not likest himself in these most lovable moments, since in every master excellence is more varied than we are apt to allow, still these things are very like him. There is a fine aoristic quality in them, so that the "Sinking of the Cumberland by the Confederate ironclad," or "Paul Revere's Ride," is of one poetic contemporaneity with any event of the remotest time or place which takes his fancy, or kindles his feeling. But if you say that this quality was his most original or distinctive quality, what shall you say of the delicate impressionism of some such piece as "Afternoon in February," all in delicate gray tones, and as like nature as anything you see out of your window? Or of that gentle, compassionate dejection in the faultless poem called "Weariness"? Or of the melancholy thrill that vibrates in the music of "My Lost Youth"? Or of the subtle analysis of the mood of waiting for the poetic impulse in the lines called "Becalmed"? They are all alike like Longfellow. Perhaps some one else might have written them, but I cannot think of any one else who could.

In everything he did Longfellow wished to be helpful through the truth, but living and doing brought him evermore to the realization of the truth that the art which expresses a thought or an emotion need not help itself out with a precept. The constant pressure of his genius was towards simplifying his expression. He must choose in the end to be with the Greeks rather than the Goths in building the lofty rhyme, and in the architecture of his

later period he gave us oftener the repose of the temple than the aspiration of the minister. A certain sculptural barenness which one feels at times in the beautiful "*Morituri Salutamus*," is perhaps the farthest reach of this tendency, but the denial of his early romantic excess is almost as great in the "*New England Tragedies*" where the simplification of the phrase is as Hellenic as in any fragment of antiquity. Say what we will of the inadequacy of these dramas as we fancy them across the footlights, there cannot be a question of their artistic conception, their serious beauty. Longfellow would not have been Longfellow if he had not wished to touch our hearts in them, and have us feel the ache of those errors and sorrows as if they were things of to-day. The fact that they are not theatricable does not impeach their dramatic excellence, and he could not have given them narrative form without loss to the perfection in which they were imagined. As they show in their final disposition, they are the climax of the larger drama which he called "*Christus*," and in which he perhaps too arbitrarily assembles them with "*The Divine Tragedy*," "*The Golden Legend*." In the group purpose is clear enough, and each part is distinctly wrought, but they are welded, not fused, together. His love of the old Germanic and Latin lands, where the generous American of his day so fondly dwelt, plays so long in the *Golden Legend* that the fancy wearies, and the sense of the fable is more nebulously intimated than his wont is. He is more truly at home, for all his love of the mediæval past, in his native air, and in "*The Divine Tragedy*" he merely dialogizes the story of Christ from the different Gospels, and with an occasional light of legend cast sparingly and skilfully upon it, seems to be more taken with the order in which the words of the evangelists fall at his touch, with a music unheard before, than with the larger intention of the work. He could never be other than an artist, but in his dramas it seems to me he is least an artist.

One does not speak of his technique; that can never be in question. It always is as insensibly present as the air we breathe, and there are other traits of his mastery to which he so accustoms us that we are scarcely more conscious of them. In his mind there is a perfect clearness, and in his verse there is never the clouded word that embodies the clouded thought. All is limpid which flows from that source, whether the current sparkles over shallows

in the gayety which was often his mood, or flows into the sunny or shadowy depths where the light and the dark are alike transparent. He owned to me once that he did not love metaphysical subtleties or analytic scrutinies; the telescope that brought the skies near to the homes of men might be in his hand, but not the microscope that revealed the morbid workings of their hearts. Such characters as he painted were typical, whether they were imaginary studies, or accepted portraits of people thronging from his world-wide acquaintance with literature, and asking some moment of the *dolce lome* of his verse. To the mind's eye he presents himself something like one of these, a large, sincere, and unaffected presence, full of kindness stayed by gentle dignity.

No poet ever uttered more perfectly what was characteristically best in his time, and none ever informed that time more completely with the good and the truth which were in himself. In his sense of responsibility to something beyond and above the finest hedonism, he stood with the greatest poets. If he was ethical, so was Æschylus, so was Dante, so was Milton, so was Wordsworth, so was Shakespeare himself when he was writing *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*; so is the supreme master of fiction, that Tolstoi who has but now accused Shakespeare of being, as Emerson called him, "only the *master* of the revels." The pieces in which Longfellow charms and teaches far outnumber those in which he teaches and charms; and it is so with him from the beginning, but there is continuously with these two kinds a middle species, in which it is hard to say whether the æsthetic or the ethical prevails, and though his ideal was more and more the æsthetic, the very last poem he is known to have written, "*The Bells of San Blas*," shows a return to the explicit tendency of some of his earlier work, while it is graced with that tender feeling for the past, for the alien, in which error and truth are reconciled, and peace flows from their reconciliation.

"Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each its different path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last,"

these different strains of the poet's art meet in his dying song, and flow together into the evening sky, beyond which there is night, and beyond which we hope there is morning.

THE CHAIRMAN: I will not say, Mr. Perry, what I believe, that you have read that admirable essay better than Mr. Howells would have done it for himself, but I will say that I believe Mr. Howells, could he have heard it, would have been more than content with the reading.

And now one last word remains to be said. If I could think of the right word, which should be as sweet as a verse of poetry and as tender as a benediction, it would be the word to be spoken now. "Of all the many lives," as Mr. Longfellow himself said of one of his teachers,— "of all the many lives that I have known, none I remember more serene and sweet, more rounded in itself, and more complete" than his. I will bring one more testimony to the influence of Longfellow, and with it will bid you good-night. Some years ago I was talking with Rudyard Kipling of various poets. We agreed that almost without an exception they had written too much: that we could spare, for instance, at least a half of Wordsworth, probably more; that Shelley would be the better if three quarters of his work were obliterated; that even Keats had written too much. And so we went on, scarcely leaving one; even Milton could have spared something from his slender stock, outside of "Paradise Lost." But at last Kipling said to me, "There is one poet of whom I don't want to spare a line." I said, "I am at a loss; I cannot imagine." "Why," he said, "Longfellow, of course."

Let me say that day after to-morrow, the 1st of March, is Mr. Howells' seventieth birthday, and I should like to send him a message of good-will from this audience. I will take it upon myself, with your approval, to do so. (Applause.)

And now I will say, — Good-night.

THE EIGHTH MEETING

THE EIGHTH MEETING — a Special meeting called by the Council — of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the twenty-seventh day of May, nineteen hundred and seven, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts, as a Public Reunion of the Pupils of Louis Agassiz, and for the purpose of celebrating the One Hundredth Anniversary of his Birth.

The President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, called the meeting to order, and the First Vice-President, THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, presided.

Among the many distinguished guests present were the following pupils of Agassiz, seated upon the platform:— Frederick W. Putnam, William James, Edward S. Morse, P. R. Uhler, and Richard Bliss. In the first balcony were many ladies who attended the School for Girls formerly held in the home of Agassiz at Cambridge. There were present also two daughters of Agassiz, Ida A. Higginson and Pauline A. Shaw, and several of his grandchildren.

The printed programme was as follows:—

PROGRAMME.

Music by the Orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School.

OPENING REMARKS	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
ADDRESS	The Chairman, THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.
LETTERS FROM ABSENT PUPILS.	
ADDRESS	ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL.
ADDRESS	WILLIAM HARMON NILES.
READING	IRVAH LESTER WINTER.
The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz . . .	<i>Longfellow.</i>
The Prayer of Agassiz	<i>Whittier.</i>
ADDRESS	JOHN CHIPMAN GRAY.
ADDRESS	CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT.

OPENING REMARKS OF RICHARD HENRY DANA

MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, PUPILS AND FRIENDS, ADMIRERS OF AGASSIZ: What enlargement of mind, refreshment of spirit, what revival of enthusiasm for what great things we are privileged to receive in this celebration of a great man's birth!

How well I remember hearing from his pupils of his great power as a teacher, not only to impart knowledge clearly, but fire with zeal, bringing as it were into the bare lecture or classroom a flaming torch which lighted the smaller torches of each one present with living, warming, brightening flame.

Oh that we might have, with all our specialization and wonderful thoroughness of detail in American universities, more such kings among men for our professors.

Another recollection connected with Agassiz that comes to mind, is my father's enthusiastic description of Agassiz's presiding at the Saturday Club, how with Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Pierce, Motley, Whipple, Judge Hoar, Holmes, Felton, Ward, Dwight, Woodman, Hawthorne, Eliot, and others about him, his learning, humor, wit, and contagious laugh had brought out the best that was in every one of that wonderful group.

I remember, too, my father's wonder at Agassiz's bewitching a whole legislature of hard-headed farmers, business men, and lawyers into granting subsidies to the museum of fossil fishes.

Recently, as a member of the commission charged with inquiring into the feasibility and desirability of placing a dam at the mouth of the Charles River, I had occasion to read the essays of the past generation of engineers on the formation of Boston Harbor, and to compare these with the reports of modern experts. I was greatly struck with the vagueness

and a priori theorizing of the former in comparison with the clear, convincing, and well founded reasoning of the latter. No wonder, for the former had the impossible task of reconciling the theory of water action as the sole cause of the phenomena, with the existence of boulder clay, drumlins, and deep basins. These they had to ignore or pass lightly over. The thorough and satisfactory explanations of the latter were almost wholly due to one cause, and that was the work of our Agassiz in establishing the glacial theory.

But Agassiz was more than a man of science, even with inspiration, wit, and geniality added. I remember to this day how my grandfather, then eighty-six years of age, described Agassiz's talk with him, then a guest at a meeting of this Saturday Club in October, 1873. He was delighted with the opinions Agassiz expressed about liberal education and the classics, and as to intuition as essential to a discoverer. Agassiz said he would never, if he could prevent it, allow a man to begin work in his museum or in physical science, until he had been through college and broadened and enlarged and elevated his mind by literary studies and philosophy and modes of reasoning applicable to moral science, as well as in those peculiar to mathematics and physics.

But I have a confession to make. Though I knew Agassiz by sight, and though his presence with us was a cause of pride in being an inhabitant of Cambridge, and a student at Harvard, I never met him face to face. I had been looking forward to taking some elective under him, when, near the end of my college course, the opportunity was taken away forever.

It is from this lack of intimacy with Agassiz that I thought it better to have as master of ceremonies to-night one who knew him, one who has also a wonderful charm as a presiding officer, and whom I present to you as our beloved Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

ADDRESS OF THE CHAIRMAN, THOMAS
WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Three months ago we met in this theatre to celebrate an epoch of happy remembrance. We now meet again to commemorate not Longfellow, but one whom Longfellow celebrates in his tribute of sonnets to his three nearest friends,—the list including the man now immediate in our remembrance, Louis Agassiz. In him we enjoy the recollection of one for whom nature combined two of her best treasures—science and sunshine; one to whom she gave a life divided between warm affection and joyous labor; one who spent his days happily as a poor man, because he could not spare the time to make money; who not only loved his neighbor, but found in every bird and beast a neighbor also; who stayed out in storms with pleasure, but would turn aside in sunshine rather than impede children in their play. He declined the temptations offered by an Emperor in order that he might rather remain here and teach an adopted nation to study and observe. He was subject to no criticism as a student, except for that fascinating endlessness with which he gathered specimens; and no aspersion in regard to home life except that of sometimes collecting so many live turtles in the domestic bath-tub that nobody else in the family could bathe.

Our keenest student of character, Emerson, wrote of Agassiz after his first visit to Concord, “He is perfectly accessible: has a brave manliness which can meet a peasant, a mechanic, or a fine gentleman with equal fitness.” Add to all this, that while refusing money for himself he collected it freely for his work; he claimed up to his last illness to have never had a dull hour in his life, and he never left a dull hour with others. He had prejudices and strong

ones, but would surrender them in a moment before conclusive evidence. Pardon me if I give a personal illustration of this.

In the middle of the Civil War, I was sent North on furlough and happened to meet him at the State House on the very first day after arrival. He asked me eagerly about my black regiment, "Did they stand fire?" and I said, "No men better." Now he had all his life urged strongly the difference between the black and white races, and had been charged by some as being hopelessly prejudiced against negroes; but he answeed instantly, "They must be admitted to the ballot, there is no question about it." Before an unquestionable fact, his life's prejudices vanished in a flash. I sometimes wish he were in the United States Congress to-day.

Yet happily for his adopted fellow-townersmen, living contentedly in this little community where "Professor" was and is ranked as the highest title, Agassiz himself gloried in the title of "Schoolmaster" in preference to even that of "Professor." In his will he described himself simply as "Teacher," and we meet here to-night as those whom he taught. His temple remains to us, both outwardly and inwardly. Plutarch somewhere speaks of Greek cities, where there were great buildings called "the Temple of the Stranger," each of these being in memory of some famous man who had come there to dwell, leaving his birthplace behind him in order to adorn and beautify his second home. Cambridge also has such a temple, and it is called the Agassiz Museum.

Before I call upon the speakers, I will ask the Secretary to read some of the letters he has received from pupils of Agassiz who are unable to be present, and from other persons.

LETTERS FROM ABSENT PUPILS AND OTHERS

NEW HAVEN, May 22, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

I regret very much that my engagements here will not permit me to attend the anniversary exercises in honor of my much beloved and respected teacher, Prof. Louis Agassiz. During five years, 1859-1864, I was very intimately associated with him, as student and assistant, and I learned to love him almost as I did my own father. He was one of the most kind-hearted and sympathetic men that I have ever known, while his enthusiasm in the study of nature was an inspiration to all who were associated with him. His influence in creating a wide interest in zoölogy and geology was, I believe, greater than that of any other man of that period. How much the country at large, and Harvard in particular, owe to him for his untiring efforts to establish a great museum is too well-known to require comment from me.

Very respectfully yours,

A. E. VERRILL.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY,

ITHACA, N. Y., May 22, 1907.

DEAR MR. COOK:

During the last seventeen years of his life it was my privilege to look upon Louis Agassiz as — in a fuller sense than upon any other man — my inspirer and guide, my teacher, my friend and benefactor. My admiration of what he was and my gratitude for what he did for me increase with the lapse of time. . . .

A recent letter to me from Professor Charles E. Millspaugh, Curator of Botany at the Field Columbian Museum, relates a charming experience, when he was an Ithaca lad of fourteen, at the time (1868) when Agassiz lectured at Cornell University, as follows:

"On a certain Saturday I was passing down Willow Avenue, barefoot, fishing-rod on shoulder. I was startled at seeing a man in black trousers and frock coat on his knees in the middle of Cascadilla Creek. Judging him demented I must have uttered some sound in affright, for as I was shying to the farther side of the roadway he looked up, beckoned me with his finger, and called, 'Come here, little poy, I show you something.' His pleasant voice finally overcame my fears and I waded out to where he still knelt. Putting his hand upon my shoulder he pressed me down upon my knees beside him and pointed to a minnow that was industriously pushing little pebbles together in a heap. As we knelt there Agassiz explained the purpose of the little laborer, and gave me many other facts concerning the habits of that and other fish. Later I accompanied him on many a tramp along the streams and through the woodlands. I have never forgotten their delights or their instructiveness . . ."

Pray accept my good wishes for a most successful meeting, and the renewed assurance of my deep regret at my enforced absence, due to the prior acceptance of the invitation of President Schurman to deliver the Agassiz Memorial address at Cornell.

Very truly yours,

BURT G. WILDER.

GÖTTINGEN, May 3, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

For your highly prized invitation to the memorial celebration in memory of Louis Agassiz I am greatly obliged. Unfortunately I am not able to accept it. But it recalls in the pleasantest manner the recollection that at the beginning of my professional career I received from Louis Agassiz valuable proofs of recognition and good will. May I ask you to give my honored friend, Alexander Agassiz, my kindest greetings.

Very respectfully yours,

E. EHLERS.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,—ENTOMOLOGY.
55 RUE DE BUFFON, PARIS, May 11, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

I have just received the very kind invitation that the Cambridge Historical Society has been good enough to send to me at the occasion of the Centenary of the birth of Louis Agassiz. It will not be possible for me to take part in the festive reunion of the 27th instant, but I desire to say to you that I join with all my heart in the filial homage to be rendered to one of the most distinguished zoologists of the last century.

Louis Agassiz is not less esteemed in Europe than in the United States. He is especially esteemed in France, particularly at the Museum of Natural History, where he had a great many admirers and where his not less illustrious son counts still many friends. To render homage to the memory of Louis Agassiz,—is there a more agreeable duty for a professor of the Museum?

I beg you to accept assurances of my most distinguished esteem,

BOUVIERS,
Professor at the Museum,
Member of the Academy of Sciences.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.,
May 9, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

. . . Though not one of the number of those who were so fortunate as to enjoy the immediate instruction of Prof. Louis Agassiz, it was my privilege as a young man to meet him, and in common with all men of science the world over, I hold his memory in supreme regard. His work and his fame are imperishable.

I am with sincere regards, yours truly,

W. J. HOLLAND,
Director of the Carnegie Institute.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY,
BALTIMORE, May 20.

SIR:

My disappointment because of my inability to attend the meeting in honor of the memory of Louis Agassiz is so great that I hope you will not be displeased if I write to you something more than a formal note of regret.

My own debt to the inspiration of this greatest of all teachers is a very great one, and the memory of his genial and stimulating and charming personality is and will always be very vivid in my mind.

I also owe much to the instruction and encouragement of some who had been his students, and have labored to perpetuate his influence. To one of them I owe my determination, and to another my ability, to devote myself to science.

I hope you will permit me to add that I have always regarded it as my duty and pleasure to do all that has been in my power to assist in carrying on this work.

This I have sought to do by reading and discussing, once in three years, with my own students, the Essay on Classification, and by giving them my own reasons for my belief that its idealistic philosophy is not behind the times, but far in advance of the modern progress of mechanical explanations of the facts of zoölogy.

I have also read with them, once in two years, the delightful story of his inspiring life, as told by Mrs. Agassiz.

Yours respectfully,

W. K. BROOKS.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 9, 1907.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have received the invitation of the Society to attend the reunion of the pupils of Agassiz on the 27th. I regret very much that prior engagements will not permit me to join in your company and in person give utterance to the appreciation of what science in America owes to one whose genius and enthusiasm inspired all who knew

him. Great as were his personal contributions to knowledge and to the working equipment of students, I believe they are hardly comparable with the effect his personality had upon the laity as well as the professional student.

Looking back upon it, I believe that those who were not witnesses of his living influence can have hardly any conception of what it was in molding public opinion and inspiring students. It made science esteemed among the most indifferent; it loosened the purse strings of the most confirmed "practical business man," and it taught the whole community for the first time something of what is meant by the true "scientific spirit."

I remember a lady, totally ignorant of science and scientific men, who attended a reception to Professor Agassiz many years ago, and came home in a state of delirious enthusiasm over her delightful evening. Her friends asked, "What did he say, what did he do, to excite you so?" "Oh," she said, "I don't know, I can't remember, he just beamed!"

The "beams" which illuminated that evening were typical of those from the same source whose "light and leading" have endured ever since, and will not fail while science has a home in America.

Yours very sincerely,

Wm. H. DALL.

RIO DE JANEIRO, June 29, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

To-day is the last Thursday of June, and though I have just returned from the most interesting and instructive excursion I ever made, I do not forget what I lose for being absent from Cambridge. On that day I used to close the annual exercises of the School, as long as I was able to keep it, and when I had to give it up, on that day, year after year, you have shown me not only that you cared to remember it, but that you were even willing to give me an unmistakable evidence of your remembrance by coming together to Cambridge on that Anniversary to bid your old teacher a "good morning," which Mrs. Agassiz and I valued very highly.

I regret especially that I cannot meet you this year, on account

of the great events of the past few months. I would like to have read upon your faces the realization of your most ardent wishes in the return of peace, through the consolidation of our institutions and our nationality, for which you have toiled during four distressing years, helping those who needed help and cheering those who had the heaviest blows to bear. I wish also I could have seen the expression of your abhorrence of the crime which has deprived the nation of its first magistrate, mingled with your confidence in the preservation of our invaluable gains won through hardships and privations.

Among all these exciting experiences I cannot expect that you should have thought often of your former teachers, and yet I believe that when the occasion returns you will be glad to hear of our travels in this wonderful tropical world, to listen to my remarks upon the progress of our knowledge in those departments of Natural History which have a special attraction for me, and I am sure you will wonder on learning of the former existence of glaciers in the tropics as much as I did on first noticing the evidence of the fact. Of this and other unexpected occurrences I shall have more to say when we meet again. To-day I wanted only to send you a friendly remembrance, that you may be satisfied that wherever I am the recollection of my former pupils is always one of those to which I return with the deepest satisfaction.

Ever your old loving teacher,

L. AGASSIZ.

TO MY FORMER PUPILS,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLOSE OF THE SCHOOL.

THE CHAIRMAN: It was that beneficent institution, the Lowell Institute, which, through its distinguished head, John Amory Lowell, introduced Agassiz in this country; and we are favored in having with us to speak of Agassiz's connection with the Institute, John Amory Lowell's grandson, Prof. Abbott Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University.

ADDRESS OF ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The only reason that I have been asked to speak here to-night is because the most valuable piece of work the Lowell Institute ever did for our community was in bringing Agassiz to this country. He had already contemplated a journey to America with the Prince of Canino; but the plan fell through, and the assistance given him by the King of Prussia was not in itself enough. It was then that Sir Charles Lyell suggested his name to my grandfather, John Amory Lowell, the trustee of the Institute, in a letter dated March 1, 1845. In it he said:

"Mr. Agassiz, the eminent writer on fossil and recent fishes, and other branches of Natural History, and on Glaciers, a German Swiss who speaks English well, and with whom I correspond, has had an offer from Charles Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, to take him with him to the United States. Agassiz asks me whether I think he could help to pay his expenses by lectures. . . . It is the only offer of courses for the Lowell lectures of a first-rate naturalist which I have had. . . . His visit would be such an era to the American naturalists that I know you will engage him if you have an opening."

The arrangement was made, and although Mr. Agassiz could not come at once, he began his preparations forthwith. In a letter of December 24, 1845, he says:

"The time which has elapsed since the first mention of these lectures by Mr. Lyell, has enabled me to have a great many beautiful diagrams prepared expressly for the purpose."

It was necessary to postpone the date for a time, and on July 6th he wrote again. In the postscript of this letter he says:

"If you have no objection, I would give to my course the title of 'Lectures on the Plan of the Creation, especially in the animal kingdom.'"

In spite of his slender command of the English language, his lectures, which were not read, but delivered orally, were a suc-

cess from the start, and he exerted over his audience a fascination which never lessened in after years. The course of twelve lectures was at once repeated, and one lecture in French was added. In each of the next two years he lectured again, and again his lectures were repeated; in fact he gave a course every few years for the rest of his life. He delivered in all one hundred and sixteen lectures at the Lowell Institute, covering a very wide range of scientific topics.

His first subject, "The Plan of Creation," sounds broadly popular, but Mr. Agassiz's own idea of the aim of his lectures is perhaps best expressed in a letter of 1850, introducing Mr. Lowell to Arago, in which he says (I am translating it from the French): "The influence which the courses given at the Lowell Institute exert is felt throughout the country, because they tend continually to make people appreciate the difference which there is between popularizing and understanding human knowledge, a distinction which has been drawn too little in this country."

I remember well my father's description of the first time he saw Mr. Agassiz, who had just arrived in Boston, and came down at once to stay at my grandfather's house on the North Shore. By way of entertaining him my father — then a lad of sixteen — took Mr. Agassiz out rowing. They had not gone far when Mr. Agassiz observed the markings on the rocks, and, suggesting they should row in and examine them, began to explain to my father about the glacial theory, and the effect of the ice upon the rocks. It has been commonly said that Mr. Agassiz began his teaching in America with a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, but that is only in part true. He began to teach the first person whom he met, and his life was one continuous stream of teaching, by popular lectures, by college courses, and by informal conversations, in lecture halls, on expeditions, in the presence of nature and by the wayside; and he continued to teach everybody that he met for the next twenty-seven years, until the night came when no man can work.

It would be presumptuous for one who never had the privilege of studying under him to speak about his influence with his pupils, or the permanent value of his great contributions to science; but the effect upon the general public of his presence among us was not

less valuable. He spread interest in scientific study through the whole community, taught men its importance, and made them feel that it was worthy to be supported by public generosity. He became, in the public eye, almost the impersonation of science. I remember very well how mothers were faced by the problem: "If Mr. Agassiz says that the world was not literally created in six days, what are you to tell your children?" Mothers, of course, answered the question differently; but the striking thing to me was, that the question was not put in the form, "If science teaches," but "If Mr. Agassiz says," his name being looked upon by the community as synonymous with scientific knowledge.

In these days when we are told that the scientific man of the future will necessarily be far removed from the public ken, and will work out his great results unseen in solitary intellectual fields, that he dwells in a region which the mass of men can never enter, and with which, therefore, they can have little in common; in the days, when these views are held, it is well to recall not only the massive brain of Mr. Agassiz, but the generous mind that yearned to share his own thought with the rest of the world, to reveal to every one the secrets that he had learned by patient observation, to popularize science in the sense of making plain the great fundamental truths of nature, and so bring all men into partnership with his own great discoveries.

His sympathy for others was so great as to crave sympathy from all men in his own pursuit. He believed that science should be the care of every one. He therefore felt that science was a part of a liberal education; and it is only in this way that science can attain the wide support and impulse which can alone carry any branch of learning to its highest fruition. We can never forget our debt to Louis Agassiz, or prosper without his spirit.

MONSIEUR & TRÈS HONORÉ COLLÈGUE:

L'intérêt que vous prenez au mouvement intellectuel du monde entier, me fait un devoir de saisir l'occasion de vous faire faire la connaissance de Mr. John A. Lowell et de lui procurer l'avantage de causer avec vous sur l'état des sciences et de l'instruction publique en Amérique. Comme

vous le savez sans doute déjà Mr. Lowell est le directeur du seul établissement scientifique de ce pays qui soit fondé sur des bases analogue à celles du collège de France. L'influence qu'exercent les cours qu'is donnent au Lowell Institute se fait sentir dans tout le pays; car ils tendent continuellement à faire mieux comprendre la différence qu'il y a entre populariser et entendre les connaissances humaines, différence que l'on a trop peu faite de ce pays. Mr. Lowell est notre Benjamin Delessert; il a droit à toute la considération des hommes de la science, tout pour son savoir que pour les vues généreuses qui le guident dans sa gestion de L'Institut de Boston et je ne doute pas que M. le Secrétaire perpetuel de l'Académie des sciences ne lui fasse le meilleur accueil possible.

Agrecz

Monsieur très-cher collègue,
l'assurance de ma haute considération

L. R. AGASSIZ.

Columbia de la Carolina Sud

20 Mars 1850.

M. T. ARAGO, Secrétaire perpetuel de l'Acad. des Sc. à Paris.

Extract of a letter of Charles Lyell, written from Bloomsbury, March 1, 1845, to John Amory Lowell, Esq., in relation to Professor Agassiz.

I now wish to mention another subject—Mr. Agassiz the eminent writer on fossils and recent fishes and other branches of Natural History and on “Glaciers”—a German Swiss who speaks English well and with whom I correspond, has had an offer from Charles Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, to take him with him this year to the United States. Agassiz asks me whether I think he could help to pay his expenses by lectures. I wrote immediately to say “Yes.” I wrote him that although I feared your appointments for 1845–1846 would be all full, I would apply to you without delay and recommend him (Agassiz) to you. He wishes to visit the museums of the United States, see naturalists, etc. It is the only offer of services for the Lowell lectures of a first-rate naturalist which I have had. He proposes to lecture on Paleontology, having done so in the University of Neuchatel. I have heard him speak well enough in England where he is a universal favorite to be effective, and he must be improved of late as he has been working at the language. You know how few there are whom I would recommend to you. Even six lectures might I think (at $\frac{1}{2}$ the pay) enable him to accom-

plish his mission, and his visit would be such an era to the American naturalists that I know you will engage him if you have an opening. Personally he is a most agreeable, gentlemanlike, and honest man. I believe that any month you could name would suit him. I expect an answer from him immediately, but I have in no way compromised you. With kind remembrances of myself and Mrs. Lyell to Mrs. Lowell and your family, believe me, etc.

CHA. LYELL.

Letter of Professor Agassiz, written from Paris, 6 July, 1846, to John Amory Lowell, Lowell Institute, Boston.

MY DEAR SIR:

Scientific labours cannot be hurried; that is the reason why I still remain at Paris, after having written I should have been in Boston about the middle of summer; but the distinguished reception I have met with in this great centre of science, the honour the Academy has conferred on me on adjudging me the first prize of physiology, has induced me to do something more in that line I did not intend to finish before visiting your country. Now time is pressing, summer is running away, and I feel it my duty to write to you about the contemplated lectures, that you might not be uncertain about them. So far as the subject is concerned I am quite ready, all the necessary illustrations are also prepared, and if I am not mistaken they must, by this time, be in your hands. I sent them in three large boxes, by the New York packet from Havre, to your address, as you were kind enough to allow it. I now propose to leave Paris about the end of July, to stay a short time in London and then to cross the Atlantic by the Liverpool steamer, by the second voyage in August or the first in September. I understood by Mr. Lyell that you wish me to lecture in October; for this I am quite prepared, as I shall immediately after my arrival in Boston devote all my time to the preparation of my course. If a later date should suit your plans better, I have no objection to conform to any of your arrangements, as I shall at all events pass the whole winter on the shores of the Atlantic and be everywhere in reach of Boston in a very short time.

If you have to write to me upon the subject of the lectures, and if you could let me know whether my boxes have arrived or not, pray direct your answer care of Mr. Dinkel, artist, 24 Tysoe Street, Wilmington Square, London. It is he who for eighteen years has drawn all the plates I have published, and whom I shall take over with me to America

in order that I may never be at a loss for a man able to make accurate illustrations of the interesting objects I may happen to observe.

Believe me,

My dear Sir, with much respect

Most sincerely yours,

L. R. AGASSIZ.

PARIS, Rue Copeau No. 4,
The 6 July, 1846.

If you have no objection I would give to my course the title of Lectures on the Plan of the Creation, especially in the animal kingdom.

*Letter of Professor Agassiz, written from Néuchâtel, December 24, 1845,
to John Amory Lowell, Esq.*

DEAR SIR:—

Through the kindness of my friend Mr. Ch. Lyell I have had the honor of being introduced to you in a manner which will be my apology for addressing you upon the subject of the lectures which I thought of delivering in Boston. As unforeseen circumstances, especially my wish to finish those publications which were already under the press, have delayed my departure, I agree fully with your proposal to postpone them to the time you mentioned to Mr. Lyell, and if convenient I will make such arrangements as to be at all events in Boston next autumn. The time which has elapsed since the first mention of these lectures by Mr. Lyell, has enabled me to have a great many beautiful diagrams prepared expressly for this purpose. I may say that I have seen nowhere drawings of the kind executed in so good a manner as the several hundreds I now possess and which are increasing daily in number. Not knowing what subject you may prefer to have introduced by me before the audience of your institution, I have prepared the materials for several distinct subjects, especially the plan of creation, general Zoölogy, the geography of animals, Paleontology, comparative anatomy, and the glaciers. As I intend to stay for several months during the summer in Boston or on the coast of Massachusetts, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you soon after my arrival and to learn from yourself what course would best suit your plans, in order that I may from that time concentrate my thoughts upon it. Of course the scientific part of my lectures will present no difficulty at all to me, and the drawings I have had made will I think please you very much. The flattering approval which my publications have found in the American scientific journals has

induced me to spare no expense in preparing the fullest illustrations. The language alone could have been a real difficulty in as much as written lectures lose a great deal of their interest; but the delay you allow will perhaps enable me to become so conversant with your language as to be able to deliver the lectures *viva voce*, as I have been accustomed to do here.

As I shall be detained for some weeks more in Paris as well as in London, and as I do not wish to be obliged to take everywhere with me the large boxes containing the above-mentioned drawings and such books and specimens as are necessary to illustrate the subjects upon which I shall have to speak, I should feel extremely obliged by your allowing me to direct them to the Lowell Institute. Any letter which could reach *Paris* before the 15th of March, directed to the care of Dr. Vogt, rue Copeau No. 4, I should get in time to arrange conveniently the expedition of these things. If you have any objection to my sending them direct to you, I should be most obliged by your giving me the name of a person in whose warehouse they could remain safe and especially protected from wet, until my arrival.

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours most obediently,

L. R. AGASSIZ.

NEUCHATEL, in Switzerland, the 24th Dec., 1845

*Extract from letter of Charles Lyell, July 1st, 1845, to John Amory Lowell,
in relation to Professor Agassiz.*

"I feel very confident that if Agassiz is enabled to stay four or five weeks longer in the U. S. in consequence of aid, he will return the boon threefold in the discoveries he will make. I believe I told you that he wrote to me to say how much he wished to have his lectures as late as you could put them in the session, in order that he might improve his English, which however will do very respectably even now."

THE CHAIRMAN: Many of us who are here present were the pupils of Professor Agassiz indirectly, but I feel that all such claimants, among whom I should include myself, all such claimants are rightly set aside for those whom he directly and technically taught. There is, for instance, one lady present

who was, I have been told, the only pupil of that sex whom he ever called upon to recite before the whole school. I hear that she never got beyond that call, as Agassiz himself opened the whole subject so delightfully before the audience that he never remembered to ask a word of reply from her. She had stood up all the time, meekly offering to be called upon; and she shared the laurels by simply holding her tongue. Following that precedent I will not ask more of her while she is present in the audience. But we have on the platform an eminent teacher of science, a pupil of Agassiz, one who has asked questions of a whole generation of pupils in the Institute of Technology, and, as I have always understood, has given them plenty of time to answer, which doubtless they have not always improved to advantage; and I have the honor of introducing to you Professor Emeritus William H. Niles, formerly of Cambridge for many years, but now, I regret to say, having moved to the neighboring metropolis of Boston.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM HARMON NILES

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: One who for four years occupied a student's table in the laboratory of Professor Louis Agassiz most naturally feels a deep interest in the occasion you are observing this evening. I think it is to be regretted that among that large number of students that were in his laboratory it is possible for so few to be present with us this evening. Separation by wide distances, occupation in speaking at other similar occasions either to-day or to-morrow, with sometimes the infirmities of age, prevent some from being here; but there are other reasons which have reduced our number. When we remember that nearly half a century has passed since the laboratories of Professor Agassiz were filled with professional students, and when we remember that those of us who were gathered there had already been students as many or more years than the college student has when he completes his course, it will be seen at once that the slow but sure action of

time is the main cause for reducing our number to its present size. And thus it has fallen to me to speak for my old associates, for the men who were in the group to which I belonged, to speak to you this evening something of the remembrances of the students he had in his laboratory.

First, I wish to say to the Historical Society of Cambridge that we thank you for making this occasion at which we can speak or express our sentiments by letter, of the estimation in which we hold that great and valuable teacher whom we so long enjoyed, Louis Agassiz. When I think of the notable traits which come before one's memory, I find them so many that it is with the greatest difficulty I make a selection. But the first that appeals to me, as it does to every one, was the genial, happy, thoroughly genuine reception which he gave to us. It was a spirit of welcome that was so true, so lasting, so natural, that I believe it to be the temperament which blessed him on that day which we are commemorating now one hundred years ago. He came always with a happy word of welcome. I remember very well how he used to speak to those who were candidates for becoming students of his, and how he used to say, very friendly,—“So you have come to study natural history with me, have you?” And after a few words he would say,—“To which class of animals have you given the greatest attention?” And then he would say, very friendly, “I will assign you some specimens to work upon which represent that class which you like the best.” He began in his laboratory with methods that have sometimes been criticised, because they have not been understood thoroughly; I wish to speak something of their application to the particular students he had with him. It should be always remembered that he was training professional men, or training men to become professional,—that it was not the kind of discipline he would naturally advocate for any school of ordinary character. When, therefore, he gave a student a series of specimens, and told him that he must come there day after day and study only those specimens, that there should not be found a book upon his table, that he should not ask his assistants any questions concerning the problem which he assigned him, and when he said to him, “I think you can solve this problem in three weeks, or four weeks, or five weeks (as the case might be)—Good morn-

ing," some would think that was too severe a task. But we must bear in mind what we have said, that he was trying to find out whether there was a capacity in the candidate for observation. And he had another task before him, and that was to determine whether the candidate was really there with a recognized, earnest purpose to study natural history. I remember when I was first introduced to that eccentric Father Taylor, of Seamen's Bethel fame, and he said to me, "Are you studying natural history, or are you studying Agassiz?" There were others who came to study Agassiz. Sometimes he tested those who came to him by setting them problems which brought permanently to an end all their aspirations for the study of natural history,—and thus he was relieved of having to tell them that they were unqualified to study nature, and did not have to spend time upon worthless material. Then we must remember that that cordiality with which he received everybody was a power in teaching. He enthused every one with a love for the work,—I mean every one that was qualified for it. I deem that there is no higher purpose, no higher function that a teacher can serve than to inspire his students with a love for just that work that they ought to perform; and if they are persons of ability they will certainly come finally to success. He had that power to a remarkable degree, and in that, which was a part of his temperament, was the great success of his teaching. There were some things that struck us as very remarkable, and among those were his powers of observation. They were very quick, very penetrating, very far-reaching, and when he would pick up a fish that he had never seen, or somebody brought him one that he had never seen before, and before he could tell him where that fish came from he would say,—"Well, that is from some inland body of salt water, like the Mediterranean Sea." And he was right. How he could know so much from simply looking at a fish was to us a mystery. The mystery often came to us in the quickness with which he could determine from small fragments of a creature exactly what the creature was, to what part of the creature it belonged, and reveal much of its history. These powers of observation were united with a most wonderful power of memory. It seems as though he never forgot any creature that he had ever seen from his boyhood to the time when we

knew him. Those ladies who were in his home school knew very well what that power of memory was, for they often noticed how quickly he would recognize them and even call them by name when he met them on the street or in the car, showing that power of memory which took in the whole class which he met with so infrequently, remembering them and placing them just where they should be. This power of observation and wonderful memory were a great source of success to him as a teacher. Another point was that he had acquaintance with so many men of science in the old world. He soon made us familiar not only with the names of Humboldt and others, whom we remember so well, but so many other names that it seemed to us that we were in the presence of a man who had known the science of the old world and had brought that here to the new world and placed it before us for our edification. This was to us an opportunity which was invaluable, to become acquainted with the work done in the old world, an opportunity we could never have had under any other teacher.

And then what shall I say of his scientific attainments? That is a subject so extensive, so broad, that I can scarcely touch upon it. Of course you don't expect me to tell you about the 418 titles of his different writings in science. I will simply mention one of them, a book which he wrote with great labor before he came to this country, and that was his noted work on fossil fishes. I wish to call your attention to that work as being one of the best of its kind, and one, furthermore, that he had wrought out by making observations not only in the country in which he resided, but in going to other lands and studying the cabinets that belonged to many other naturalists. But I particularly call your attention to that work because in it he said, what I have heard him say personally, that he considered that his greatest achievement in science was to have shown to the world that there was a distinct analogy between the geological succession of fossil-fishes and their embryological development and their rank in zoölogical classification. I think some of the students of the present day hardly remember that, which he stated as one of the greatest features of his work. When he came to this country he enjoyed greatly the opportunity of studying animals by the seaside in a way better than he had ever enjoyed before. He here found them in their habitat and could

there study them as he always wished to study them. And so he went on with his work with as much system, with as much earnestness and zeal as he ever did in any part of his life, until he attained great distinction as a marine zoölogist. His knowledge of the animals that live in the sea was great, and very impressive upon us his students. He, however, had but few opportunities to study those that lived at the depths of a great open sea. That was stored with riches yet to be explored and had to be left to others. Fortunately he left a son who became distinguished as an oceanographer. I wish he could have lived to have known the grand achievements that have been made in the study of oceanography with the improved apparatus and costly voyages. I wish he could have been with me two years ago at the geographical congress that was held in New York, and I wish he could have listened to the words of Sir John Murray of England, that great explorer of the deep sea, when he said, "We are happy to meet here in this country this year, this country which is the home of that chief among oceanographers, Alexander Agassiz."

We should also speak of the great work which he did in founding the Museum in this city. I believe the members of the Historical Society would be amused if they could go back in years and see the original. It was on the Cambridge bank of the Charles River, near the road now developed into Boylston Street. Some timbers of a wreck of a former structure had been united by rough boards which served as shelves, and they received the specimens which were the first prophecy of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. The present structure was also begun under his direction, and two-fifths of the north wing was completed while he was still with us. But it is through the generosity of that son whom I have mentioned it has been extended, until now you know its grand proportions, and you are aware of its princely worth to this city and to our country. I wish here to state that there are specimens in that Museum that are not perishable, which come from the solid rock of ancient ages, and for ages yet to come will be the great monument of great naturalists who have founded in our city a noble museum, and have given it a renown throughout the world.

I wish to speak of another phase of his work. When he said to me, "What group of animals have you studied most?"

I thought I saw a cloud come over his face when I told him that I had been most interested in the collection of minerals. "Minerals!" he said. But when I explained to him that it was the result of my environment that led me to take up that study, he at once said, "I think I can suit your earnestness for learning something of nature." And he certainly did. I still retained, throughout my whole work, my special love for geology, and he always encouraged me in it. Of course I had a special interest in the work he had done in the study of the glaciers. His lectures were to me a great treasure. When I had completed my course, and before I had yet gone to the various places where he had been, I was familiar with them; so much so that a Swiss guide said to me the first time I went with him, "You say you have not been in this country before?" "I have not," I said. "Well, how do you explain to me that you know every stone about here and every mountain so thoroughly?" I said, "Because I have been under the instruction of Louis Agassiz." He bowed his head and was evidently satisfied.

When Agassiz came to this country he brought with him, as Professor Lowell has said, that perfection of observation which enabled him to detect the markings of the glacial action in various parts of our land. He found his evidences all along our Atlantic coast, and when in 1848 he made that expedition to Lake Superior, he taught the students that went with him the glaciation of the country nearly all the way out there and back again, and he even observed and recorded those terraces above Lake Superior, which are evidences of the former high standing of the water. Thus at that time he was enabled to announce to the world that he had proved that glaciers had once covered the major portion, at least, of this continent of North America. That announcement was not accepted by all. There were people also in the old world that did not believe when he taught them that glaciers had occupied England and Scotland. Perhaps the most noted among these was his old friend Sir Roderick Murcheson, the Director-general of the geological survey of Great Britain. In 1859 he received from Murcheson a very friendly letter, and, speaking in highest terms of endorsement, he said, "Yet, Mr. Agassiz, I cannot accept your belief that the glaciers ever radiated out from the Alps and spread

across to the Jura." But one morning, as he came to the laboratory, he held in his hand a paper which evidently pleased him much. He had scarcely entered the door when he said, "There, gentlemen, is a letter from Sir Roderick Murcheson, in which he acknowledges that the glacial theory must be accepted for the world." It was a moment of supreme enjoyment to him when that man whom he had loved so much and so long, that man who represented the standing of geologic science in Great Britain, had come to accept his theory.

And what has that teaching of the glaciation of this country done for us? The science which is a division of geology now, which we know as glaciology, emanated from his teaching. I remember very well his saying to us, "Gentlemen, it is all before you to discover how much there is that I do not know in this glacial region." We now recognize it in the physiographic features of the land, we behold in it much that we enjoy. The location of our Cambridge streets is largely in accordance with the theories he advanced. As I walk through Cambridge I see evidences of the truth of his teachings at almost every step. We can fully comprehend the foundations of Cambridge, we can thoroughly know the ground upon which this Memorial Hall is erected only by accepting the glacial theory of Professor Louis Agassiz.

So let our words this evening be in the spirit of honorable recognition and thankful praise for that event of one hundred years ago, which gave to us that inspiring teacher, that illustrious man of science, Louis Agassiz.

THE CHAIRMAN : The hour has now arrived when a perhaps unappreciated presiding officer may in some manner justify himself. At an early stage of the meeting I was so eager in my hopes and expectations that I called for the music to be furnished to-night, and another official who deserves well of us, so that I will not mention him, called attention to the fact that there was not to be any music. He unfortunately, for some reason or other, had not sufficiently studied the program he himself made out. I was wrong, perhaps, in putting the music too early, but I will now introduce the

music to you in the form of a reading of one poem on Agassiz's fiftieth birthday, and another poem, "The Prayer of Agassiz." They proceed, respectively, from Longfellow and Whittier; and if they are not music enough to satisfy you, I shall be disappointed. I will call upon Mr. Winter to give me that vindication.

The poem by Longfellow entitled "The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz," and the poem by Whittier entitled "The Prayer of Agassiz," were read by Professor Irvah Lester Winter of Harvard University.

THE CHAIRMAN: We have heard the whole scientific life of Professor Agassiz, its sympathies and its atmosphere, portrayed to us by one who had been closely associated with him in that direction. I shall now have the pleasure of introducing to you one whose contact with him, as far as I know, was on other grounds, whose own life has been in the midst of the laws of men and nations, which do not always precisely coincide with the laws of nature, and who, upon that middle ground, had intimate relations with Professor Agassiz. I have the pleasure of introducing to you Professor John Chipman Gray, of the Law School.

ADDRESS OF JOHN CHIPMAN GRAY

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: As a boy in college I attended a course of lectures by Mr. Agassiz. Little of their matter has stayed by me, but after the lapse of half a century I have a vivid recollection of his entrancing manner and the flow of beautiful English with the slight foreign accent, just enough to arrest the attention. You have heard from those who speak with authority what Mr. Agassiz was to his pupils, and what he was to natural science. For me, whose studies have lain in other fields than the pleasant fields of nature, and who hardly knows the difference between a mastodon and an echinoderm, except that one is

bigger than the other, it would be an impertinence to speak of Agassiz as a man of science. But I would like to say a few words, a very few, as to what Agassiz, the man, was to the community of Cambridge and Boston. That community was a homogeneous society, of English descent and Puritan in manners. Since the wave of jacobinism had spent itself, the influence of the Continent of Europe on New England had been slight, and of the Continental temperament we had little vital experience. Young men of means made the grand tour abroad and brought home engravings by Raphael Morghen to put on their walls, and well-bound volumes of Racine and Molière for their book-shelves, but they soon fell back into the life of those about them. If an occasional individual, like Longfellow or Prescott or Lowell or Holmes, retained strong marks of his foreign experience, it was experience grafted on a New England stock. Hosea Biglow and the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table were Yankees of the Yankees. Occasionally a Frenchman, Italian, or German, above the intellectual grade of a barber, came over to give a course of Lowell Lectures or to see Niagara, but he went away. Those who lived among us, and we remember some such, refined and delicate men and women, were quiet and unassuming. They made no mark. Such was our society; if here and there some one strove to pass beyond the somewhat narrow limits of ordinary life, it was in the direction of mysticism. A pilgrimage to Concord, or a sojourning at Brook Farm might perhaps make for a higher culture, but hardly for a broader. Into this society of ours, a society of deep feeling, but which repressed its feeling, which made a merit of the repression, which was fond of saying and thinking that still waters run deep,—a society of strong enthusiasms, but enthusiasms confined to theology or politics; of generosity, but of generosity which spent itself in relieving suffering, or advancing morals, or other directly utilitarian ends, rather than in encouraging the disinterested pursuit of knowledge,—into this society came Agassiz; *venit, vidit, vicit*; a man of different race and temperament, without a particle of that self-conscious shyness, part pride, part vanity, part pure *gaucherie* which conceals feelings and aspirations, on the contrary, with an inborn imperative need and power of expressing them; he broke the fetters which bound the feelings of those among whom he

came; he gave a new outlet for their enthusiasm, he opened their purse-strings in the cause of natural science. To excite interest in public institutions outside those for the usual directly utilitarian and moral ends, the school, the hospital, the church, was no easy task. Its accomplishment was facilitated by the fact, noted by Professor James in his sketch of Mr. Agassiz, that "his view of nature was saturated with simple religious feeling; and for this deep but unconventional religiosity he found at [the] Harvard [of those days] the most sympathetic possible environment." The story is best told in the sketch to which I have referred; you will, I know, be glad for me to steal a page from it.

"On an October morning fifty years ago [Agassiz] disembarked at our port, bringing his hungry heart along with him, his confidence in his destiny, and his imagination full of plans. The only particular resource he was assured of was one course of Lowell Lectures. But of one general resource he always was assured, having always counted on it and never found it to fail—and that was the good-will of every fellow-creature in whose presence he could find an opportunity to describe his aims. His belief in these was so intense and unqualified that he could not conceive of others not feeling the furtherance of them to be a duty binding also upon them. *Velle non discitur*, as Seneca says: Strength of desire must be born with a man; it cannot be taught. And Agassiz came before one with such enthusiasm glowing in his countenance, such a persuasion radiating from his person, that his projects were the sole things really fit to interest man as man—that he was absolutely irresistible. He came, in Byron's words, with victory beaming from his breast, and every one went down before him, some yielding him money, some time, some specimens, and some labor, but all contributing their applause and their godspeed. And so, living among us from month to month and from year to year, with no relation to prudence except his pertinacious violation of all her usual laws, he on the whole achieved the compass of his desires, and died the idol of the public, as well as of his circle of immediate pupils and friends. . . . He was so commanding a presence, so curious and inquiring, so responsive and expansive, and so generous and reckless of himself and of his own, that every one said immediately, 'Here is no musty savant, but a man, a great man, a man on the heroic scale, not to serve whom is avarice and sin.'"

Indeed, of those devoted men, vulgarly called charity beggars but, in truth, to be named creators of beneficence, he was the great exemplar. I must not say in this presence that he has had no equal, but he has had no superior. I do not disparage his diplomatic skill, which was very great; but the secret of his success, as it has been with those who have succeeded like him, was the man's own belief and love in and for the cause he was advocating. Nothing arouses enthusiasm and devotion like devotion and enthusiasm, and with these Agassiz's mind and heart were full and running over.

We must not forget, we are in no danger of forgetting, one of the best gifts of Agassiz to us, — those of his name and race whom he left behind him, and who, in science, in art, in every good work, have been, like him, themselves earnest workers, or, like him, to others an inspiration.

THE CHAIRMAN: It was a Greek tradition that the real founder of a city was he who brought the wise men to dwell there; and I wish to introduce as the closing speaker the founder of Cambridge in this respect, President Eliot.

ADDRESS OF CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Mr. Dana in opening this meeting spoke of the Saturday Club and Agassiz as a member. His words reminded me of the only occasion when I ever heard a speech made at that Club. I have been a member of it now about thirty-five years, and only on this one occasion did I ever hear a speech made there. It was when Agassiz, who at that time always sat at the foot of the table, was going away on that long voyage of the Hassler round Cape Horn. At the head of the table sat Longfellow, as usual, and along the sides sat many of the men just mentioned by Mr. Dana. Near the close of the dinner Longfellow suddenly rose, and to our great astonishment said, — “Our dear friend Agassiz is going away; he is going on a long voyage in the hope of recovering his health; we shall miss him grievously; we shall welcome him back most thankfully, restored to health. Let us drink his health now.” And we all got up except Agassiz, and

drank his health; and then he rose and struggled to say something, and could not; and finally the tears rolled down his cheeks and he sat down speechless. It was a vivid instance of a characteristic quality in Agassiz, namely, the strength of his emotions. He was a man of strong and deep emotions, and his influence over us restrained, reserved Americans was largely due to the intensity of his feelings, and to the way in which his face and his body expressed those feelings.

He was, as has been repeatedly said here this evening, a born teacher and expositor. He expounded clearly and sympathetically before any audience the fundamental principles of his science, and gave examples illustrating the principles with both hands and with shining, smiling face. He was just that,—a teacher by nature, an enthusiastic, earnest, moving teacher.

As Professor Gray has just said, he came into this Puritan society like a warm glow into a chilly room. He was a revolutionary spirit in Harvard College, an exception to all our rules. He welcomed special students, for instance, who could not possibly pass the examinations for admission to Harvard College. He kept them for years in his laboratory, training them in his observational method,—quite a new introduction among us. Many of our best people disapproved of that method! The son of one of our most distinguished surgeons submitted himself to the teaching of Agassiz in the crude zoölogical laboratory, and received several trilobites upon which he was expected to spend weeks,—examining them, seeing what he could discover in them, and making a record of his discoveries. He was kept at this sort of work for weeks without a book, and without plates. He was to make his own plates. At last the son described this process to the father as novel and interesting, but difficult. Now that father was at bottom a naturalist, like every physician or surgeon, and yet he said,—"What! no book, no plates, no guidance from the wisdom of all preceding generations! Set just to use your own senses on these fossils!" "Yes," said the son, "that was the whole of it." "Well," said the father, "that is exactly the way a puppy has to learn everything." The criticism was a real one; the father thought that Agassiz was neglecting all the natural and proper aids which past time had placed at the service of human youth.

And then, what a new kind of professor Agassiz was in this old town! He had none of the regular habits of the traditional Harvard professor. He did not even wear the characteristic black clothes. He would cross the College Yard any day of the week, at any hour of the day, in a very soft, grey felt hat, smoking a cigar when to smoke in the College Yard was a grave offence. He never went to church. Sunday was his day of rest, but he did not take it in the New England fashion. His mode of lecturing was unexampled among us. His conception of the duty of a professor to investigate, to discover, to collect, we had only noticed faintly in a few exceptional American teachers. Those methods had been introduced in small measure among us; but those were the prime ideas of Agassiz as a professor and a teacher.

There were but two pitiful little collections in the possession of the University when Agassiz first came here,—a collection of minerals, imperfect, small, and never properly arranged, and the beginnings of a botanic garden and herbarium. The idea of making great collections of natural history objects hardly existed among us; we had hardly aspired to such collections.

And then, he raised such astonishing sums of money for these new subjects of zoölogy and geology. A good deal of jealousy about this extraordinary money-raising was felt by members of other departments long established in Cambridge for the traditional subjects for collegiate instruction. I remember one night at my uncle Mr. George Ticknor's, hearing this jealousy expressed by one of Professor Agassiz's colleagues in Harvard University. But Mr. Ticknor said,—“Don't be alarmed; Agassiz will get more money out of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for his subjects than any of you have dreamed of getting, than any of you could possibly get; but he will so equip his subject, he will set such a standard for collections in all subjects, that every department of learning in the University will profit by his achievements.” That is just what has turned out to be the truth.

Agassiz founded here an institution; and he has had this unusual felicity,—that his son, an extraordinary naturalist and an extraordinary man of business, has built up with prodigious skill and liberality the institution which his father founded. That, I say, is a rare felicity.

Every teacher who is eminently successful as teacher, inspirer, and enthusiast, wins another sort of felicity in time. He brings up a group of disciples, and these disciples carry their master's teaching beyond their master's own range, and adapt his teachings to the new conditions which rapidly come about in science,—indeed, in all kinds of learning and working, and in modern society as a whole. That felicity Agassiz has enjoyed,—a beautiful felicity, a rare reward.

So we welcome this commemoration of a great teacher and a noble friend, and we say with Longfellow at the Saturday Club,— We miss him greatly, but we rejoice in his coming back to us in durable memory, and in the infinite ramifications of his personal influence.

THE CHAIRMAN: Thanking the audience most cordially for the attention which has made the task of the speakers comparatively easy, and hoping that all of us will hereafter be able to bear in our minds some new memories, some more attractive associations with the studies that made our friend's life so precious, I will declare the meeting of the evening adjourned.

THE NINTH MEETING

BEING THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING

THE NINTH MEETING, being the Third Annual Meeting, of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, was held the Twenty-second day of October, nineteen hundred and seven, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presided.

On behalf of the Council, ALBERT BUSHNELL HART submitted its Annual Report, as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

SINCE the twenty-fourth of April, 1906, there have been six meetings of the Council, all of which, with one exception, have been held in the room, and by the courtesy, of the Trustees of the Cambridge Public Library.

In the regular membership of the Society there has been one death—that of a faithful and interested member, MRS. WILLIAM READ—and six resignations. On the other hand, four persons have qualified as regular members and three persons have been elected to associate membership; so that the membership is one hundred and ninety-one regular members, five associate members, and three honorary members. There is a considerable waiting list.

Several standing committees¹ have been appointed by the Council to promote the work of the Society.

Steady progress has been made in establishing the work of the Society in the public confidence and service. Perhaps no single

¹ For a list of these Committees see page 136 of this Volume of Proceedings.

efforts have been more effective in these respects than the celebration of the centenaries of Longfellow and Agassiz.

When the second volume of the Proceedings of the Society, which is now in press, shall be published, containing as it will the full report of these celebrations, it will be one of the most notable publications of the kind in recent years.

Mr. Longfellow's long residence in Cambridge, and his unique place in the public mind as the Cambridge poet, made the observance of his birthday peculiarly fitting; and a plan was initiated long in advance, and was comprehensively developed under a large committee of representative Cambridge citizens, with Professor Charles Eliot Norton as chairman. For the public meeting it was fortunately possible to secure as the speakers some of the most distinguished surviving friends and contemporaries of the poet,—Professor Norton, Colonel Higginson, Mr. Aldrich, President Eliot, and Mr. Howells; and although, owing to illness, neither Mr. Howells nor Mr. Aldrich could be present at the public exercises, the paper by the former and the poem by the latter, written for the occasion, were read by Mr. Bliss Perry and Mr. Charles Townsend Copeland, respectively. It is not too much to say that this public meeting was among the most notable, from a literary and historic standpoint, that have occurred in America during the present generation. Mr. Aldrich's connection with it was heightened by his lamented death soon afterward, which left his beautiful tribute to Longfellow the last that he ever wrote.

In addition to the public exercises, the celebration of the Longfellow centenary included several other unusual and interesting features:

(1) A valuable and sympathetic memoir of the poet was written by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

(2) A Centenary Medal, of high artistic merit, was struck by Tiffany & Co. from a design by Mr. Bela L. Pratt, for which a list of nearly a hundred and fifty subscribers was quickly secured, including many prominent libraries and individual collectors scattered over the United States.

(3) A Longfellow Centenary Exhibition of rare editions, manuscripts, portraits, and other memorabilia, was held for about ten

days, including the week of the Centenary, in the building and under the faithful charge of the Public Library, and was attended by over two thousand visitors.

(4) On the day itself of the Centenary, special exercises were held in the public, private, and parochial schools of Cambridge; and a Children's Hour, consisting of an address by Bishop William Lawrence, a reading by Mr. Charles Townsend Copeland, and other exercises, for the pupils of the grammar grades of those schools, was held in the New Lecture Hall through the courtesy of Harvard University.

(5) Through the kindness of Miss Longfellow, the opportunity was given to the public during certain hours to inspect Craigie House.

In arranging for the celebration of the Agassiz Centenary, a shorter time was available, yet the interest of the public was very great, and the exercises in Sanders Theatre were very successful. The speakers brought out the various aspects in which the career of Agassiz touched American life and scholarship. Colonel Higginson presided and spoke from the standpoint of the man of letters, Professor A. Lawrence Lowell dealt with Agassiz' connection with the Lowell Institute, Professor William Harmon Niles represented the surviving pupils of Agassiz, Professor John Chipman Gray spoke of Agassiz' connection with and influence upon the Cambridge community, and President Eliot described his connection with Harvard University. The reading, by Professor Irvah Lester Winter, of the two poems on Agassiz by Longfellow and Whittier was most appropriate. In addition to these public exercises, the pupils of the Cambridge schools, to the number of over two thousand, were conducted by official guides, during the week of the Centenary, through the great Museum founded by Agassiz in Cambridge.

Of course, in order to carry out in a suitable manner such ambitious undertakings as these two public celebrations, and the publication of the Proceedings, more money has been required than has been yielded by the modest fees prescribed by the By-Laws; and the Society is deeply indebted and truly grateful to the individuals who have promptly and generously responded to its appeals for extra contributions for these purposes. In this and other ways

these extra expenses have so far been met; but a society like this cannot continue to take advantage of the varied and important opportunities presented to it in Cambridge for public service and for the promotion of historical work unless it shall receive a more liberal support from its regular membership, and in a regular way. The Council, therefore, after careful consideration, have recommended the increase in the dues embodied in the amendments to the By-Laws proposed by it for the adoption of the Society this evening, and entertain the hope that they will be acceptable to the Society. In the judgment of the Council, however, the purposes of the Society can never be realized until it shall have a building of a size and form suitable to its needs and connected in some form with the Public Library, and also an endowment sufficient to meet the expenses of its regular and special publications and other undertakings. With such support, the Society could render a public service constantly increasing in variety and importance. Other cities less favored in historical associations, in the memories of great men, and in the presence of a national institution of learning, have formed such societies and have made their buildings and collections centres of intellectual influence. No community in the United States has such an opportunity to make the history of the present an influence and a stimulus in the minds of the rising generation.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

UNDER the By-Laws, the Secretary performs the duties sometimes in other societies divided between a recording secretary and a corresponding secretary. His duties, therefore, may be divided broadly into several classes. He records in two distinct records, though in one book, the transactions of the Society and of the Council; he supervises the execution of the plans of work outlined and initiated by the Council; and he conducts the correspondence incidental to the general work of the Society and to the printing and circulation of its publications.

During the past year, the work of keeping the records has been the least exacting. The chief work of the Secretary has been

executive and epistolary. The greater part of this work has been in connection with the celebrations of the centenaries of Longfellow and Agassiz. To mention but one aspect, such is the popularity of these men that the distribution of tickets for such seats at the public exercises as were reserved for guests and members of the Society was in itself both complicated and exacting. Of course, in connection with these celebrations, there has been an extended correspondence resulting in a large accession of valuable autograph letters, which will be added to the collection of the Society, already a rich one, which has thus far accumulated.

In making up for publication the second volume of Proceedings, as it will include the many notable addresses called forth by these special meetings, and also most of the other valuable addresses and reports presented since the date of the first volume of Proceedings, the Committee on Publication have had a difficult and protracted task,—involving the preparation of the copy, the correspondence with the speakers and with the publishers, and the reading of proof, etc. The publication of the first volume of Proceedings was received with much favor. One copy has been delivered free to each member of the Society; and complimentary copies have been mailed to all the leading historical societies, and to most of the prominent public, college, and university libraries in the United States, and to some similar organizations in Europe. As a result a large number of similar publications, in the form of books and pamphlets, have been received by the Society in return, and form a nucleus of a considerable collection of books and pamphlets. A full list of these and other gifts to the Society since its organization will be found at the end of the second volume of Proceedings. And we may expect in the future that such gifts will constantly increase in number in proportion as the work and reputation of our Society shall become known. Extra copies of the first volume of Proceedings are on public sale at the Harvard Co-operative Society, and are thus being distributed through the regular book trade. Doubtless, the second volume of Proceedings, which is now in press, when published will have a larger public circulation, as it will contain a full report of the Longfellow and Agassiz celebrations, which aroused such general interest. It may be said, on behalf of the Committee on Publication, that they have aimed to secure in the first and second volumes of Proceedings publica-

tions which, in form, detail, and contents, should be models of the kind and should reflect credit upon the Society and its work.

Through the continued courtesy of the Trustees and Librarian of the Cambridge Public Library, the gifts above referred to are received and cared for by the Library in separate alcoves or drawers; and the time may soon come when a card catalogue will be required and more space will be needed than can be provided even by the generous consideration of the Library. It is hoped, therefore, that the purposes and work of the Society will so commend themselves to its members and to the public that a suitable building and other necessary facilities, with an adequate endowment, will be soon provided by thoughtful and generous gifts.

ANNUAL REPORT OF CURATOR

I HAVE to thank the Secretary and other members of the Society who have kindly performed the Curator's duties during my absence. The collections of the Society have already begun to grow. Generous friends have given interesting books or relics or pictures, and we can foresee that with judicious stimulation and direction, the collections ought to become very valuable. Not only members of the Society, but all citizens and natives of Cambridge will be moved, I hope, by that civic and historic sense which has lately been quickened in every part of the country, to regard our Society as the natural and proper guardian for antiquarian treasures which might otherwise be dispersed or destroyed.

We wish everybody to feel that, by giving such objects into the custody of the Society, he is helping to perpetuate the traditions of our dear town; helping to keep alive the memory of its worthy founders and continuers and expanders; helping to put into the new generation that reverence for what is noble and vital in the Past without which the Present is only too likely to fall short of the Past.

I hope to see the Cambridge Historical Society possessed of a building of its own, in which to keep and display its collections. What could be more interesting, for instance, than to have one room in that building fitted up exactly like a typical room in the seventeenth century; another room reproduce the eighteenth;

and another the nineteenth? To do that we need gifts of furniture, of appropriate pictures, of books, of letters, of portraits. And after getting our nucleus for each room, we must work systematically to make the exhibit complete.

That is one line along which I would suggest that our friends be urged to give; but it need not be the only one. There are, for instance, certain series of collections which should be started: thus portraits of the early pastors of our churches might comprise one series; portraits of our mayors another; views of our principal streets and squares another; and so on. Take, for example, so apparently simple a subject as what used to be Main Street, from Harvard Square to Quiney Square: who can reconstruct, by photograph or drawing, the buildings on the south side as they were in 1875, or twenty years earlier? We ought certainly to try to get such material about Harvard Square itself from the earliest times down to the present. Here are two fields which some of our enthusiastic members might most profitably cover; and the results of their labors would naturally enrich another room in our House.

We wish to preserve, of course, not merely objects that belong originally indoors; but also tools, weapons, and all sorts of utensils pertaining to life in the earlier days. I would give a great deal to see the axe that cut the first clearing in Newtowne, or the plow that turned the first furrow in that clearing, or the saw which Eliot the carpenter used in trimming the pales which formed the enclosure of the first College hall. We should have a room devoted to articles of this class. And still another collection should be made of dresses and uniforms. Eventually, biographical collections might be added: an alcove, or more, might be dedicated to Lowell, or Longfellow, and into it be put as many personal objects as possible associated with each. Similarly, other worthies might be illustrated.

I offer you a few sample suggestions, from which you can infer that we have a long, and useful, and happy activity cut out for us — an unending activity for the Society, because each generation will furnish it with new memorabilia. But upon us lies the peculiar obligation of gleaning as much as we can of the earlier and earliest periods, whose vestiges are already too scanty; and as we glean, we must garner.

We are greatly indebted to the Cambridge Public Library for giving a safe resting-place to the beginnings of our collections: but we must plan to have a permanent house of our own. To this end, let us hope that loyal Cambridge sons and daughters, who may not have historical relics, will yet make gifts or bequests of money to this Historical Society. The Curator of such an institution, in its infancy, has ample leisure, between the coming of one relic and the next, to see visions and to dream dreams; and I have indulged this privilege to such an extent that I have even dreamed that another generation may behold one of our two or three richly historic houses made the seat of this Society. How could the abode of Washington and Longfellow, for instance, be more sure of receiving perpetual care? When Brattle Street presents a long façade of skyscrapers, as it may well do within the lifetime of many of you, let us hope that Craigie House will not be swept away, as Haneock House in Boston was, to the regret of us all.

Meanwhile, our present duty is to save what we can from the dark backward and abysm of time; to spread the interest already aroused in local history and biography; and to make our Society, whether through its collections, publications, or meetings, a fruitful factor in the higher life of our beloved town.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

October 23, 1906 — October 22, 1907.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand Oct. 23, 1906	\$505.29
Initiation fees from 3 regular members @ \$1	\$3.00
Annual dues from 110 regular members @ \$2	220.00
Annual dues from 4 associate members @ \$1	4.00
Sale of 138 Longfellow medals in bronze @ \$10	1,380.00
Sale of 3 Longfellow medals in silver @ \$14	42.00
Sale of 2 Longfellow medals in gold (exclusive of material) and cases	39.00
30 Special contributions toward expense of celebration of the 100th Anniversary of Longfellow's birth	166.00
Proceeds of 16 copies of Proceedings I	14.70
Special contributions toward expense of celebration of the 100th Anniversary of birth of Louis Agassiz	72.02
Interest on deposit in Cambridge Savings Bank	27.05
	<u>1,967.77</u>
	<u>\$2,173.06</u>

DISBURSEMENTS.

Guarantee Company of North America for Treasurer's bond for 1 year to Nov. 1, 1907	\$2.50
Reporting, stenography, typewriting, printing, engraving, stationery, postage, and supplies	807.43
Copyright dues on account of Longfellow medal	3.03
Insurance on account of Longfellow exhibit	15.60
Service in arranging Longfellow exhibit	27.56
Music at Longfellow exercises	25.00
Service of doorkeepers at Sanders Theatre and Fogg Museum	5.00
Service in designing Longfellow medal	750.00
Striking and packing Longfellow medals	483.00
Carriage hire	2.50
Collecting checks	1.00
Balance on hand Oct. 22, 1907	<u>2,122.62</u> <u>\$350.44</u>

OSCAR F. ALLEN,
Treasurer.

Examined, compared with the Treasurer's books, and found satisfactory,
Oct. 22, 1907.

J. T. G. NICHOLS,
Auditor.

The following persons were chosen a Committee to consider and report a list of nominations for the offices of the Society for the ensuing year: HOLLIS R. BAILEY, ELIZABETH E. DANA, and OSCAR F. ALLEN.

The report of this Committee was read and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were elected by ballot for the ensuing year:

The Council.

CLARENCE W. AYER,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
WILLIAM C. LANE,
ALICE M. LONGFELLOW,
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
WILLIAM R. THAYER.

President: RICHARD HENRY DANA.
Vice-Presidents: THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
Secretary: FRANK GAYLORD COOK,
Treasurer: HENRY HERBERT EDES,
Curator: CLARENCE W. AYER.

The SECRETARY-ELECT was duly sworn.

On recommendation of the Council it was voted that the following amendments to the By-laws be adopted, namely:

First: In Article VI, in the second line of the last sentence, by striking out the word "one" and inserting in place thereof the word "two,"—the last sentence thus amended reading as follows: "Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of two dollars each payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

Second: In Article XVI, in the first line, by striking out the word "one" and inserting in place thereof the word "two"; and in the second line by striking out the word "two" and inserting in place thereof the word "three,"—the By-Law thus amended reading as follows: "The fee of initiation shall be two dollars. There shall also be an annual assessment of three dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting."

The special subject of the evening was "Cornelius Conway Felton;" and in introducing Professor William Watson Goodwin, the guest and speaker of the evening, the PRESIDENT made the following remarks:

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS OF RICHARD HENRY DANA

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

IN the proceedings of our Historical Society, may we have none of that ostentatious modesty which would banish the little, narrow letter, the insidious I which so naturally and

easily wedges its way into our reminiscences. In the paper to-night, let us hope to have the personal recollections of one Philhellene of the other Philhellene, his master and predecessor, in full measure.

And to set a good example, may I say how well I recollect, when in college, the man I am to introduce to you to-night. Even in my day, Greek was an elective, and though mathematics and science came to me far more easily, though with one-third the work I could get better marks, I yet elected Greek in three of my four years. There was a fascination about Greek thought. Here was a race of men who, in history, biography, philosophy, and in lyric, epic, and tragic poetry, built up a literature from their own inner consciousness, of which all literature of all ages since has been, for the most part, but an imitation. As memories of some landscape, some panorama of hazy sunlight on autumnal foliage on an October day, linger in the mind, so does this great literature of the Athenians. He who has been under the spell of it will always long for the time when he may cast aside the cares and business of our too arduous life, and take up again his Greek authors. He is never in need of a fascinating resource.

When studying these marvellous creations, I so well remember the enthusiasm of the head of the Greek Department, under whom I had the privilege of sitting for many an absorbing hour. He was a remarkable man, a graduate of Harvard, a student at Bonn, Berlin, and Göttingen, where he took the Doctor's degree, and in 1860 was successor of Felton in the Eliot Professorship of Greek at Harvard. What, to my mind, seems to show his remarkable acumen, is that, though Greek literature was studied during all the classic and middle ages, and was the great study in all the universities of Europe, it was left to him to find out, in our day, the real relation of the Greek moods and tenses, a

great discovery, for which he is justly celebrated. He had the rare distinction of being made a Doctor of Laws by both the great English universities of Oxford and Cambridge and by the Scotch university of Edinburgh. May I add that his exposition of this discovery was so logically and clearly put, that it had a charm rare indeed in so dry a subject as grammar, no matter of what language.

I have the pleasure now of introducing to you, as the author of the paper on President Felton, Professor Emeritus and Overseer of Harvard, Mr. William Watson Goodwin.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM WATSON GOODWIN

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

You have asked me to speak to you of President Felton. What I have to say of him will be ancient history to most of you, as he died more than forty-five years ago. And yet, those of us who remember him as a genial friend and associate, full of sparkling humor and geniality, and always ready with a pleasant greeting, can hardly believe that it is almost half a century since we have seen his cheerful face. He would now be one hundred years old. Of those who were associated with him as teachers at the time of his death, only two — President Eliot and myself — are now officially connected with the University. Mr. Eliot was then Assistant Professor of Chemistry, and I had succeeded Mr. Felton as Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in 1860, two years before his death.

Cornelius Conway Felton was born in Newbury, Massachusetts, November 6, 1807. As a boy he is said to have shown great love of study, and his parents encouraged this to the best of their ability. He passed one year at the academy at Bradford, Mass.; and during the year and a half before he entered college he studied in the private school of Mr. Simeon Putnam at North Andover. At this school he is said to have gone over "a wide range of reading both in Latin and Greek, not superficially, but thoroughly and critically"; and there he translated Grotius "De Veritate" into English at the age of fifteen. In 1823 he entered Harvard College, where his

studious habits gave him high rank as a scholar from the beginning. His private reading, not only in the classics, but also in modern literature, supplemented the small requisitions then made by the college in these departments. Those who remember him as the elegant, portly gentleman of his later years will hardly recognize the description of his appearance at that time given by one of his intimate college associates: "He was then a tall and slender youth, with a slight stoop and a pale complexion, looking like one who had grown up rapidly and worked hard at his books." But the same friend also says of him: "There was nothing ascetic in his temperament or recluse in his habits. Fond as he was of reading and study, the face of a friend was always more attractive than the silent page of a book." This friend says of him when he left college: "His range of study had been very wide. He was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, he had made himself well acquainted with the principal languages of modern Europe, and had gone over the whole range of English literature with an omnivorous and indiscriminate appetite that seemed to grow with what it fed on."

Immediately after graduating in 1827, he spent two years in charge of the Livingston County High School in Geneseo, N. Y. In 1829 he returned to Cambridge as Tutor in Latin in the College. In 1830 he became Tutor in Greek, and in 1832 he was made University Professor of Greek. In 1834 he succeeded Rev. Dr. John Snelling Popkin as Eliot Professor of Greek Literature, and he held this office until 1860, when he was made President of the University. The foundation of the Eliot professorship in 1814 by Samuel Eliot of Boston, grandfather of President Eliot, indirectly caused an important revolution in the teaching and the traditions of Harvard College. It was the first strictly literary professorship ever endowed in the college,—the instruction in all the languages, except Hebrew, having previously been given by Tutors or Instructors or by College or University Professors, for whom there was no permanent endowment. In 1815 the Eliot professorship was offered to Edward Everett, who was only twenty years old, but was already a distinguished pulpit orator. Mr. Everett was unwilling to take the professorship until he had prepared himself for its duties by study in a German university. He went to Göttingen on leave of absence in 1815 as a student of classic philology, and there took the

degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1817, being the first American who received this degree. This wise and far-seeing action of Mr. Everett was the foundation of the close connection between Göttingen and Harvard, which has been of lasting benefit to our scholarship. He was soon followed by two other graduates of Harvard, George Bancroft and Joseph Green Cogswell, who studied at Göttingen and received the doctor's degree, and also by George Ticknor of Dartmouth. All four of these scholars soon returned to Harvard, and it is hardly possible now to imagine the startling effect which this sudden importation of new ideas from the famous seat of German learning must have produced at that early day in our quiet college. Strange to say, the *permanent* result of this wholesale importation of German ideas appears to have been but slight. This probably was due to the short time during which the four German scholars remained together at Harvard. Mr. Everett resigned in 1826 to begin his career in Congress; Mr. Bancroft resigned in 1823; Mr. Cogswell became Librarian and also Professor of Mineralogy and Geology; while Mr. Ticknor remained until 1835 as Smith Professor of French and Spanish and Professor of Belles Lettres. Harvard was certainly not *Germanized* by this revolution. Perhaps the best indication of the new spirit inspired by this brief reign of German influence at Cambridge is to be seen in the syllabus of Professor Everett's lectures on Greek Literature. The high scholarship and the deep erudition shown in these lectures plainly indicate what our American students found at Göttingen ninety years ago; and this fell little (if at all) below the standard of the German universities of the present day. The breadth of view and the wealth of references and citations presented in Professor Everett's lectures must have been a sudden revelation to the pupils of Dr. Popkin, to whom they were addressed. We have one hint of at least an undergraduate fear of Germanism, in the song which is said to have been sung under Mr. Bancroft's windows in the college yard, beginning "Thus we do in Germany." This early connection with Germany was almost entirely suspended for about twenty years, when it was renewed with Göttingen and the other great German universities by Benjamin A. Gould and George M. Lane, with increased vigor and more lasting results.

When Mr. Felton assumed the Eliot Professorship in 1834,

at the age of twenty-six, he delivered his inaugural address at Commencement time. In this he expresses, in strong and dignified language, his high sense of the important duties he was undertaking and his cheerful hope of success in his work. He says:

“When I remember what men have gone before me in this career, and by what genius, eloquence, and erudition it has been adorned, I accept this professorship with a feeling of unaffected gratification, mingled with unaffected distrust. But my tastes, my studies, and the cherished associations of this spot, encourage me to undertake its responsible duties with cheerfulness and hope.”

His exalted opinion of the language which he was to teach is thus expressed:

“This language of a freely organized and developed people, formed under the genial influence of a serene and beautiful heaven, amidst the most picturesque and lovely scenes in nature, had acquired a descriptive force and harmony, equally capable of expressing every mood of the mind, every affection of the heart, every aspect of the world. Its words are images, and its sentences finished pictures. It gives the poet the means of clothing his conceptions in every form of beauty and grandeur; of painting them with the most exquisite tints and hues; of gathering around them the most appropriate images, wisely chosen and tastefully grouped; and of heightening the effect of the whole by the idealizing power of a chastened imagination.”

Again he says:

“Language was polished [by the early Greeks] into exquisite beauty and harmony; eloquence was simple, energetic, and lofty; public games were favorite and almost sacred recreations of the people; the spirit of patriotism was strong and active; the useful arts were much cultivated, and the fine arts were beginning to spring up. The essential principles of all genuine literature and art—namely, truth, nature, and simplicity—were already implanted in the Grecian soul. They afterwards unfolded themselves in that wonderful unity of spirit which embraces all the poets, painters, sculptors, and architects who shed an unfading lustre over the classic ages of Greece.”

A learned and enthusiastic professor, inspired by sentiments like these and eager for congenial work in the field of his own choice, would naturally have found in the Eliot professorship the broadest scope and the greatest facilities for carrying out his ideas of teaching. If Mr. Felton could have entered on his duties after thirty-eight years of the administration of President Eliot, he would have found just these conditions here. But in 1834 Harvard College was a very different place. The straitened condition of the finances then made it impossible to supply the teachers who were absolutely needed in most departments to help the professors; and even the highest professors were obliged to do work which would not now be expected of even the youngest tutors or instructors. When Mr. Everett took charge of the Eliot professorship with its large endowment, Dr. Popkin still remained College Professor of Greek, and for several years there was also a tutor in Greek. If we may judge by the very brief statement of the courses of study in the catalogue, Professor Everett was expected only to give a course of lectures and to appoint certain hours in which students could consult him privately about their studies in Greek literature. But fourteen years later, when Mr. Felton succeeded Dr. Popkin in the office, all this was changed, and the duties of the Eliot Professor appear to have become a part of the ordinary work of the college. He was now assisted only by one tutor, who taught the Freshmen, while he was himself expected to take entire charge of the Greek of the Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors. Mr. Felton was obliged to hear at least twelve recitations in each week of large classes of students, who came to him in alphabetical sections. The college statutes required him to examine orally on a prescribed lesson as many of each section as he could during the hour of recitation, and to return marks on a scale of eight for each hour, allowing each student his average mark for days when he was not called on to recite. The total sum of these marks for the whole college course determined each student's rank at graduation. This made the systematic teaching of any large subject or the exposition of any piece of literature by the professor practically impossible. A great part of every hour had to be given to the correction of elementary mistakes, and to explanations which could be of no use to real scholars. As the classes increased in size all this became worse.

Mr. Felton gave no lectures at all to my class (1851), but he began with the next class to lecture once a week for half the year. These lectures, like many other excellent courses then given in the college, were no part of the work which counted for rank or for the degree. There were then no examinations in the college which were any test of scholarship. They were all oral, and generally amounted to nothing as incentives to study or as proof of study. The introduction of thorough written examinations in all the courses of study in 1859 began a complete revolution in the whole system of teaching. These examinations were used more and more each year in determining the students' rank, thus leaving the instructor free to devote his time with his class to actual teaching. There is probably no teacher now in the college who uses his time in the class-room for any other purpose than giving instruction in his course of study in the way which seems to him best adapted to his subject. The introduction of an enlarged system of elective studies in 1867, which has since been increased to an extent hardly anticipated at the outset, has made a much higher scholarship possible in the college classes than was dreamed of forty years ago. Again, the introduction of graduate instruction in the Arts and Sciences, leading to the Master's and the Doctor's degrees, in classes to which competent undergraduates are specially admitted, has now united the College and the University in a manner which was never even contemplated in Mr. Felton's day, and is hardly appreciated even in our day. To give a single example,—in place of the four courses in Greek and four in Latin formerly given by recitations, we have now forty-seven courses offered in the Classics, of which about half are especially adapted to graduates who are studying for a higher degree. These courses are constantly changed from year to year, and nothing like the old recitation system is known in any of them. The Faculty of Arts and Sciences this year offers (in all) five hundred and ninety-two courses in forty-four departments of study.

In 1856, on my return from Germany, I was appointed tutor in Greek and Latin to relieve the two professors in these languages of their work with the Sophomore class. This most needed relief had long been called for; but lack of funds had made it impossible to grant it. As a teacher, with fifteen hours of work a week, I

found the old system of recitations, on which the students' marks were to be given, almost intolerable; and the relief soon afforded by written examinations was welcomed with the greatest delight by all the younger men in the Faculty. Among these younger men President Eliot was especially active as an advocate of this and of all other measures which aimed at raising the standard of scholarship and increasing the efficiency of teaching. Much of his work as President in this direction has been only a continuation of what he began as Tutor in Mathematics more than fifty years ago.

In 1853 and 1854 Mr. Felton made a most interesting journey to Europe, a large part of which he devoted to Greece and Greek lands. His pleasant experiences are related in a little volume, "Familiar Letters from Europe," published after his death. This visit to Greece realized the fond anticipations of many years. He found many old friends and still more new ones at Athens, where his enthusiasm for everything Greek and for Greece itself made him welcome to all whom he met. He was pleasantly entertained by the King and Queen, and in diplomatic and literary circles; and he soon learned enough modern Greek to talk familiarly with the people whom he met in his travels in the country. He is sometimes rather too enthusiastic about the purity of the Greek which he heard from the mouths of peasants and common men in the streets. I cannot help thinking that, with the few words which he recognized as pure Greek, there were many others which would not have been understood in ancient Athens. His account of his arrival at Athens is characteristic of the enthusiasm and excitement in which he first saw all the great monuments and historic scenes of Greece. His steamer had hardly come to anchor in the Piraeus, when (as he says) "we scrambled down to a boat which Miltiades had already engaged for us; rowed ashore, stepped into a hæc,—O contradiction of all classical experience!—and were driven by a coachman over the Peiraic road, between the ruins of the walls of Themistocles, up to the city of Athens. We passed the olive groves of Plato's Academy; dashed up to the Temple of Theseus, dismounted, and went through it; climbed the Areopagus, where Orestes was tried and Paul preached; looked over the Agora to the Pnyx and the Bema, whence Demosthenes harangued the Athenians; climbed up to the Propylaea; mounted the marble staircase

leading into the Acropolis; went through and round the Parthenon; examined the piles of sculptured marbles still remaining on the ground; admired the Erechtheum; looked round upon the matchless panorama of marble mountains that encircled the plain; descended, stopping at the new found temple of Wingless Victory on the way; walked along the southern slope [of the Acropolis], surveying the ruins of the Odeum and the site of the Dionysiac Theatre; jumped into our degenerate hack and drove to the still standing columns that form a part of the gigantic Temple of Olympian Zeus; passed under the Arch of Hadrian; drove to the Temple of the Winds in the street of Aeolus; then, to bring the journey to a quite modern termination, dropped my luggage at the Hôtel d'Angleterre."

That is, instead of driving up the main road to the city (about four and one-half miles), and seeing very little except at a distance, he made his hack-driver carry him to all the principal ruins of Athens, some of them being a mile distant from his direct course! He really left very little to be seen for the first time in his future wanderings about ancient Athens. And he did a most wise thing, which perhaps no other traveller has done, either before or since.

During the twenty-six years of his professorship, he published a large number of books, among which may be especially mentioned annotated editions of the "Iliad," the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, the "Clouds" and the "Birds" of Aristophanes, and the "Panegyricus" of Isocrates. He once told me that he believed that he was the first who ever introduced a real Greek author (*i. e.*, not as a part of a collection) into the instruction of Harvard College. Before his day the old "Graeca Majora" was the chief Greek classic known to the students.

I cannot help alluding here to the vigorous warfare against Spiritualism which Mr. Felton waged during the last year of his professor's life. He seemed really alarmed by the rapid spread of spiritualistic doctrines at that period; and (as one of his friends expressed it) he believed spiritualism to be "a mischievous delusion, weakening the mind and poisoning the moral sense." I walked with him into Boston one fine Sunday evening to attend a spiritualists' meeting to which he had been invited. We found a large hall filled with men and women, and his name was posted

in large letters at the door as one of the expected speakers. We had hardly taken our seats, when one of the chief men called Mr. Felton by name, and said: "I understand that Professor Felton claims to be thoroughly posted up in everything that concerns the Greeks. Now I want to ask him if he does not know that Socrates was a great spiritualist, having a guardian demon or spirit always attending him and advising him what to do." Mr. Felton replied: "The vulgarism *posted up* never fell from my lips before this minute. But I have never heard that Socrates was in any sense a spiritualist." He then explained that the so-called "demon" of Socrates was a late invention, for which there is absolutely no historic authority. Socrates himself speaks of *something divine* ($\deltaαιμόνιόν τι$) within him, which sometimes warned him *not to do* something which he thought of doing, but never gave him any positive advice. It was never personified in any sense, but was only a sort of intuition in his own mind. This explanation was well received, and seemed to be quite a revelation to many of the audience.

When Dr. Walker resigned the presidency of the University in January, 1860, all eyes turned to Mr. Felton as his natural successor. As "the oldest inhabitant" of the University and thus identified with the most important period of its history, he was the only man seriously thought of for the office. He was immediately chosen by the Corporation and confirmed by the Overseers, and he assumed his duties at once. This inauguration took place at Commencement time in 1860, in connection with the triennial festival of the Alumni. His inaugural address was dignified and eloquent, abounding in classic allusions and strong in the assurance that his new duties should never wean him from that love of ancient letters which had distinguished him through life. I will quote the following:—

"I am not a new man here. I believe not one man — no, not one — holding office in any department of the University when I returned after an absence of two years (in 1829) is now in active academical duty in the immediate government of the College. My associates are, with few exceptions, men who have been my pupils; without exception, men to whom I have been attached by the ties of a friendship which has never been interrupted by a passing

cloud. Had my personal wishes been gratified, I should have been left to the cultivation of Grecian letters, and the studies of the professorship in which I have passed so many happy years. When St. Basil, having long resided in the society of the students and philosophers of Athens, was called by the duties of life to leave those classic scenes, he departed with lamentations and tears. More fortunate than St. Basil, I am permitted to remain. I shall not desert the academic grove; the voices of the Bema and the Dionysiac theatre still ring in my ears with all their enchantments. Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes,—I shall not part company with you yet. Helicon and Parnassus, which my feet have trodden literally as well as figuratively, are consecrated names. Hymettus still yields his honeyed stores, and the Cephissus and Ilissus still murmur with the thronging memories of the past. I resign my former duties to younger and more vigorous hands; but my excellent friend and successor I know will allow me to haunt his lecture-room, even to that period of life when I shall be like the chorus in the Agamemnon,

‘When hoary Eld, in sere and yellow leaf,
Walks his triple-footed way;
Nor stronger than a child
Wanders a vision in the light of day.’”

How old now do you think this venerable “oldest inhabitant” was, when he moved his friends around him almost to tears by this impressive and pathetic address? He was just fifty-two years old, and he had been connected with the college as tutor and professor about thirty-one years. I mention this as an indication of the change which half a century has made in our ideas of “growing old.”

During the brief time of his presidency, Mr. Felton did not find much time to “haunt” my lecture-room; but he very often entreated me to “run away for a day” and let him take my classes. One day, when I did this, he heard the whole Sophomore class recite (in the old-fashioned way) in three alphabetical divisions in the “Clouds” of Aristophanes, refusing to shorten the time by uniting sections. When I went to see him on my return, he said with deep feeling that he had not had such a delightful day since

he gave up teaching, and thanked me most heartily for giving him the pleasant opportunity. He then brought his hand down on my knee with all his might and said: "Goodwin, there is no more comparison between the pleasure of being professor and president in this college than there is between heaven and hell."

In the course of President Felton's inaugural address there was a most pleasant occurrence, which by a remarkable coincidence reminded many of the audience of a similar occasion at the inauguration of President Everett fourteen years before. This is thus related by Mr. Richard H. Dana, the father of your president, in his delightful commemoration of Mr. Everett in 1865:

"On this occasion [Mr. Everett's Inauguration] there was an occurrence which put suddenly to the severest test the equanimity and ready resources of Mr. Everett. The day and place were his, and his only. The crowded assembly waited for his word. He rose and advanced to the front of the platform [to give his address], and was received with gratifying applause. As he was about to begin, the applause received a sudden and marked acceleration, and rose higher and higher into a tumult of cheers. Mr. Everett felt that something more than his welcome had caused this; and turning, he saw [just appearing upon the stage from behind the pulpit] the majestic presence of Mr. Webster. I had heard Mr. Everett's readiness of resource called in question. I looked—all must have looked—to see how he would bear this embarrassment. He turned again to the audience, cast his eyes slowly round the assembly, with a look of the utmost gratification, seemed to gather their applause in his arms, and, turning about, to lay it ministerially at the feet of Mr. Webster, said to him: 'I wish, sir, that I could at once assert the authority which has just been conferred upon me, and *auctoritate mihi commissa* declare to the audience, *expectatur oratio in lingua vernacula a Webster*. But I suppose, sir, your convenience and the arrangements made by others render it expedient that I should speak myself,—at least at first.'"

Fourteen years later, on the same platform, before an audience which was in great part the same, President Felton was delivering his inaugural address. Three of the four living ex-presidents, Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, and James Walker, were seated on

the platform, with a vacant chair by their side. Mr. Felton was beginning to speak of his high opinion of the character of college students, and had just uttered the words: "I have entire confidence in the honor of the great mass of students," when the audience suddenly rose to their feet with cheers and tumultuous applause, which he knew could not be merely a response to his last words. He turned about, and saw the venerable Josiah Quincy, leaning on his son's arm, entering the stage through the pulpit, to take the vacant chair by the side of the three other ex-presidents. When the applause subsided, he turned to Mr. Quincy and said:

"I was speaking, Mr. President Quincy, of the faults and virtues of college students. No one had a more thorough knowledge of both than you. No one can judge them more truly:—no one will judge them more gently. I was about to say, that I believe no body of young men are, in the mass, more truthful and magnanimous. . . . A lady may now pass unattended, at any hour, through the college grounds, secure from seeing or hearing anything to alarm or offend her. . . . I think our University owes no inconsiderable part of the great influence it has exercised upon society to the fact that, while it has remodelled the special forms of its laws and orders when the spirit of the age required, it has always enforced, not only the moral law in its highest sense, but the minor morals, which are the manners of gentlemen."

He then quoted some of the older laws of the college, showing the precedence once shown to sons of esquires and knights. For example, it was ordered that "every scholar, until he receives his first degree, be called only by his surname, unless he be a fellow-commoner or the eldest son of a knight or nobleman." In the class-room and chapel the scholars sat according to the rank of their fathers. All students of our Triennial and Quinquennial Catalogues know that until 1773 the names in the classes are arranged in the order of the fathers' rank, and this principle is followed to the very end of the list, names beginning with A sometimes appearing at the very end (as in that of 1772).

Mr. Felton's lasting affection for Athens, which his visit to Greece had only strengthened, found warm expression in his inaugural. He says:

"There have been many more populous and wealthy cities than Athens; but only one Athens has illustrated the history of man,—there *has been* but one Athens in the world. Time has not dimmed her ancient glories; her schools still school mankind; her language is the language of letters, of art, of science. There has been but one Acropolis, over which the Virgin Goddess of Wisdom kept watch and ward with spear and shield. There has been but one Parthenon, built by the genius of Architecture, and adorned by the unapproachable perfection of Phidian statues; and there it rises in its pathetic beauty of decay, kindling in the blaze of the noonday sun, or softly gleaming under the indescribable loveliness of the full moon of Attica."

The anticipations of a long and prosperous term of the presidency for Mr. Felton were doomed to a sad disappointment. An insidious disease of the heart, which had given some of his friends uneasiness even before he took the presidency, was developed and aggravated by the sudden change of life which his new duties required and by the increased responsibility which he had assumed. The strict and even stern punctiliousness with which he discharged even the smaller duties of the presidency was sometimes in strange contrast to the mild and easy gentleness which had marked his conduct as professor. This struck his friends with surprise, and sometimes even with anxiety. Even on social occasions with intimate friends, where he would once have been full of life and overflowing with geniality and good-humor, he now sometimes sat sober and silent and took an early leave, so that his friends asked in astonishment what *could* be the matter with the President. All this was generally attributed to the sobering effect of his new responsibilities, until the winter of 1861-1862, when his disease suddenly appeared in a dangerous form, and compelled him to postpone a journey to Washington, where he was to attend a meeting of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. He afterwards went to visit his brother near Chester, Pa., where, after an illness of two or three weeks he died February 26, 1862. I saw him for a few minutes there, about a week before his death; but it was only too plain that I was seeing him for the last time. His funeral took place in the college chapel, where the services were conducted by Dr. Walker and Dr. Peabody. On the following Sunday, March 9,

Dr. Peabody preached a funeral sermon, which bore the affectionate testimony to Mr. Felton's character of one who had been among his most intimate friends of more than thirty-eight years, since they entered college together on the same day in 1823. I will close these remarks on President Felton with a passage from this just discourse :

“ Who has ever borne a more benignant and endeared part than he sustained in the whole intercourse of friendship and society, with equal wit and wisdom, modesty and dignity, grace in his speech and vigor in his thought? . . . With a nature thus overflowing with kindness, which might, to one who knew him but little, have seemed hardly to guard its own individuality and to be ready to become all things to all men, no man was ever more strongly intrenched within the defences of a pure, true, and discriminating conscience. No unworthy compliance ever shed a transient shadow over even his earliest youth. We who have known him longest can recall not an act which we do not love to remember. Steadfast in the right, no power on earth could make him swerve from his convictions of duty. His force of character, hidden on ordinary occasions by his gentle and sunny temperament, appeared impregnable whenever it was put to the test. From the most arduous, thankless, and painful duties he never shrank ; and in prompt decision and fearless energy for difficult emergencies he was no less conspicuous and admirable than in those amiable and graceful qualities which adorned his daily life.”

I feel sure that those who knew President Felton best as a colleague and loved him best as a friend will most heartily agree with Dr. Peabody in this estimate of his character. Harvard College certainly has never had in her society a man who was more affectionately loved, and whose company was more eagerly sought by all who knew him.

At the conclusion of Professor Goodwin's address the President read from Longfellow's poem, “Three Friends of Mine,” the tribute to Felton ; and the meeting was dissolved.

GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY

June 19, 1905—October 22, 1907

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
AMERICAN-IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Journal, Vol. VI
AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MATHEMATICS (BALTIMORE, MD.) . . .	American Journal of Mathematics, Vol. XXIV, No. 2
BELGIUM, ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARCHAEOLOGY OF (ANTWERP) . . .	Bulletin, II; Bulletin, III; Annals, LVIII; LIX
BLAKE, J. HENRY	Photograph of Wreck of the Samoset near Provincetown as exposed in 1886
BOSTONIAN SOCIETY	Full set of its Publications
BRANDON, EDWARD J.	Journal of the American-Irish Historical Society, Vol. V
CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Annual Report, 1907
COX, GEORGE HOWLAND	"The Newport Mercury or the Weekly Advertiser" (incomplete), dated December 19, 1758, with glass frame
CULLEN, JOHN	Poems and Idylls
DORCHESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Old Dorchester Burying Ground, 1634, by John A. Fowle Catalogue of Civil War Relics Catalogue of the Stark Collection of Antiquities & Curiosities History of the Old Blake House Brief Sketch of Dorchester Historical Society
FITCHBURG HISTORICAL SOCIETY .	Proceedings, Vol. I

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ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Collections, II, Va. Series, I, Cahokia Records, 1778-1790
IPSWICH (MASS.) HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Publications XIV. The Simple Cobler of Agawam, by Rev. Nathaniel Ward. Essay on Ward, etc., and Proceedings
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MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY . .	Quarterly Vol. III, Nos. 1-8 Mayor's Address, 1906 Historical Register, Vol. X, No. 1, Jan. 1907; No. 2, April, 1907; No. 3, July, 1907

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MISSOURI, STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF	Third Biennial Report for the 2 years ending Dec. 31, 1906 Missouri Historical Review Vol. I, No. 1, Oct. 1906; No. 2, Jan. 1907; No. 3, Apr. 1907; No. 4, July, 1907
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NEW ENGLAND CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Publication No. 5
NEWHALL, HOWARD MUDGE	Register of the Lynn Historical Society, Lynn, Massachusetts, 1902, 1903
NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Proceedings, 1872-1905. 4 vols.
NEW YORK GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY	Records, April, 1907
NICHOLS, JOHN W. T.	"The Bartlett Pair." Essay on John Bartlett and his wife, by Eunice W. Felton
OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Proceedings, 1902-5; Quarterly, March, June, Sept., and Dec., 1906, March, 1907
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TOWER, CHARLES B.	Annual Report, 1906
VERMONT, LIBRARIAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF	Publications of the Sharon Historical Society, Sharon, Massachusetts, No. 2, April, 1905; No. 3, April, 1906; No. 4, April, 1907
VERMONT, UNIVERSITY OF, AND AGRICULTURE COLLEGE	Pocket Almanack, dated 1794. Printed in Boston
VINELAND (N. J.) HISTORICAL & ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY	General Catalogue, 1791-1900
WATERTOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Bulletin; Catalogue, 1906-7
WILLARD, SUSANNA	Annual Report, Oct. 13, 1904—Oct. 10, 1905
WORCESTER, S. ALICE	Watertown Records, I, II, III, IV Memoirs of Youth & Manhood by Sidney Willard. 2 Vols. Autograph letter from Joseph E. Worcester, the Lexicographer, to his brother, dated Cambridge, December 16, 1861
	Gavel made from the wood from the Palisade Willows, Cambridge

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WILLIAM R. THAYER, JAMES ATKINS NOYES,
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GEORGE HOWLAND COX,	EDWARD C. PICKERING,
ANDREW MCF. DAVIS,	WILLIAM TAGGARD PIPER,
CHARLES W. ELIOT,	JOHN READ,
LILIAN H. FARLOW,	GRACE O. SCUDDER,
ARTHUR GILMAN,	STEPHEN THACHER,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,	THOMAS B. TICKNOR,
EDWIN B. HALE,	BENJAMIN VAUGHAN,
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,	HENRY P. WALCOTT,
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,	JOSEPH B. WARNER,
GEORGE HODGES,	HENRY D. YERXA.

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§ Resigned

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ELLIS, HELEN PEIRCE	HULING, RAY GREENE
EVARTS, PRESCOTT	
	IRWIN, AGNES
FARLOW, LILIAN H.	
FESSENDEN, MARION BROWN	JAGGAR, THOMAS AUGUSTUS
FOOTE, MARY B.	
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FOX, JABEZ	KERSHAW, JUSTINE HOUGHTON
FOXCROFT, FRANK	KIERNAN, THOMAS J.
FREESE, JOHN W.	
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- *PEIRCE, JAMES MILLS
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- PULSFORD, ARTHUR
- RAND, HARRY SEATON
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- READ, JOHN
- READ, WILLIAM
- REARDON, EDMUND
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- ROLFE, WILLIAM J.
- ROPES, JAMES HARDY
- RUSSELL, ETTA LOIS
- SAUNDERS, CARRIE H.
- SAUNDERS, GEORGE S.
- SAUNDERS, HERBERT A.
- SAWYER, DORA WENTWORTH
- SAWYER, GEORGE A.
- SAWYER, GEORGE C.
- SCUDDER, GRACE O.
- SEAGRAVE, C. BURNSIDE
- SEVER, MARTHA
- SEVER, MARY C.
- SHARPLES, STEPHEN P.
- SHEA, JAMES E.
- §SIEFFIELD, MARY GERTRUDE
- SIBLEY, BERTHA
- SIBLEY, HENRY C.
- SMITH, EMMA G.
- SORTWELL, ALVIN F.
- STEARN, GENEVIEVE
- STORER, SARAH FRANCES
- SWAN, SARAH H.
- TAFT, CHARLES H.
- §TAFT, EMILY H.
- TAYLOR, FREDERIC W.
- THAYER, WILLIAM R.
- THORP, JOSEPH G.
- TICKNOR, FLORENCE
- TICKNOR, THOMAS B.
- TILLINGHAST, WILLIAM H.
- TOPPAN, SARAH M.
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- WHITE, EMMA E.
- WHITE, MOSES P.
- WHITTEMORE, ISABELLA STEWART
- WHITTEMORE, WILLIAM RICHARDSON
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- WILLIAMS, OLIVE SWAN
- WINLOCK, MARY PEYTON
- WINSOR, CAROLINE T.
- WORCESTER, SARAH ALICE
- WRIGHT, GEORGE G.
- WRIGHT, PAMELLA KEITH
- WRIGLI, THEODORE F.
- §WYMAN, CAROLINE K.
- WYMAN, MARGARET C.
- YERXA, HENRY D.

* Deceased

§ Resigned

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

CARTER, CHARLES MORLAND

NICHOLS, JOHN W. T.

DAVENPORT, BENNETT F.

WILLARD, JOSEPH

LEVERETT, GEORGE V.

HONORARY MEMBERS

CHOATE, JOSEPH HODGES

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN

RHODES, JAMES FORD

BY-LAWS

I. CORPORATE NAME.

THE name of this corporation shall be "THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY."

II. OBJECT.

The corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

III. REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

Any resident of the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible for regular membership in this Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Persons so elected shall become members upon signing the By-Laws and paying the fees therein prescribed.

IV. LIMIT OF REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

The regular membership of this Society shall be limited to two hundred.

V. HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

Any person, nominated by the Council, may be elected an honorary member at any meeting of the Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Honorary members shall be exempt from paying any fees, shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VI. ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Any person not a resident, but either a native, or formerly a resident for at least five years, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible to

associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of two dollars each, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VII. SEAL.

The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1905, a shield bearing a representation of the Daye Printing Press and crest of two books surmounted by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting-house of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister, and, underneath, a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent*.

VIII. OFFICERS.

The officers of this corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary with the powers of Clerk, a Treasurer, and a Curator, elected out of the Council by the Society. All the above officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

IX. DUTY OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-Presidents, respectively, in the order of their election.

X. DUTY OF SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give to each member of the Society written notice of its meetings. He shall also present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XI. DUTY OF TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the accounts, of the corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it, and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of its funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society a bond, in amount and with sureties satisfactory to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited prior to the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

XII. DUTY OF CURATOR.

The Curator shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

XIII. DUTY OF COUNCIL.

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall arrange for its meetings, and shall present for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XIV. MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesdays of January, and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.

XV. QUORUM.

At meetings of the Society ten members, and at meetings of the Council five members, shall constitute a quorum.

XVI. FEES.

The fee of initiation shall be two dollars. There shall also be an annual assessment of three dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting.

XVII. RESIGNATION OF MEMBERSHIP.

All resignations of membership must be in writing, provided, however, that failure to pay the annual assessment within six months after the Annual Meeting may, in the discretion of the Council, be considered a resignation of membership.

XVIII. AMENDMENT OF BY-LAWS.

These By-Laws may be amended at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting, provided that the substance of the proposed amendment shall have been inserted in the call for such meeting.



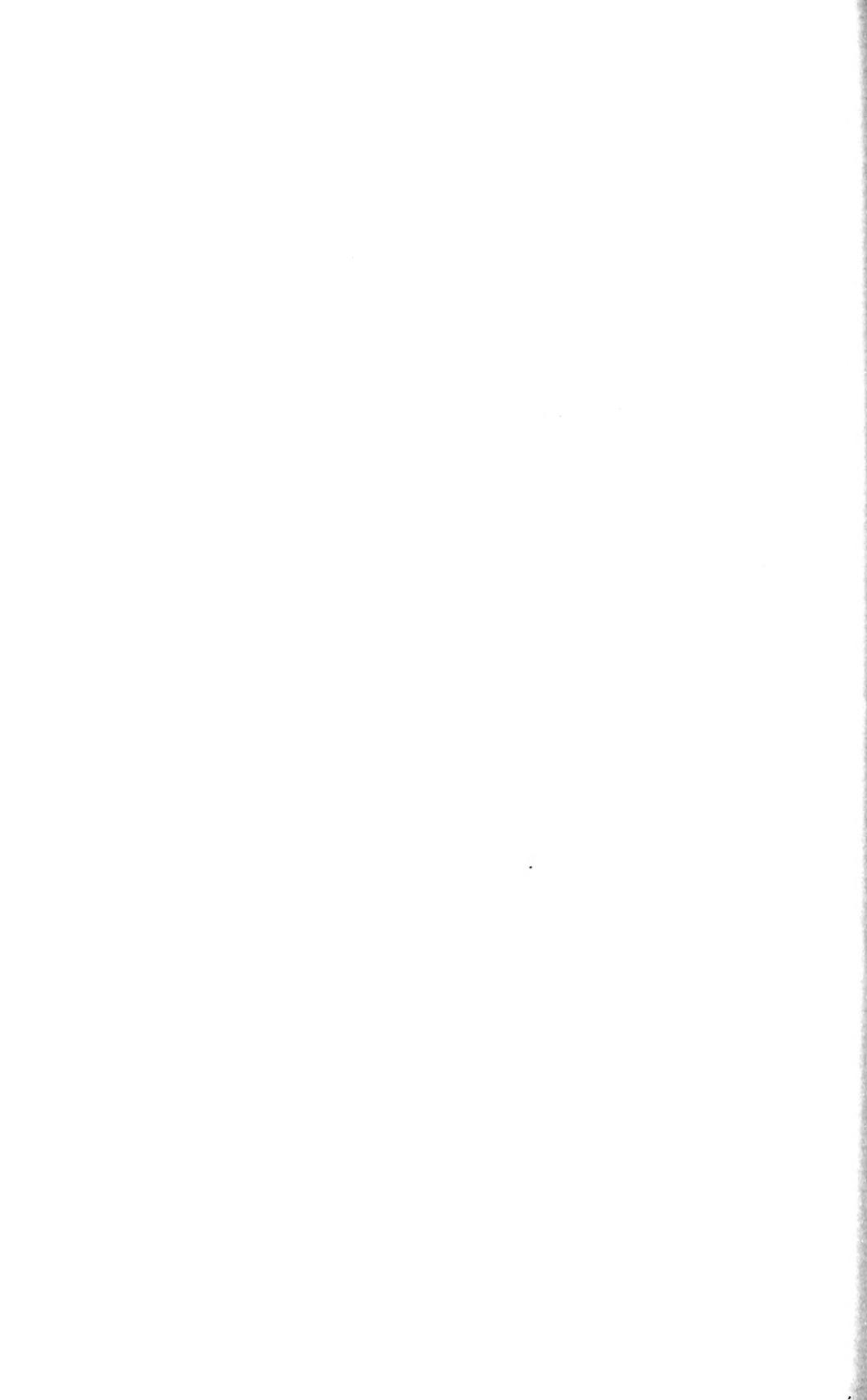
The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS III



PROCEEDINGS

JANUARY 28 — OCTOBER 27, 1908



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JANUARY 28—OCTOBER 27, 1908



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PROCEEDINGS

OF

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE TENTH MEETING

THE TENTH MEETING of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the twenty-eighth day of January, nineteen hundred and eight, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

In the absence of the President, the Third Vice-President, ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE, presided.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

ELIZABETH HARRIS HOUGHTON read a memoir of Lizzie Sparks Pickering, and the SECRETARY read two memoirs, one of Anna Maria Read, prepared by JAMES ATKINS NOYES, and the other of James Mills Peirce, prepared by WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI read the following paper :

THE SEAL OF THE SOCIETY

THOSE of us who are charter members will remember that at the first meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society, held in the old Brattle House, June 17, 1905, it was proposed that the seal of the Society should show the Washington Elm. There was some objection to this, not that any one doubted the claims of the venerable tree to fame, but it seemed more fitting that the seal of the Society should embody the history of the town, and carry us back

to a time when the elm was a mere sapling, if indeed it had sprung from a seed.

Several designs were proposed, but finally one was adopted that seems most appropriate, uniting as it does the powers that have made the history of Cambridge, — the Church, the College, and the Press. The seventh article of the By-laws reads as follows: “The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1905, a shield bearing a representation of the Day Printing Press and crest of two books surmounted by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting-house of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister, and, underneath, a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent.*” To-night I wish to speak to you of some of those men and women who long ago trod the streets of Cambridge, of whom I hope in future your seal will remind you.

I had begun to make some researches in England regarding some of these early settlers when the Club of Odd Volumes brought out Mr. George Emery Littlefield’s exhaustive treatise on “The Early Massachusetts Press, 1638–1711.” In that I found the answer to most of my queries; but as the book is not easily accessible, I hope you who have read it will pardon my quoting freely from it, and hereby I acknowledge my great indebtedness to Mr. Littlefield.

I will begin with the centre of the Seal, the so-called “Day Press.” “One soweth and another reapeth. Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors,” are the words of Holy Writ that come to us when we think of the Rev. Jose Glover. We do not know how many a broad stone he laid in the foundation of the Massaehusetts Bay Colony and of Harvard College. It would be difficult to prove all our indebtedness to him, but he is a man who should not be forgotten when Cambridge and Harvard College count up their benefactors.

Rev. Jose Glover was the son of Roger Glover of Boweott, Berks, and his wife Susan, daughter of Robert Goodwin, a rich citizen and salter of London. Roger Glover was a West Indian merchant and owned ships; at the time of his death he possessed a large estate. One of his residences was the Manor of Ratcliffe, on the Thames River opposite the Pool, in the parish of Stepney. The

little village of three hundred years ago is now swallowed up by the great docks. Here, within sound of Bow bells, Jose Glover is said to have been born. There were nine children, Jose being the eldest son; two daughters were older and two younger; the eldest daughter married Robert Pemberton of St. Albans, son of Roger Pemberton, who was the uncle and godfather of Roger Williams; Sarah, the youngest daughter, married Francis Collins after her father's death. The second son, John, was a barrister and inherited Ratcliffe Manor; the three younger sons, Roger, Richard, and Ralph, each in turn received a commercial education at the Merchant Taylors' School, and all were traders to the West Indies, carrying on their father's business. The name Jose seems to have been a stumbling-block to many who insist on writing Joseph or Jesse. In his will Mr. Glover spelled his name Jose. My idea is that he was named for one of his father's Dutch friends. The name is found in Holland at this time so spelled, and doubtless was brought there by the Spaniards, whose form of Joseph is Jose.

Jose Glover was sent to Cambridge University, but as the records at that time were not kept there as at Oxford, we do not know the name of his college. He was the fellow-student of many of the noted ministers who later came to New England. Nine graduates of Cambridge who had held livings in England were in charge of New England churches before 1635. In 1624 Rev. Mr. Glover was settled at Sutton, Suffolk, about five miles southwest of Croydon, now swallowed up in greater London. Before he received the benefice the young rector had married Sarah Owfield, daughter of Roger and Thomasine (More) Owfield. Mr. Owfield was a citizen of London and a member of the Fishmongers' Guild. At his death in 1608 he left an estate of more than £15,000, so Sarah must have been quite an heiress. Katherine Owfield, her cousin, married Col. George Fleetwood, one of the regicides, who is said to have died in America; and Mrs. Glover's brother was Sir Samuel Owfield, one of Cromwell's lords. Rev. Jose Glover had three children by this marriage,—Roger, born at Sutton in 1623, Elizabeth, and Sarah; and in 1628 Mrs. Glover, aged thirty, died. On the west wall of the present church of St. Nicholas, Sutton, is a slab of gray marble flanked by carved pilasters, with a moulded cornice above and below. Upon the upper cornice is a semicircular pedi-

ment containing figures of Mrs. Glover and her three children, the eldest five years old. On either side is a small obelisk carrying the coat of arms, and over the pediment is a circular panel containing the impaled arms of the lady and her husband. All of the monument is of white marble except the inscription slab, which is of gray Bethesda marble. I have here a rubbing of the inscription, which I present to the Cambridge Historical Society. I wish I could show you a portrait of the lady whose wealth doubtless helped to bring the first printing-press to America, but in lieu of that I will read the pen-picture drawn by her sorrowing husband and recorded on this marble tablet. The inscription reads:

DEATH TO MEE IS GAYNE
HERE VNDER LYETH INTERRED
THE CORPS OF THAT VERTVOVS &
RELIGEOVS GENTLEWOMAN AND
SERVANT OF GOD MRIS SARAH GLOVER
ONE OF THE DAVGHTERS OF MR.
ROGER OWFELD CITIZEN AND
FISHMONGER OF LONDON LATE
WIFE OF MR IOS. GLOVER & RECTOR
OF SUTTON BY WHOM SHE HAD 3
CHILDREN VIZ ROGER ELIZ
SARAH SHE DIED THE 10TH OF IULY
1628 AT HER AGE OF 30 YEARES
IN MEMRY OF WHOME HER SAID
HUSBAND HATH CAVSED THIS
MONVMENT TO BE ERECTED
24 May An Dom 1629.

This monument presents unto your View
A woman rare, in whome all grace diuine,
Faith, Loue, Zeale, piety, in Splendid hue,
With sacred Knowledge, perfectly did shine.
Since then examples teach, learne you by this
To mount the stepps of euerlasting blisse.

Like many another sorrowing husband, Mr. Glover paid his wife the compliment of very soon giving her a successor. His second wife was Elizabeth Harris, daughter of the Rev. Nathaniel Harris and granddaughter of the Rev. Richard Harris of Padbury, near

Oxford. The father of the second Mrs. Glover graduated at New College, Oxford, in 1586, was made D. C. L. in 1612, was Rector of Langton, Oxfordshire, of Inkeborrow, Worcestershire, and Canon of Hereford. He was Rector of Bleechingly when he died in 1635, and in early life had been chaplain to Lord Ellesmere. Mrs. Glover's uncle, Rev. Richard Harris, was a graduate of New College, Oxford, where he held many preferments, being Regius Professor of Greek, 1619-1622. About the time of her marriage he became Warden of Winchester College, where he died in 1658. Mrs. Glover had two brothers,—Edward Harris, who graduated at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1621, and became a barrister of the Inner Temple; and Richard Harris, the youngest of the family, who graduated at New College, Oxford, in 1640, and became one of the first tutors of Harvard College. Rev. Jose Glover had two children by this second marriage, Priscilla and John.

We thus see that Rev. Mr. Glover had a wide and varied connection through his father, his three younger brothers, and his first wife's family with the rich merchants and traders, through his brother and brother-in-law with the legal profession, and through his second wife's family with those prominent in the church and in educational work. Possessed of an ample fortune and rector of an important parish, he was eminently fitted to bring the needs of the Infant Colony and College to the knowledge of many men of influence in different spheres of life.

Rev. Jose Glover was a member of the Massachusetts Bay Company in New England, having subscribed £50. Associated with him, and subscribing the same sum, were his brother-in-law Joseph Owfield, and Richard Davis, whom he styles in his will "my ancient friend."

It is probable that Mr. Glover had imbibed Puritan doctrines at Cambridge, but the first intimation that we have of his views is obtained from the petition of Edward Darcey, who held the presentation to the living of Sutton, to the Archbishop of Canterbury. This document, dated December 12, 1634, declares that Rev. Jose Glover "refused to publish the Book of Sports," and that he, Edward Dareey, Esq., "did in his desire to have due obedience given to the royall comannde of his saered Matie cause the same booke to bee published in the said Church by a neighbo' minister." This

book was written by King James the First in 1618, and declared that it was the king's pleasure that "no lawful recreation should be debarred to his good people, which did not tend to the breach of the laws of his kingdom and the canons of the Church."

The contents of this book was ordered to be read in the churches, but the command was not enforced until, in 1633, Charles the First ordered that the book should be read in all the parish churches. This excited the indignation of the Puritans and greatly contributed to the downfall of the monarchy. In 1649 the Long Parliament called in all copies of the Book of Sports and ordered them burned. Rev. Mr. Glover was now suspended from his duties as Rector of Sutton. Mr. Darecy hoped that he would conform and be restored to the parish as rector. Mr. Glover held it under consideration and turned his thoughts to New England.

It is now pretty well proved that Mr. Glover made his first voyage to this country in the spring before this petition was presented to the Archbishop. We know that he was in London on March 13, 1634, when he witnessed the will of Francis Drake of Esher, Surrey, who died March 17, leaving to "John Drake, my cousin William Drake's son £20 to be sent to him in New England and to Joanna Hooker, who is now in New England, £30, at her marriage." This was probably the daughter of Rev. Thomas Hooker, minister of the First Church in Cambridge, who married Rev. Thomas Shepard, her father's successor, in 1637.

Rev. Jose Glover was part owner of the "Planter" of London, and it is thought that he sailed in this vessel April 7, 1634. Stores purchased by Mr. John Humphrey were on board, and it is believed that he and his wife, Lady Susan, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, were passengers on this voyage. The "Planter" arrived in Boston in June, 1634.

As an adventurer of £50 in the common stock of the Colony, Rev. Jose Glover was entitled to a house lot of half an acre and a farm of two hundred acres. If he applied, and these lands were not granted to him within ten days of his landing, he was at liberty to select land from that not appropriated. Mr. Glover's house lot was on the north corner of the present Court and Washington Streets, where the Ames Building stands. He also had three acres of land fronting on Cambridge Street, between West Cedar and

Charles Streets. No record of grants was made in Boston until 1645. The General Court had ordered such records to be kept as early as March, 1635, but only one town (Cambridge) had complied with the order. "The Proprietor's Book of Newe Towne" was handed in to the court October 27, 1636.

It is probable that Mr. Glover began to build immediately on his Washington Street lot. He was a legal inhabitant of Boston at this time, for only such shared in the allotment of land at Rumney Marsh (Chelsea) and Pullen Point (Winthrop). To Mr. Glover was granted "nyne and fortie acres of land at Rumney Marsh, whieh his widow sold in 1639 to John Newgate." Mr. Glover also bought the wind-mill at Lynn of his fellow passenger, John Humphrey.

How long Mr. Glover remained here is not known. He must have found many old friends and Cambridge fellow students among the settlers here. Roger Williams, own cousin of his brother-in-law, who had been supplying the Plymouth pulpit for three years, returned to Salem not long before Mr. Glover's arrival, and Winslow offered the pastorate of the Plymouth Church to Mr. Glover. He declined this, for all his interests were in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and though a non-Conformist he was not a Separatist. It is surmised that the presidency of the new College at Newe Towne (Cambridge) was also offered to him, but of that no proof has yet been found. He had definitely given up the rectorship of Sutton, for, June 10, 1636, his successor was inducted there.

Mr. Glover was now free to work for the Colony and for the education of the youth here. He was eminently fitted for the work. He returned to England, and went about preaching and speaking in various counties. He was a convincing preacher, as we learn from at least two persons who attribute their conversion to his words. How many were influenced to send money to the new College we do not know, but we do know that he collected £50 for a font of type, as he saw what an important help a printing-press would be. With his own money he bought a second-hand press, and, in June, 1648, he entered into a contract with Stephen Day¹ of Cambridge, England, locksmith, to embark with

¹ Stephen Day spelled his name without the final *e*, as may be seen in the majority of the documents signed by him, so I have retained that form though it is usual now to spell it Daye.

his family on the "John" of London, for New England, there to exercise his trade. The family consisted of Mr. Day, his wife, two minor sons, Stephen, Jr., and Matthew, Mrs. Day's son by a former marriage, William Bordman, and three men-servants. The passage money, £44, was paid by Mr. Glover, who also provided Day with kettles and iron tools to the value of £7; all of which was to be repaid within "Twenty and fower monthes next after the arrivall of said Stephen Day, the father, in New England aforesaid. Or within Thirty daies next after the decease of the said Stephen Day." This would be the date at which both the sons of Stephen Day would be of age and their father would have no more control over them. It is thought that the sons had been apprenticed to a printer and knew the trade. Stephen Day the elder was only a locksmith, but might be useful in setting up the press, which probably Mr. Glover intended to manage with the help of the lads, while Stephen, Senior, prospected for iron and opened up that industry, a business in which he was later engaged.

All arrangements being made, the Glover family, consisting of Rev. Jose Glover, his wife, Roger, Elizabeth, and Sarah, children of his first marriage, and John and Priscilla, the children of the second wife, John Stedman his faithful steward, various servants, and the Day party, eight persons, embarked on the "John" and sailed from London late in July, 1638. On the voyage Mr. Glover fell ill, probably of the smallpox, and died. He had made his will on the 16th of May of this same year. His friend Richard Davis and Rev. John Harris, warden of Winchester College, his wife's uncle, were the executors. It is believed that before sailing Mr. Glover had purchased the house of Gov. John Haynes, which stood in Cambridge, facing what was then called the Market Place, now Winthrop Square. It is the only house mentioned in "The Proprietor's Record" as having a court. It was doubtless built with two wings stretching westward and enclosing a court-yard, such as was common at that time in England, and was like the house which Governor Haynes afterwards built in Connecticut. It was at that time by far the finest house in Cambridge, and in the "John" came plentiful furnishings for the house.

In the College Library are the papers used in the suit between Dunster and the Glover heirs, and among these we have two affi-

davits from maids of Mrs. Glover describing the splendors of the house. "Eleven down beds there were," says one, "all well fitted and furnished for use, one of them having phlox and Cherry Curtains, ingrain, with a Deep Silk Fringe on the Vallance and a smaller on the Curtains, and a Coverlett suitable to it made of Red Kersey and barred with a green lace round the sides and two down the middle. Also there appertained to that bed an outlining quilt, also to another a blew serge suit, very rich and costly curtains and valances, laced and fringed, and a blew Rug to the bed." "There was also a Greene Suit in the same manner, also another Red wrought suit with a Stoole and all things complete. Also a Canopy bed with curtains, a chest of Drawers of which one of that chest was full of fine Linnen, a Damask Suite, several Diaper Suites, a fine yellow Rug with a starr and with abundance of flaxen Linnen for common use. In another part of the Chest of Drawes tapes and tafetys for Screens and Shades." "There were Damask and Holland table cloths, napkins and side cloths and 3 sorts of Hangings, one of tapestry, and fringed hangings." There was brass and pewter in abundance and silver plate, "a Greate Wine Bowl and a Greate Sugar Dish and Chaffin Dish, beside those that were used in the Court." "A very fair salt with three full knobs on top of it, 3 other silver Pitchers of lessor sorts, a great silver Tankard with 4 mugs to stand on the table quite fine, 6 porringers one small and 3 greate bowles, 4 mugs and a pot, a silver Grater with a cover on it, 6 plain Trenchers, plate, also Blanketts and Coverletts and Rugs, usually employed to furnish so many beds."

Stephen Day, who saw this silver set out in the Haynes house, estimates it to be worth in England £200 or more, and mentions in addition "a very faire and large silver bason and Ewer and a great quantity of spoons."

The Glover family being now established in Cambridge, Mrs. Glover bought of James Luxford the house on the west side of Crooked Street, now Holyoke, where later the first grammar school was built, and there the Days lived, and Mr. Littlefield says the first printing-office in this country was established.

It seems strange that in the flood of historical stories that we have had these last years this coming of the first printing-press should have been overlooked, for there is much of romance

about it. We can well picture to ourselves some of those who met the sorrowing party on their landing. Of the fifty Cambridge graduates who at this time held parishes in or near Boston many must have been personal friends of Mr. Glover, and some at least, knowing of his expected arrival, would be ready to welcome him and his family; then those who were interested in the College now established at Cambridge must have been anxious to see Mr. Glover and learn what success he had had in England in his work of collecting money for the College. Rev. Thomas Shepard would certainly be there; since Mr. Glover's former visit he had married Joanna Hooker. His half-brother, Samuel Shepard, with his young wife would not be wanting, for to him had been committed the care of the college buildings and Roger Harlakenden, then living in Governor Dudley's house, young, and so eager and full of interest in all that concerned Harvard and Cambridge, so soon himself to fall a victim to the dreaded smallpox; and Nathaniel Eaton, who was to have the care of the students for one year more. All these and many others must have welcomed the mourning party as they made their entry into Cambridge.

In his will, which was proved in London the following December, Rev. Jose Glover says: "It is my will and pleasure that my deare and loving wife, whom I have ever found very faythful unto me should enjoy all my estate in Lands and chattles and goods both in New England, likewise all my estate in Old England during her life. And it is my will that she shall at her charge maintaine and liberally educate all my children." Mrs. Glover seems to have been capable of managing the affairs and caring for the children, but the responsibility was great, the oldest child being only in his fifteenth year.

In 1640 Richard Harris, Mrs. Glover's younger brother, took his degree of B. A. at New College, Oxford, for which he had been fitted at Winchester College under the care of his uncle, John Harris, the warden. The summer after taking his degree he came to America, probably in the ship that brought over Henry Dunster; together they came to Cambridge, where from that time Mr. Harris made his home with his sister. The College was now without a head. Rev. Nathaniel Eaton, after having administered a beating to his usher, Mr. Bristoe, had fled, and Rev. Mr. Shepard and Mr.

Elijah Corlet may have been trying to instruct the youth, but a competent man, who could give his whole time to the College, was needed. Mr. Dunster was the elder of the two new arrivals; born in 1609, he was now a little over thirty, had taken his B. A. at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1630, and his M. A. in 1634. It is not known that he had had any parish in England. He had been in the country only three weeks when, on August 27, 1640, "About ten magistrates and sixteen elders called him to be president of the College." Beside the instructing of the youths he had to superintend the preparation of their food, beg money to keep them, and attend to all the minor duties of the College. At that time the New College had been begun, the walls only were finished, and Mr. Hugh Peter and Samuel Shepard, who had the charge of the building, had gone to England, so Mr. Dunster had to finish it. Mr. Richard Harris was appointed tutor, and for him a Chamber in the New Hall was finished at a cost to the College of £5. 19s. 11d. It was double the size of any other chamber, and was the most luxurious. It was " sieled with Cedar round about," contained a chimney, was boarded all around with pine, *i.e.* wainscoted, had glass in the sashes, and was furnished with a form and table. Mr. Richard Harris died in 1644, bequeathing the so-called "Great Salt" to Harvard College. It had belonged to his father, Rev. Nathaniel Harris, Canon of Hereford, and had been brought to this country by his sister, Mrs. Glover. It bears on the upper side of the rim the initial G, and below, I and E, which stands for Glover, Iose and Elizabeth. On the lower part is the inscription, "The gift of Mr. Richard Harris of Cambridge, 1644," placed there at a later date.¹ Mr. Harris lived in the New Hall but was a member of his sister's family until her death. He died August 24, 1644, and is buried in the old burying-ground on Garden Street, but no memorial of him is there to be seen.

Rev. Henry Dunster had not been president of the College a year when, on June 22, 1641, he married the widow of the Rev. Jose Glover and went to live in the Haynes House. Mrs. Glover was not strong and only survived her second marriage two years and

¹ By Mr. Thaddeus William Harris, with the approval of President Edward Everett, Mr. Harris having taken pains to look up the history of this and other pieces of old silver belonging to the College.

two months, dying in August, 1643. Mr. Dunster now had the care of the five children. Roger went to England and was slain at the taking of Edinburgh Castle in 1650. Elizabeth lived seven months in the home after her step-mother's death and then married Mr. Adam Winthrop, the son of the Governor, a young man of twenty-four; she lived with him seven years, dying in 1648, leaving one child, Adam. About the time of her death her own sister, Sarah Glover, married a younger son of the Governor, Mr. Deane Winthrop; they lived at Pullen Point, now called Winthrop, in the house that is still standing. They had nine children; the sons all died young except Jose, who lived to be thirty-six, dying in 1702 without issue. There were five daughters, four of whom married; the youngest was the wife of Atherton Haugh.

Of the second Mrs. Glover's children, John, graduated in 1650 at Harvard, went to England and took his degree as M. D. at Aberdeen, where he died unmarried about 1668, having made much trouble for his step-father, President Dunster, regarding the settlement of the involved estate. Priscilla, the youngest child of the Rev. Jose Glover, married Capt. John Appleton of Ipswich. She died February 18, 1697, aged sixty-three. Her son John Appleton married before her death, 1680, Elizabeth Rogers, daughter of John Rogers of Ipswich, President of Harvard College; her granddaughter Margaret married in 1725 Rev. Edward Holyoke of Marblehead, President of Harvard; her grandson, Rev. Nathaniel Appleton, was pastor of the First Church in Cambridge for more than sixty-six years, and many of his descendants married into Cambridge families and were well known here.

That the Colony felt greatly indebted to Mr. Glover is shown by the fact that in 1639 the General Court granted to his widow six hundred acres of land, no one receiving so much except Rev. John Wilson, pastor of Boston.

In 1644 Mr. Dunster married again and the following year he moved into the President's house, that he had built with money begged from his friends. This stood where Massachusetts Hall now stands; and here came the printing-press, to be under the eye of the President. The house on Holyoke Street had been sold, but Mr. Dunster afterwards bought it back, and the Faire Grammar School was built there. Matthew Day was still in charge of the

press, and here in the President's house were printed the "Proceedings between the Narrowgansetts and English," Samuel Danforth's Almanac in 1646, and the "Almanac of Mr. William Pierce, mariner." Then the second edition of the "Bay Psalm Book," the "Commencement Theses" and the "Book of Lawes." In May, 1649, Matthew Day died, leaving the house on the corner of Harvard Square and Dunster Street, now marked by a tablet, to his mother. His father lived there until 1668. He also left three-quarters of the Fellow's Orchard to Harvard College, of which he had been steward, his looking-glass to John Glover, then a senior in College, and to the two little children of President Dunster by the second marriage a silver spoon each. Samuel Green, at that time thirty-five years old, succeeded Matthew Day as printer.

The press remained in the President's house until he left Cambridge. Up to this time a certain amount of the profits of the press went to the College, because the font of type was its property; the rest went to the Glover heirs. The second president, Rev. Charles Chauncey, had a large family, and he asked to have the press removed. A print-house had been begun but was never completed, as the money came in so slowly; the College that had been built for the Indians, about where Matthews Hall now stands, was deserted, and it is probable that the press, that was now principally used in printing Eliot's Bible and his translations into the Indian tongue, was removed to the Indian College. In 1658 Mr. Hezekiah Usher bought a much better press and type in England, with money provided by the College, and both were placed under the charge of Mr. Samuel Green. The last of Mr. Eliot's translations printed in his lifetime was Rev. Mr. Shepard's "Sincere Convert," in 1689, and the last Indian book printed in Cambridge was John Cotton's "Spiritual Milk for American Babes," in 1691.

July 9, 1680, Messrs. Jasper Danker and Peter Sluyter visited Harvard College, and they record: "We passed by the printing-office, but there was nobody in it. The paper sash however being broken we looked in and saw the two presses with six or eight cases of type. There is not much work done there. Our printing office is well worth two of it and even more." This is the last account we have of the old press from an eye-witness. Glover's press, second-hand when he bought it, had been used here for fifty-

four years; meanwhile there had been many improvements in presses, so probably when the Indian College was pulled down the venerable press was sold for old iron.¹

By 1718 President Dunster's house had been pulled down to make way for Massachusetts Hall. The Great and General Court had granted £3,500 towards the erection of this building, and as we see it now on our seal it has stood for nearly one hundred and ninety years. It was used first as a dormitory, later, flooring and partitions being removed, as recitation rooms; now, on Commencement days the President and officers of Harvard College await here the Governor and distinguished guests, and from its door the procession starts for the Commencement exercises. Long may it stand, the oldest building of Harvard, standing on the site where once the first press in the United States printed the first American literature!

A little to the south of Massachusetts Hall was built the second meeting-house of the First Church in 1652. Here ministered the third pastor, Rev. Jonathan Mitchell, called The Matchless. From his house President Dunster had but few steps to go on that memorable Sunday, July 30, 1654, when the Spirit moved him to remonstrate against the rite of infant baptism, an act that cost him his office and forced him to leave the Cambridge that he loved so much that on his death-bed he begged to lie in the old God's Acre on Garden Street. Here also ministered the pious Mr. Nathaniel Gookin and the saintly William Brattle. In 1706 was erected the Third Meeting-house, where Rev. Nathaniel Appleton preached until 1756, when the Fourth Meeting-house, the one shown on our seal, was built, very near the site of its predecessors. In this his-

¹ There is an ancient printing-press in the possession of the Vermont Historical Society now in the State House at Montpelier, which is said to be the "Daye Press." It is thought that Samuel Green gave it to Timothy Green, who gave it to the Spooners, who went to Norwich, Conn., to establish a printing-office. They took it to the New Hampshire Grant, where it was used in 1777 to print the first book printed in Vermont; it passed through the hands of many Vermont printers, and was finally given to the Vermont Historical Society by the newspaper men of the State. Those curious to know whether this is the original press brought to Cambridge by Mr. Glover are referred to two papers by General Rush E. Hawkins, entitled "The Daye Press," published in *The Literary Collector*, December, 1903, and March, 1904.

toric building the Provincial Congress, with John Hancock as president, met to elect a Committee of Safety, in 1774. Later the Congress met here again to watch the movements of the British troops. Here Washington and his officers attended public worship during the siege of Boston and listened to the preaching of the venerable Mr. Appleton. Here in 1779 the delegates from towns of Massachusetts met and framed the Constitution of the Commonwealth, that was ratified in 1780. Here for over seventy years were held the Harvard Commencements and the inaugurations of the presidents and other solemn exercises. Here General La Fayette was welcomed by a grateful people in 1824. In 1833, just two hundred years after the first meeting-house was built in Cambridge, this historic building was pulled down.

I think you will now agree with me that every part of our Society Seal is suggestive. The printing-press, the only one in America for thirty-five years; the crest of two books, typifying the books written and books printed in Cambridge during nearly three centuries; the Greek lamp, symbolic of classical learning; the oldest college building now standing; and, lastly, the historic old meeting house, where for nearly eighty years town and gown met to praise Him who had carried our forefathers safe to New England.

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE read the following paper:

SOME CAMBRIDGE MEN I HAVE KNOWN

MR. CHAIRMAN: I should like to have it understood at the beginning that I am here to-night under protest; I am not at all responsible; I refused and protested and never consented,—unless silence gives consent. I am especially sorry in regard to the subject that was given me, because it almost makes it obligatory to talk about myself. I have been asked to speak about some men whom I have known. It so happens that if a person lives a considerable time he comes to know a considerable number of people. That has been my lot, and I have been especially favored in the sort of people, or some of the people, whom I have known. I am somewhat oppressed when I think of those with whom my own life has been brought in contact; when I remember that I came to Boston,

a boy, a stranger in this great city,—there was not a man in the city whom I knew except in the very slightest way,—and yet that I was permitted to know so many afterwards who have had an active part, here in the college and in the country.

What I shall say to-night, for I certainly must be limited, will relate almost entirely to the men whom I have known in Harvard College. The first great man I ever saw was John Quincy Adams. He came to New Bedford when I was a schoolboy, and the boys were allowed to shake hands with him. Then I came to Boston and was thrown into connection with one of the leading families of the city, the Lawrences, and with them spent four years. This has always been a mystery to me, that they really took me in. I had not been in their employ very long when the head of the firm, Mr. Samuel Lawrence, asked me to his house for a Christmas^d dinner. Why he selected me, the youngest boy in his employ, I do not know; but there came to be a real friendship, and he came almost to be a father to me,—and that led on to other things. So when I came to college, very much against his remonstrance, it was in part through his instrumentality that I met the first eminent man of my college experience, the Honorable Edward Everett, whom I came to know very pleasantly, so far as a young man could,—becoming more than a guest, a friend even, in his house,—and whose acquaintance I enjoyed to the day of his death, and might have enjoyed to this day if he had lived. Of course that was due to the fact that his son William was my college chum, as he is my friend to this hour. Mr. Everett is most highly esteemed as scholar and orator, and statesman; but when one came to be near him he was found a very generous and companionable man. I had many delightful hours in his house! I think you will agree with me that the easiest man to get along with is a gentleman. One whom we call a man of the people oftentimes does not know what to do and is very awkward in doing it; but a gentleman you can depend on for his courtesy. Mr. Everett was one of the gentlest men I have ever known; he never made a noise. I remember going upstairs behind him one day, and recall his saying: “Dr. Jackson says you must go upstairs slowly.” That has been a lesson to me. There was nothing more impressive than to be with Mr. Everett at family prayers. He would stand and read the prayers with all the rever-

encee and dignity befitting that solemn service. He was a man of charming wit, with great resources in historical and personal incidents which came constantly to his mind, and which he was very glad to share with others. Now there is a point which I should like to make because I think it needs, possibly, to be recognized. Mr. Everett has always been called a cold man. It has been my fortune to know some of those cold men, who keep one at a distance. They are as genial men as I have happened to encounter. They are not men with whom you take liberties. They are reserved towards those who intrude upon them; but any one who has the slightest claim has found them very kind, very approachable men. Such at least has been my experience.

When I was coming to college Mr. Everett suggested to me, what would have been presumptuous for a sub-freshman without some such introduction, that I should call upon the President. The President was by marriage a relative of Mr. Everett. So I ventured to call upon him, and the President, I am very glad to remember, was James Walker. President Walker gave me a very kind, cordial reception, and that was my entrance, my first step into the college. There are those here to-night, I presume, who remember Dr. Walker. A greater man has rarely walked the streets of Cambridge in this or any preceding generation. He was a man of very sturdy character. He was very lame, and walked with labor across the college yard. His hand was cramped and he had to hold his pen in his fist, and push it up and down in a very irregular style of writing. But his words told. His face was one of those strong, massive faces. His preaching was of that strong, massive kind. I keep two volumes of his sermons at my hand now. I wish we had such preachers in these days. We get too little of that tremendous iron-bound truth which there is no getting away from. He was very decided in his ways. We did not often hear the President. But now and then he would lead the chapel service, and the fellows went out and talked about it. It was something to remember, to hear Dr. Walker read the Bible. He liked those dramatic passages. He had one gesture, a sort of up and down arrangement; but that did not come into his reading. I can hear him read now: Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin. Every fellow felt that he was in the scales, and that the scales were turn-

ing the wrong way. Then in preaching he would come out with some such thundering sentence as, "Young men, you have more need of religion than religion has of you!" Yet a kind man he was, a courteous man, a man ever to be trusted. They had a report in the class before mine that he once preached a sermon on Honesty is the best policy, and proved it was not; but I think that was a student misconception. He was, on the other hand, a very honest, straightforward man. I remember very well going to him one day. The faculty—it was not this faculty but another—made a rule that Class-day should be pushed up against Commencement. In my time we used to have Class-day and Commencement about three weeks apart, and the fellows who had parts were supposed to be writing them. I do not know what the others were supposed to be doing. Then the faculty put the two days near together, so that we lost that three weeks' recess. Well, we had a class meeting and remonstrated; and they appointed a man who afterwards became a prominent Boston lawyer, Frank Balch, and myself a committee to wait on the President. We secured the interview and stated our case. Our principal argument was that if they moved Class-day they took it out of strawberry time, and what would Class-day be without strawberries! I presume that the President saw the point. He heard all we had to say, and then quietly remarked: "Young gentlemen, your feeling is better than your argument." But he gave us what we asked for; they moved Commencement, and let Class-day stand. So we prevailed. He was that kind of man,—honest, steady, firm in his conviction, but with a warm, generous, obliging heart. He said to me one day after I came back here, "If I ever gave up being a Unitarian, which I cannot imagine, I should become a Methodist." He liked the Methodist spirit and emotion. That was in the old time; Methodists seem to have given up much of that feeling, but they used to have a good deal of inspiring sound and glow; they used to sing; they do not sing in that way now,—they have quartette choirs. Dr. Walker knew the former days.

The preacher who came to the college at the same time with my class was of a different type; just as good a man as the President, but not so well fitted for his position. He was the most popular preacher in Boston, I think, when he came here; but for some reason

he did not quite meet the student mind. He was not a graduate of Harvard, which was a misfortune, and he did not get into the Harvard way. He was in a transition state ; nobody knew quite where he was coming out. He was rather fond of ritual, which the Harvard faculty disliked. He was fond of form in one way and another. The students said that he talked too much about sin. Perhaps he did. They said that he was wordy. He did drive a substantive and six, as they said of Rufus Choate. But it was all very good ; and I think we never had a man here who cared more for our welfare than Dr. Huntington. You know if a man gets an unfortunate name in college he seldom loses it ; and Dr. Huntington made an error in the beginning. He called us together and sought our favor, and among other things said, "I have asked that I may not be required to join the faculty ; I want to stand outside as your friend." Well, we believed in that and rather liked it. Then presently he was in the faculty. The fellows never understood quite how he got there, what the change of mind was ; but it gave rise to one of those college prejudices which you cannot reason against. But he was one of the best of men. I think the hardest contest I had in college was for him. It came time to get the baccalaureate preacher. We had a class meeting, and the class said the Plummer professor should not preach that sermon. I thought that he should, if I could bring it about. I made the best argument I could and was beaten, as I have been many times since. They said the President should preach the sermon. Dr. Walker was waited on, and he simply remarked, "Whoever happens to be preaching that day will preach that sermon." The Plummer professor preached it. I had my way after all, though it was gathering victory out of defeat. I have the greatest regard for Dr. Huntington. I think it was unfortunate that he was here, but no man was ever more faithful and loyal, and he did more in some ways than anybody else at that time.

But the man who came after him — now I am down to your time — was a model man in many things, a man of great learning, a man of an immense heart. I have seldom known a man who had such a large heart as Dr. Andrew Peabody. It was big all through. I meet a great many men whom I respect when I go away from them more than I did when I came to them ; I do not think I ever

talked with Dr. Peabody that I did not think better of him ; but I thought better of myself, too. He had that way ; I would tell him some little project I was going to carry out, some paper I was writing, and he would express his great pleasure, "I am so glad You are going to do that." I do not suppose he thought of it five minutes after, but still it helped me over the hard places. Kind ! You could not get him to do anything against a student if he knew that student's grandfather. He had a theory that a man might have two inheritances. He cited the case of a man who was living in the town here at that time who had been wild in his youth, but who turned around and became a very sober citizen. He said, "That man used his inheritance from his mother first; that took him some years, and he ran through that; then he took up his father,—it is his father you see now." The father was a minister of good standing. There was a great deal of wit in the Doctor. There was a great deal of severity when he was stirred up. I have rarely seen a man who could be more sarcastic. I once asked him about a minister who had come into this region, "Do you know him?" He said, "Yes, I do; he was a business man; he came to me and asked if he had better study for the ministry. I told him, no. He took my advice, and went into the ministry without studying." He was somewhat uncertain for a time, as many were, over some things in the matter of evolution, especially on that Simian line, whether we really do come from monkeys. He said in one of his sermons, I remember, "The best proof we have that men have come from monkeys is the desire of some men to prove that it is so." He confessed to me one day a certain relief he had received. It seems they wanted to put up a new building in our ward here and there was opposition to it, and a public hearing, and they got the old Doctor down to testify on one side or the other. A foolish thing ! The Doctor did not know anything about it, but he knew which side they wanted him to testify on. But there was an Irish alderman there who handled him, as they say, "without gloves"; also used him very roughly and rudely. I saw the Doctor shortly after, and he said, "I have been in doubt about this matter of evolution, about our coming from monkeys. My mind is clear now; I have found the connecting link; it is an alderman from East Cambridge." Well, that

was the sort of thing he could say ; and yet he would be so kind, so patient, so generous. I have one or two letters from him that I should think were extravagant if I did not know the sober mind which was back of them. I think, on the whole, the most touching thing I ever heard from the Doctor was a paper he read at our ministers' club upon the internal evidence for the authorship of the Gospel of St. John,— that St. John wrote it. It was a delightful paper, and one point which he made was, that it was written by an old man. Dr. Peabody, I think, then was over eighty. He said, "There is this peculiarity about an old man: he notices little things. Now you read that Gospel and compare it with the others and you find it is full of little things." I cannot give the instances now, but you will remember that some were drawn out in detail. He might have used, for example, the Cana of Galilee incident. A young man would have said, "There were some stone water-jars there." The old man said, "There were six of them and they would hold about two or three firkins apiece." Again, by the Sea of Galilee, a young man would say, "They brought in the nets with lots of fishes." There the old man would say, "There were a hundred and fifty-three fishes, and big ones, too." This course of argument, coming from this old man who said he remembered the past now a great deal better than he did when younger, became very impressive. A very rare, very choice character! I almost pity anybody who never knew Dr. Peabody. It seems there must be something wanting in his life. He was not graceful. He was reported to have said that he saw no good in going to dancing school; he never went. There was no reason to suppose he had gone. But his mind worked clearly, distinctly, and beautifully. He was a man long to be remembered.

I began, I think, about the President. Let me pass on to the President who came after Dr. Walker. It was after my time; my whole college course was spent under Dr. Walker; and I am grateful for that. But the President who followed was a professor in my day, Professor Felton. We have recently heard an admirable account of the man and his life from Professor Goodwin, and I need not speak of him at any length. Those here who remember him recall a man whose very presence was full of gladness and beauty. A large man, a jolly man, with curly hair and a smiling face. I

know at the Phi Beta dinners we always expected something funny from Professor Felton. He was not a great teacher, at least according to my standard. He undertook to read Demosthenes with us, but I think there was something wanting. I do not think we entered into the spirit of Demosthenes as we might have done if he had made us dig things out for ourselves. But he was wonderfully popular. I remember very well our last recitation to him. It had been the custom after the last recitations to cheer the professors. There was naturally a good deal of discrimination about it, and the faculty noticed that we did not cheer men equally, but one more than another; so they attempted to stop the whole thing, and they voted there should be no more of that cheering of the professors. They wanted to protect the men who did not get the applause. The Professor told us this as we went down under Harvard Hall, and it must have been G. Lawrence who called out, "Three cheers for Corny Felton!" We cheered him; and nobody enjoyed it more than he did, I think, if the sound went up into his ears, and brought out that beautiful smile which we knew so well.

In Greek we were singularly off, if I speak of men I knew. It was pretty hard upon us freshmen to be thrown upon Sophocles. Sophocles was a Greek right through. It was a current mystery whether he was a monk, or soldier, or what. He was evidently a Greek. He knew everything, that was understood; and he was very quiet, as he walked about the streets with his head down, meditating something. But in the recitation room it was simply an impossibility to move with assurance. No matter how well you got your lesson, he would take you off on some track you never dreamed of. He would mislead a student; he would give a cue which the poor fellow would follow and get into trouble. "Is that verb in the second aorist?" "Yes, sir." "It is not." And he had one question, relating to something in Greece, — I do not remember quite the point, something in regard to an old temple and its fallen columns. "Why is that so? How do you account for that?" Well, the fellow had never heard of the thing, and he gave a guess. "No, that is not it." The fellow who tried next without success varied the guess. Another was inquired of. "No, no; what is the reason for that?" "I do not know, sir." "That is

right, nobody knows." I think that particular adventure was not tried in my class, but he would lead us along a good deal in that way. He was in some ways a very good tutor. There was a custom in that day that if you lived under a tutor you were liable to be called on at any time for his errands. He had only to stamp on the floor and you had to go up and do whatever he told you. It was my luck to live under Sophocles, but never in the whole year did he stamp on the floor. He once came and tapped on my door, and when I went there he said in his solemn way, "I should like to see Bailey, if it is convenient; if not, no matter." Well, I did what I ought not to have done; I should not do it now; I called Bailey. What the result was I do not know, but that is the only application I ever had from Sophocles to do anything of that sort. When I returned to Cambridge, as I did after a little absence, I knew Sophocles very well. He was a delightful man to meet anywhere, in his room, on the street. It was pleasant to ask him questions. I remember there was a Greek word which, professionally, I had some occasion to consider; and there was some dispute about its meaning; and walking down Garden Street one day I said, "Mr. Sophocles, what does that word mean?" He said— "What does Epiphanius say?" That did not help me, for I did not know what Epiphanius said. He went on and expanded it, however, and I found that I agreed with what he said. I have always felt a little braver, for I hold the same opinion still, and if anybody disputes me, I have Epiphanius behind me. I believe Sophocles' chief diversion was keeping hens, which he quartered on some neighbor's premises. You see that Sophocles was a pretty difficult man to get on with as a teacher, especially for innocent, unsuspecting freshmen. I had never read a line of lyric Greek poetry until I came here for examination. To be thrown suddenly into the *Aleestis* of Euripides was a little violent. Somehow I came through. Then we were thrown into the hands of a magnificent scholar, with all the learning of Germany in his brain. His name was Goodwin. He was commonly known as John Goodwin. I do not know why. I think that we all liked him. I believe it was the *Ajax* which we read with him. We had difficulty with the play. The text was corrupt; but, corrupt or pure, it was a great deal too much for us; and Goodwin's hobby was to give us some

other text, to amend that we had. Now for fellows who could not manage one, it was worse than superfluous to give us two or three more. But we came through, and had great and abiding respect for our teacher. I hope it will be a very great while before his epitaph is written, but one of my class wrote an epitaph as we were sitting there one day and he was giving his versions of the text. Dr. Huntington, now at Grace Church, New York, the witty man of our class, drew a gravestone and wrote this inscription:

Here lies tutor G.; read his epitaph straight,
Let no word, line nor letter be needing;
For should you make e'en the slightest mistake,
He will rise and propose the true reading.

That is the way in which we learned Greek. If we pass over to other departments we had various experiences. There was no man more generally beloved and trusted, no man more learned in his own department, than Asa Gray. I esteemed him very highly then, and afterwards as a parishioner. But, like other men, he was not very successful as a teacher of undergraduates. Those men, they knew so much they could not understand how it was that we knew so little. If we had been proficient, with some enthusiasm over Botany, which was a required study, we might have done better. The only thing I remember learning was the difference between endogenous and exogenous. I think I have still the substance of the distinction. But the courtesy of the man! He would call on a poor fellow who would not know anything on the subject of his inquiry and whose remarks were inaccurate. But there was no sneer, no rebuke. "Allow me to pass that"; and the student, not to be outdone in courtesy, would allow him to pass it. That was the end, except it might have been noticed in the marks. We had marks in those days. Apparently he was fond of argument. If you find a quiet man you will generally find a combatant underneath. The blustering man is apt to be a coward. Some of you may remember Gray's dispute with Agassiz. He was very much displeased with a popular lecturer who was around here after my college time, a Harvard man with the name of Joseph Cook. Cook's folly or foible was omniscience; he knew everything. When he talked on science he made a bad piece of work of it. Dr. Gray was offended and complained to me about it. I did not know much about the matter.

After a time this lecturer struck theology, and made as bad work of that as he did of science. I met the Professor one day and said, "Dr. Gray, I see now what has troubled you about Cook." "Ah, yes, yes, you see now, you see now," he said. I think there must be some here who remember seeing him going up the street with the little dog behind him, in a quiet, meditative way. He had a present of botanical specimens from a man in Maine; I think his name was Sparrow. When Dr. Gray wanted to acknowledge it, he had lost the letter, but he remembered the name was the name of a bird, and sent his acknowledgment to Mr. Swallow; it was in the same department, so it did not make much difference. He had the honor, so it is said,—I suppose it is correct,—of settling the question of priority between Darwin and Wallace. It was disputed which of them gave his great theory first. It so happened that Darwin had written a letter which Dr. Gray was able to produce, and which settled that question. He was a man that would give you a great deal in a small compass. About the time that evolution was first talked about, he knew what authority I would appeal to, as a minister, and to prove that evolution was true, he referred me to the book of Genesis, and said, "There it is way back there." There it was. People had not generally appealed to that authority. They had looked down among birds, and bugs, and plants. He knew that would not appeal to me; he went back to the creation. While I was talking with him one day, speaking of a lecturer who had amazed his hearers because he knew so much more than other people and had a right to know more, for he had seen through an immense telescope, nobody in the audience had seen such a big telescope as that man had seen through, and they sat there thinking. That man must be telling the truth, because he has seen through a bigger telescope than we have. Dr. Gray said to me, "That man does not see a single thing through that telescope that you cannot see standing on this sidewalk." At once I saw that it was so. He could see a little further and see more things; he could not discover a single astronomical principle with any religious bearing that a boy on the sidewalk could not discover. I was very fond of Dr. Gray; I treasure his memory; and that beautiful verse which was written of him by Mr. Lowell is eminently true when it speaks of his indefatigable days, and prays

that they may be prolonged,—days which are as gayly innocent and fragrant as his flowers. You notice that Lowell said *his* flowers, not *the* flowers. They said of Dr. Gray, that if he took up a bunch of flowers they would fall into their places naturally, they loved him so. It is possible that is an exaggeration, but it shows the spirit of the man. I do believe there is some affinity between men and flowers. At any rate, they have the same life, and why should they not work together?

Mathematics! Shall I say a word about it? The class was divided into two parts. Half of it was given to a man popularly known as Jimmy Peirce, and the other half to a man known as Eliot. He was connected with the college afterwards in another capacity,—I believe that he is now. I came under Charles W. Eliot,—a beautiful teacher, clear, accurate, just as he is now; very kind, very helpful, very considerate. We not only learned geometry, analytical geometry, trigonometry, and such things from him, but he took a squad of us out to survey. We surveyed the whole college yard, put every tree in its place very carefully, and all the buildings, with their ins and outs. I think the only place which baffled us was that curve around by Harvard Square. I think I was on that part. We had to appeal to him to get the curve drawn as it was. But we made such a good map that the corporation accepted it, and thanked us for it. Then from him we went up to the greatest of all mathematicians, Benjamin Peirce. If it is any fun to see a man stand before the blackboard and cover it with Japanese or Chinese or some other characters you cannot understand, we had that satisfaction. He spent the morning amusing himself at the blackboard. We used to follow along a little while, all of us together, and then one pencil would drop, then another, and another, and by and by the last man had given in. He gave us some problems to work out, and he gave us beautiful curves to draw; but the only thing really practical which I got from him was a formula which one day he put upon the blackboard in his simple, childlike way. "That formula," he said, "is the one by which the universe was constructed,—by which every conceivable universe must be constructed." I took it down; I have not had occasion to use it, but whenever I am called upon to create a universe I shall use that

formula. I believe it is the only practical thing I brought out of that recitation room.

We were favored in a good many ways; but we were badly used in some, very badly used in philosophy. We had a man abundantly able to teach us, Professor Bowen, but he, at the time he should have been teaching us, went to Europe, and we were left. Political economy and mental philosophy were combined at that time. Political economy consisted principally, so far as we went, I think, in refuting Malthus. Why we wanted to refute Malthus I do not know, but we did it satisfactorily. That is about all I learned except one other point, that "the presumption is in favor of existing institutions." That is all gone by now; the presumption at present is not in favor of existing institutions; it is in favor of different ones,—variety, change, novelty are most attractive. They are termed progress and advance, and sometimes they are.

We ought to have enjoyed Professor Bowen; he was a fine scholar, and a fine writer of English. I am still sorry that he went abroad when he did. But there was a man here in some respects one of the most remarkable in college, the one who could teach everything. There were some men who could teach two things. I had this teacher in at least five different departments,—I am not sure but there were six; there are five I recall at this moment. Whenever anybody went away they put him in; we had him in Philosophy and in Political Economy, and Forensics; and in Elocution, Orthoepy, History. At the end of the week for half an hour, or possibly two half hours, we used to have the President; but that did not amount to much, there was so little of it. It was too bad that we were used as we were; I think if we could have had President Walker right along I might now have been able to understand Josiah Royce, and might have reached some tolerable height or some tolerable depth in philosophy.

There was no man whom we liked better or respected more than the professor of History; a pure, delicate man, sensitive as a woman! How quick he was! How he would blush at some little thing! Professor Torrey was an eminent teacher; he was a teacher before he came here. He taught us the policies and politics of modern Europe, and many other things that have stayed by me to

this day, which is a great deal to say of things you learn in college. I had a special acquaintance with him. There was a man in New Bedford when I was a boy known as Governor Swain; he was the governor of the Island of Naushon. His boy was out of health, and the doctor advised the father to take his boy to the Azores, and they took Mr. Torrey along as a tutor. It so happened that they embarked on the ship of which my father was the captain; and when I came to college Professor Torrey was kind enough to remember that, and I think he always treated me with some special courtesy because of that voyage he had made with my father. He gave us delightful lectures. I said to him not long before he died, "I wish you would print those lectures." He said, "No; they were well enough then, but that sort of work has been done by many people since." The lectures were fresh and instructive, and charmed us who heard them.

I do not know that there was any man from whom I got more practical help than from Professor Child. He was a man we all liked. We read Chaucer, Anglo-Saxon, with him and studied Whately and Campbell; but the great thing he did was correcting our themes. He was frank and honest. He gave the most remarkable subjects. Nobody had heard of them before. "When the people of Crete, in times past, had a man to curse any one, they prayed the gods to involve him in some evil habit." I think that was the first theme, and it was a sample of the rest. The first feeling you had when he gave out the subject was, I don't know anything about that. But before the time came around there had to be something written. The theme went in on fair white paper, and came back decorated; with red marks sometimes drawn across a whole page to show how much he liked it. Sometimes a short sentence ran along some fine piece of work, "What of it?" When a fellow had expended his whole nature on a passage, there would be a single word on the margin in blue pencil, — "Bosh." You never forgot that; and I think the writers of that time excelled in clearness and strength of style. He was very fond of Anglo-Saxon; very fond of illustration. I have heard a fellow say, "I shall get a good mark this time; I have put in a simile"; he thought a simile was worth at least five. We learned a great deal from him in that simple and direct way.

As I have had to talk a great deal since, I think it has stayed by me better even than that formula for constructing the universe. It has been of more practical use. I cannot say what the future may bring.

In Science we did not do a great deal. We had Professor Lovering in Physics. We used to think he overworked the parallelogram of forces, but perhaps he did not. He was an easy teacher. We kept our books open while the recitation was going on; that is, not when we were called on to recite, but up to that moment. There was no concealment about it. We were called in order, and you could very easily keep along with the text, so that it was easy to recite. The experiments were interesting, though somewhat monotonous. The great thing that distinguished him was his perfect coolness, calm, undisturbed, imperturbable. I remember one day the black assistant was pumping water through a rubber hose up into a high tank. I do not know whether it was mischief or not, but that hose gradually rose up, and came around and struck Professor Lovering in the back of the neck. There was no anger, no passion. In a very courteous voice he asked Clary what he was doing. He was reported in one of his electric experiments to have sent off a spark and to have very quietly remarked, "If that had gone through me I should have been a corpse." He had a college catalogue of the sort we used to have, a very thin, blue book, and he sent an electric spark through it, making a hole about as large as a cambric needle, and passed it down to the students. One of them took out his knife and enlarged the aperture until it was about as large as a cent. It was not satisfactory any longer as proof on that particular point and was called in. He was not quite the prophet. His lectures were largely on electricity. I think of his pronouncement: "This is very pretty as you see it here; there have been some attempts to make a practical use of it, but nothing has been effected." I wish he could come back and ride on a trolley car and hang on a strap. He would have no further doubt of its practical usefulness.

Professor Cooke in Chemistry was a fine lecturer, a good teacher, but that was about the whole of it. We had no laboratory work, except a man here and there. The only experiment I remember we ever tried ourselves—I never tried it, but it was tried

down here in the Bakery, where I was living — was to make, in a vial, sulphuretted hydrogen, and send it, by a glass tube, through another fellow's keyhole, the result of which would resemble the fragrance of an egg which has outlived its usefulness. The Professor was reported to have said that he knew a smell worse than that, but he never told us what it was.

I am taking your time too long. Many more of these men I could talk about if there were time. We had Professor Agassiz a little; we had Professor Jeffries Wyman a little; we had Professor Lowell. But Mr. Lowell's lectures, as we heard them, were not exactly suited to the student taste. The course he gave us was on the English poets, minor poets,— Pollok's Course of Time, Young's Night Thoughts, etc. I dare say there were fellows like Frank Hopkinson and Frank Abbot in the class who enjoyed them, but to most of us they were not appealing. But two sentences have stayed in my mind, though I have forgotten so many better things. He characterized this literature in this way : "When we read these poems, we feel as when we see a mastodon, that they are fearfully and wonderfully made, but we are glad the breed is extinct;" and somewhat more cutting was his summing up: "Wishy-washy stuff, where the big words go floundering about like bones in a charity soup, which, so far from adding anything to the flavor, only suggest unpleasant comparisons." Still, it was something to see Mr. Lowell; something, certainly, to know him in the familiarity which came after student life was over. What a delightful man he was to those who came, as I never did, close to him in his own study of Italian! I think one of the brightest remarks of Mr. Howells related to his coming back after he had left Cambridge and again meeting Mr. Lowell. It was not the same thing, he said. And he made that wonderfully suggestive remark, "He had lost the habit of me." There is nothing finer than that. It was very fine when he was a neighbor to sit down and read Italian, but "He had lost the habit of me"; and one has to come into that habit. I met Mr. Lowell when he came back from Spain in Sever's bookstore. We had a word or two, and he came over to the other side of the shop to speak to me. "It is a little hard," he said, "when one comes back to his own country and in the University Bookstore has a man say to him, 'Will I do this up, sir, or shall I send it.'"

I think I have talked about all the men I should talk about at this hour. I do not make any comparisons ; I suppose there is more information in the faculty to-day than there was in my time ; there ought to be after these years of study. Yet, if I express any doubt, it is because you cannot tell exactly what is going to last. It is not very long ago that Herbert Spenceer was a great name in Cambridge. Professor James has recently spoken of him in very uncomplimentary terms. Now what is to become of men who gave up their philosophy for Herbert Spenceer, and are told that his philosophy is a wooden system, "as if knocked together out of cracked hemlock boards," and that his claim to renown rests on the fact that his heart was in the right place philosophically. Perhaps it was ; what we want is for his philosophy to be right. So I am a little uncertain what is going to last. There are very fine scholars here. There is more teaching than in my time. Younger men possibly come at times closer to younger men. I do not know but there are as many men who are looked up to as there were in my day, but we old fellows cannot quite see that. There are just as good men here, but I recall the feeling with which we looked up to Louis Agassiz, the most magnificent man I ever looked upon, I thought. It was fine just to hear him, to see him draw pictures on the blackboard ! There are such men here now; I am very far from intimating that there are not ; but I may be pardoned my admiration for the sages of the olden days. I long ago found there is more to be learned from men than from books, a great deal more, and that it makes more difference who the teacher is than what the study is, and that to be in the presence of a man who has succeeded, really and truly, in making a great life, is a help and a liberal education. I am glad to the bottom of my subconsciousness that I spent four years under James Walker ; I feel his influence, his blessing, his presence to-day. Great men they were, and they proved it by great lives. It was given to me to be associated with many great men. I had hardly come back here as a minister before I went into the board of overseers ; then I was made secretary of the board, so that I stayed in and outlived everybody there except the president. For those years, thirty years nearly, that association was an education. They did not teach theology or discuss it, but I saw there great men, men

of affairs. I sat side by side with Charles Francis Adams, and Judge Hoar, and Solomon Lincoln, and for almost thirty years face to face with President Eliot. It was a school for me, a school for the ministry, a school where one learns those lessons which can be changed and applied whatever be the way of his life.

There is one other association with the men of my time,—that is with the men of my own class. I suppose all well-informed people admit that of the last century the two great college classes were '29 and '59. '59 men all feel that, at any rate. I think we have done our part in the world; that we have given, perhaps, our share of men who have done good work for their fellow men. Better than all our sharing of study was our sharing of life. There is nothing like a college friendship. I believe, more and more, that there is nothing in the world that is so well worth keeping as friendship, and I am pained when I see how friends drift apart when the very wealth of life is in this fellowship of hearts. Our college friendships do last; they have lasted in my own class; and if we could sing to-night our college song, I think there is hardly a man of the class who could sing it without a tremble in the voice and a tear in the eye. I wish Sam Langmaid were here; I would ask him to sing it:—

“ Heart to heart, boys, hand to hand, boys,
Stand we members of the class of '59.”

At the conclusion of Dr. McKenzie's paper, the meeting was dissolved.

THE ELEVENTH MEETING

THE ELEVENTH MEETING — a Special Meeting called by the Council — of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the twenty-seventh day of February, nineteen hundred and eight, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the purpose of making the first award of the Longfellow Centenary Medal Prize.

The Third Vice-President, ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE, presided.

RICHARD HENRY DANA read the following paper:

GENERAL PELEG WADSWORTH

IN opening the meeting to-night, I should like to say a few words of a dear, fine, old-fashioned gentleman, who had, I believe, something to do with the excellent qualities of the mother of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. This person is no other than General Peleg Wadsworth, her father.

Referring to the mother of the poet, Mr. Samuel Longfellow, in the Life, says, "From her must have come to her son the imaginative and romantic side of his nature."

She gives this picturesque description of her father, the General: "Imagine to yourself a man of middle age, well proportioned, with a military air, and who carried himself so truly that many thought him tall. His dress a light scarlet coat, buff small clothes and vest, full ruffles over the hands, white stockings, shoes with silver buckles, white cravat bow in front, hair well powdered and tied behind with a club, so called." What a contrast to the sombre clothing of the men of our day!

And she continues: "Of his character others may speak, but I cannot forbear to claim for him an uncommon share of benevolence and kind feeling."

He was a distinguished general in the Revolutionary War and a member of Congress. It is not as such, however, that I shall speak of him to-night, but I will rather take up some of those leading characteristics which I think had an influence on his own family and descendants.

As a boy, he was fond of learning. The school in those days was moved from one neighborhood to another, and this little boy, voluntarily, when not compelled to go so far by his parents, and when none of the other boys did the same, trudged out four miles, rising early before the rest of the family, and walked back four miles at the end of the day all alone, in order to keep up his education. He succeeded so well in this that later his father sent him to college.

After that, he taught school, and there he showed an unusual love for children; for, instead of the whipping and severe discipline that prevailed in those days, he laid aside the rod and ruled wholly by moral influence. After the morning prayers, he had singing. He established military drill, furnishing a little gun with a belt and tin bayonet for each boy and two drums for the drummers. He had colored ribbons, or "knots" as he called them, of red, blue and black, which he fastened on the collars of the "very good," the good, or the bad boys respectively. Altogether, he seemed to be some hundred years ahead of his time, towards the development of the kindergarten methods.

The same love for children he showed in his own home. At a period when parents were in the habit of standing aloof from their children and keeping them in awe, he says, "The behaviour of the little ones of the family very much depends upon the attention paid them by the great ones." He believed in the best in his children.

A man away from home, not receiving letters, is apt to write in rebuke or sarcasm, or at least complaint; but on January 24, 1799, General Wadsworth writes as follows: "Not a line, my love, have I to acknowledge this morning from any of my dear family. I know this is not because I have lost their love, but I suppose it

is because they are agreeably engaged in some other way amongst themselves. This is not an unpleasant idea to me, for I delight in their enjoyment."

Living at a time, too, when religious views were harsh, we find him writing from Washington in January, 1803, apropos of a "hellfire sermon" he had heard, that "the God whom I have heard preached to-day was a vindictive God, very different from my God. However, I have the charity for the preacher and have no doubt that he was preaching what he believed to be the word of God; but then, I must claim the same liberty which he has taken to judge for myself. . . . I ever wish to instill into the minds of my family the principles of benevolence, justice and good morality, with a love to God and a love to man, and with these they shall have the liberty to choose their own mode of putting them into practise."

I hope, in these few words, I have presented to you a picture of the man who, as the letters and traditions of the family amply show, had much to do with introducing those fine qualities of heart and mind which so greatly characterize his grandson the poet, whose birthday we commemorate to-day, and in whose honor the addresses to-night will be made.¹

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER, Chairman of the Committee upon the Longfellow Centenary Medal Prize, made the following remarks:

REMARKS OF WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: As chairman of the Committee I have the duty, the very pleasant duty, of making the announcement. First, however, as this is the first time when this medal is given, it may interest you to know some of the reasons for which we made the conditions for the prize, and I will state them as briefly as possible.

¹ See Wadsworth Family in America (1883), pp. 42-51; Dr. Timothy Dwight's Travels, vol. ii.; A Little Good Boy (privately printed, Portland, 1903); and Life of H. W. Longfellow, by Samuel Longfellow, vol. i., pp. 3 and 20 (1891).

A year ago the Cambridge Historical Society celebrated Longfellow's Centennial by exercises in Sanders Theatre which are not likely soon to be forgotten, and by an exhibit at the Public Library of his works, many editions of his books, many autographs, and other interesting reliques. To perpetuate that festival the Society caused to be struck a medal. Last autumn Professor Norton, to whom Cambridge and all of us owe so many helpful suggestions, asked the Society whether it would not be well to offer one of these medals each year to the Cambridge school boy or girl who should write the best short essay on Longfellow or on some topic connected with him. The Society welcomed the proposal and appointed a committee to carry it out. This committee, after consultation with Professor Norton, announced late in the autumn the terms of the competition. Our first purpose was that every young scholar in Cambridge, whether in private, public, or parochial school or under a tutor, should be eligible to compete. The competition is to stimulate interest in Cambridge through the works and life of Longfellow: therefore we wished to invite all,—for every boy and girl ought to feel that he or she is a part of this city. But in order to make the competition most profitable, we thought it well to rule that the writers must be at least sixteen years old. The youth of sixteen who prepares himself to write such a composition is mature enough to get permanent good from the work. If alert, he cannot fail to discover that after he has collected and arranged his material, thought it over and written his essay, he has gained unexpectedly in his power to think and to express himself. That may be the beginning, perhaps, of his real intellectual development. At any rate, it will tell favorably on all his other school-work. And to read carefully, to make the acquaintance, perhaps for the first time, of a considerable part of Longfellow's poems and prose, must have a lasting effect, since at sixteen or seventeen the impression which one gets from books ought to be lasting. So we decided that both for the good of the writers themselves and for the result as shown in these essays, it was well to set the minimum age at sixteen years. And I feel sure that when you have listened to the prize essay to-night, you will think we were justified.

The announcement of the terms of the competition was unavoidably made so late that it left comparatively little time for the prep-

aration of many essays. Nevertheless, several were handed in,—some from public and some from private schools, an encouraging start, and among these three were worthy of careful consideration. Hereafter the Committee expects to announce the subject before June of each year. That will allow seven or eight months, including the long summer vacation, in which prospective competitors can read up the material, and, what is quite as important, think it over. Reading is easy; thinking is hard,—so hard, indeed, that most persons seem to try to scrape through life without thinking at all. But thought is the most evident mark of distinction between human beings and animals, and the great business of teaching, whether in schools or universities, should have for its aim to train youths to think. The man who thinks clearly, who sees things in their right proportion, and knows their true relations is becoming more and more indispensable. And right thinking leads straight to right action, which is the crown of life. With this in view, our committee determined that the essays should be brief, because brevity of itself compels a writer to think. If, having material which, presented somewhat loosely, might fill ten printed pages, he finds himself obliged to condense it into five, he will more than doubly profit by the process; for this calls out quite different powers, higher powers. It forces him to select, and selection is the very cornerstone of every enduring art, including all forms of literary expression. You cannot attain to an effective brevity unless you think.

The Committee thank the teachers of the Cambridge schools for their co-operation this year, and we urge them to continue to encourage their qualified pupils to compete for this prize. We believe we speak for the Historical Society when we say we hope there may soon spring up a keen, wholesome rivalry among the schools to win this prize; that the Longfellow medallist will be greeted with honor by his teachers and schoolmates, and the newspapers, referring to him, will be able occasionally to print something besides sports as a part of the life of our schools. Sports are well, but they need no encouragement. The things of the mind, the faculties which are to carry you not merely through school or college, but through life, need to be properly understood and revered. Therefore, to stimulate interest in such a prize as the Longfellow Medal is obviously most desirable. Every teacher

knows that the best test of his pupils is not the formal test such as is set at examination time, but some competition like these short essays which the scholars undertake of their own accord and work out with enthusiasm and really put themselves into. It is only when you put yourselves into your work, making it a part of yourselves, instead of the mere fulfilling of a set task, that we get your true quality. Let us hope, then, that the teachers will spur on other pupils to join in this contest every year in larger numbers. Incidentally, it should be a source of satisfaction to a teacher of English to see his instruction bear fruit in the Longfellow prize essays. I am happy to report that one of the compositions handed in this year was by a girl. Let us trust that next year many of the compositions handed in will be by girls, and that they will win at least half the prizes. There are reasons why girls of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, should excel boys of the same age.

Although Professor Norton will speak as only he can on the larger aspects of such a matter, I cannot close without referring briefly to one or two points. And the first is,— how grateful we and every dweller in Cambridge ought to be that we have in Longfellow so perfect a subject for study and admiration. Nothing but good can come to any one who reads his works and learns to know his life. On whatever side you view him, whether as patriot, citizen, neighbor, or friend, you find nothing to apologize for, nothing to hush up, nothing to condone. And let me say that such a character, far from being common, is very rare. Consider next what it means for Cambridge to have in him her poet-laureate, one who has described her scenes and people and has preserved in verses which have become household words the traditions and sentiment and atmosphere of our beloved city. No other city in America has been equally fortunate. As distance lends enchantment to the view, so does the poet, piercing to the very heart of things, reveal their beauty and significance, and endow them with a charm which can never afterwards be stripped away. That is what Longfellow has done for Cambridge. In doing that he has dignified every one who dwells here. We are citizens of no mean place ; here is a home to love, a town to be proud of and to serve. In America to-day there are few ideals more needed than these ; for as our people have become nomads they have lost the devotion to home, they regard their place of residence merely as

a convenience, no more capable of stirring their pride or of calling forth their spirit of self-sacrifice and service than is the hotel in which they pass a troubled night or the lunch counter at which they devour a dubious sandwich. Most fortunate are we in belonging to Cambridge. May we never lose these best things which she offers us. Let us take care to be worthy of her, so that we may hand on these ideals undimmed. I rejoice that the youths who compete for the Longfellow Medal will be made acquainted with his personality and with this noble aspect of Cambridge. That study will plant in some of them a sense of the lovable ness of the old town, of its richness in associations, and of their obligations to it. A town without these things is like a bare ledge, a bleak and forbidding site to plant a home upon. And, finally, some at least of the competitors for the prize may be expected to have their zeal for literature so quickened that they will go on to win for themselves some province, indeed, of the country where Shakespeare is sovereign and where the riches of all races and all times may be had for the asking. Who knows but that some writer destined to be the delight or torch-bearer of his generation may take the first step forward in his career when he competes for this prize !

JOHN KIRTLAND WRIGHT, the winner of the prize, read his prize essay, as follows:

BUILDINGS AND PARTS OF CAMBRIDGE COMMEMORATED IN LONGFELLOW'S POEMS

MR. LONGFELLOW was a poet of the whole world. Wide travel acquainted him with most parts of Europe, where he absorbed the traditions and romance of strange lands. Years of quiet, pleasant study filled him with the spirit of the literature of France, Spain, Italy, and even the Scandinavian countries. His poems show an immense diversity of subjects gained from a knowledge of the legends of all parts of the civilized world, and of all the ages of history. A striking example of the cosmopolitan element in the poems may be seen in *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, where he wanders from fierce vikings and Icelandic seas to the Sicilians and the placid Mediterranean, from Paul Revere to the Khan of Kambalu. But

it was Cambridge that was more dear to Mr. Longfellow than any other place. His love of the old house, with the mystery that hung round it, was as unbounded as his love of the great sweep of marsh-land, the winding river, and the sunsets he could see from his windows. It is no wonder, then, that his poems of Cambridge are the most moving and ring the truest from his heart.

Mr. Longfellow was very much devoted to his house. He used to love to dream about it over the fire and to think how:

“Once, ah, once within these walls,
The father of his country dwelt,”

as he expressed it in the *Ode to a Child*. In *Haunted Houses* it is certain that he was musing over Washington, for who could help doing so in the Craigie House? The books in this house were another source for dreams, and his feelings toward them burst forth in the beautiful poems *My Books* and *The Wind over the Chimney*.

In a less imaginary mood, Mr. Longfellow makes many references to his house in the *Ode to a Child*, where he says:

“The four walls of thy nursery
Are now like prison walls to thee”;

and in *The Children's Hour*, where his family life is shown by

“A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!”

There was a certain rustic seat, under an apple-tree, in the wide grounds about Craigie House. Mr. Longfellow mentions this seat in the *Ode to a Child*, and it is also interesting to note that he wrote his only love song, *The Evening Star*, while sitting in it. It is safe to say that he liked to sit there.

The Village Blacksmith was one of Mr. Longfellow's most popular poems. The old smithy used to stand on Brattle Street, near Story Street, a place by which the poet must have passed nearly every day. Although the “spreading chestnut-tree” had to be cut down about thirty years ago, so that the road might be widened, it came to a good end. “The children coming home from school” had it made into a chair, which they gave Mr. Longfellow on his seventy-second birthday. The poem of thanks for the chair is one of his last poems.

From the south windows of Craigie House there is a view across the marshes of the Charles River to the rounded hills of Brookline. No wonder Mr. Longfellow, seeing this view every day, became attached to it and felt that the curving river was an old friend. Consequently, the Charles appears in many poems. *To the River Charles* shows that, besides the fact that the river bore the name of three intimate friends, its stillness and gentle calm greatly affected the poet. The varying moods and colors of the stream are shown in many places: its clear sky color on a spring morning in *It is not always May*; the silvery whiteness under the moon in *Endymion*; the sweeping of the black water around the piles in *The Bridge*; the dreary, frozen river in *Afternoon in February*; the sad, quiet power of the

“River, that stealest with such silent pace,
Around the city of the dead.”

Mr. Longfellow was impressed by the strange twist of the Charles. More than once he alludes to this indirectly:

“As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropped her silver bow
Upon the meadows low”

(from *Endymion*), or to the S-shape of the Charles:

“The flooded Charles, as in the happier days,
Writes the last letter of his name,”

in the sonnet to Charles Sumner.

Mount Auburn Cemetery and the old burying-ground on Garden Street figure in several of Mr. Longfellow's memorial poems. *In the Churchyard at Cambridge* and *The Burial of the Poet* refer directly to the little graveyard. The poet Richard Henry Dana was buried here about thirty years ago on a dismal, stormy day. Mr. Longfellow was, perhaps, thinking of Mount Auburn when he wrote *Decoration Day*:

“Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest
On the field of the Grounded Arms.”

The sonnet

“River, that stealest with such silent pace,
Around the city of the dead,”

is in memory of Charles Sumner, who was buried at Mount Auburn. It is one of his saddest sonnets; one that gives the true feeling of the quiet, sombre, shades of the cemetery as the mists rise from the river at sunset.

There are many other places in Cambridge, besides the Charles River, the Craigie House, and the Cemeteries, that recur in Mr. Longfellow's poems. *The Open Window* shows that the Lechmere house, which used to stand on Brattle Street, and where Baron Riedesel was imprisoned, inspired his interest and imagination. Although the house itself is removed, the linden trees mentioned are still standing. *The Herons of Elmwood* gives you a vision of a warm summer evening around Mr. Lowell's house, with "the gleaming lamps on the hillside yonder." *St. John's, Cambridge*, is a sonnet to the brown chapel that is near Craigie House. Besides this church, the Harvard Divinity School is spoken of by Mr. Longfellow in the Prelude to *Tales of a Wayside Inn*:

"A Theologian, from the School
Of Cambridge, on the Charles, was there."

A part of Cambridge is mentioned in a French poem by Mr. Longfellow. It is in *Noël*, which was addressed to Mr. Louis Agassiz as Christmas greetings. The poet speaks of some bottles of wine that come to Mr. Agassiz's front staircase thus:

"Ils arrivent trois à trois,
Montent l'escalier de bois."

It is probable that in *Travels by the Fireside* (1874), where Mr. Longfellow speaks of

"yonder gilded vane
Immovable for three days past,"

he meant the cock of the Shepard Church, which was built in 1872. In *Sundown* (1879) and in *The Maiden and the Weathercock* (1880):

"Oh Weathercock on the village spire,
With your golden feathers all on fire,"

the poet may have been referring to the same cock.

There are many allusions to the town as a whole which do not mention any specific name, but nevertheless make it safe to say that Cambridge was in the poet's mind. *Rain in Summer* would

fit Cambridge perfectly. I have experienced just the cheerful, cool feeling that Mr. Longfellow describes in that poem. "The broad and fiery street" is Brattle Street.

"Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,"

suggests the marshes after a severe shower.

Cambridge, during Mr. Longfellow's fifty years' life here, although growing, was hardly more than a country town. The Craigie House was on the outskirts of the village, the centre of which was about Harvard Square. From his house Mr. Longfellow could see the village through the trees. He often speaks of village scenes that we do not have now: the early morning light as the smokecurls up, in *The Two Angels*; the flashing windows at sunset, in *Afternoon in February*; the calm as evening comes on, when the smoke rises straight, in *The Golden Milestone*; and the blurred lights of the village gleaming through the mist and rain in *The Day is done*.

Cambridge has changed since Mr. Longfellow's day. It has become a city, and many of the old landmarks have disappeared, as everything must, to make way for all that is new. The spirit of the old town still remains, however, as strong and bright as ever. It is largely through Mr. Longfellow that it has been kept; that it has not gone to make room for the rush of modern business communities. His influence was quiet, reserved, but powerful. We read his poems, and things that would otherwise seem commonplace glow for us with the light in which he saw them.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, in presenting the prize medal, made the following remarks :

REMARKS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

THIS is no common prize which has been awarded to you. It is rich in associations and suggestions connected with the historic life of the city and with the life of the poet whose likeness it bears. In his relation to Cambridge, Longfellow stands as her citizen of widest fame; nor has she any other on her rolls who has

exercised a more beneficent influence wherever the English language is spoken. Here in Cambridge, where he lived so long, a few of us old men still retain a vivid memory of his delightful personality. Would that we could transmit it to coming generations! The sweetness of his poetry is but the expression of the sweetness of his character, and in his verse you of a younger generation may still be impressed by the charm of his nature. Every Cambridge man, as time goes on, will have reason for gratitude to him for investing many of the localities of the city with a precious poetic sentiment, changing the regions of every-day prose into regions of perennial poetry. The "spreading chestnut-tree" was long since cut down by the dull axe of duller men, but it lives forever in his verse, and it will grow and flourish with far-reaching roots in the hearts of men so long as youth treads the sidewalk of Brattle Street. The river which the poet saw from his windows flows forever with a stream filled and illumined by his verse. The highway toward Concord will echo from century to century with the gallop of Paul Revere's horse. To Longfellow and his fellow-poet, Lowell, and to their common friend, Dr. Holmes, Cambridge owes it that she has been made one of the poetic cities of the English race. No greater service could have been rendered to her; for what they have done for her quickens the affection and the pride of every Cambridge man and woman for their native city, and creates in this community the sentiment which can be created in no other way than by the poetic fire.

It would take long to exhaust the poetic and patriotic suggestions which this prize embodies. But there is another worth also in it. It has led you, I trust, and it will lead whoever seeks it in coming years, to the reading of Longfellow's poetry, and his will be a dull soul who is not led by this reading to cultivate acquaintance with other poets. Education can do nothing better for a man than to make him a lover of the poets. Against the common charge that poetry has no practical relation to life, there is many a convincing argument. It purifies and elevates the spirit; but an anecdote may suffice to indicate its relation to the busiest and most practical life. During our Civil War, more than forty years ago, that admirable man and great public servant, John A. Andrew, was called frequently from Boston to Washington as one of President

Lincoln's trusted advisers. The journey was then at least twice the length that it is now. He told me that he looked upon it as a period of rest and refreshment from the overwhelming burden of executive cares which rested upon him, and that in order not only to distract his mind from them for the time, but to refresh and invigorate himself, he was accustomed to put in his pocket the little volume of "The Golden Treasury," and to spend the long hours of the journey in learning by heart some one of the beautiful pieces of poetry which it contains. There is no man upon whom material cares press heavily who would not be the better for following this example according to his need.

It is with real satisfaction and hearty congratulation that I hand you the prize which you have won, and with it offer you a volume of Longfellow's poems as a help to the attainment of the character and of the culture which shall make your life happy and serviceable to your fellows.

At the conclusion of Professor Norton's remarks, the meeting was dissolved.

THE TWELFTH MEETING

THE TWELFTH MEETING of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the twenty-eighth day of April, nineteen hundred and eight, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Third Vice-President, ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE, presided.

The Minutes of the last two meetings were read and approved.

On behalf of the Committee on Historic Sites in Cambridge, HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY presented the following report :

SECOND REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON THE
IDENTIFICATION AND MARKING OF
HISTORIC SITES IN CAMBRIDGE

SINCE our first report was submitted and printed (see Publications, Vol. I. pp. 55-67) our attention has been called to several errors and omissions. In the present report we have undertaken to correct these errors and supply these omissions.

In our first report we did not, owing to lack of time and space, include the tablets recently erected in the College Yard by the Harvard Memorial Society. These are interesting and valuable, and are given in full in this report.

We have also included the site marked by Professor Eben N. Horsford as the probable home of Leif Erikson. While Professor Horsford's views have not yet been entirely accepted, the tablet seems to us interesting and worthy of note. In our emendations we have followed the numbering which purely as a matter of convenience was adopted in our first report.

The recent publication by the Hannah Winthrop Chapter D. A. R. of the volume entitled "Historic Guide to Cambridge," giving a full account of all places of historic interest, with many interesting illustrations, makes it quite unnecessary for this committee to do further work except in the matter of procuring the erection of additional tablets.

EMENDATIONS

- (1) No. 1 should read :

INMAN HOUSE, HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

Originally stood on Inman Street, west side, near City Hall.
It is now on the southeast corner of Brookline and Auburn
Streets.

- (10) No. 10 should read :

PHIPS-WINTHROP HOUSE.

24 Arrow Street, is now St. Paul's Convent, Sisters of St.
Joseph.

- (14a) EDWARD MARRETT HOUSE.

77 Mount Auburn Street, between Dunster and Holyoke
Streets, formerly faced on Dunster Street.

- (21) No. 21 should read :

SITE OF HOUSE BUILT BY GOVERNOR JOHN HAYNES, 1633.

Later occupied by Sir Henry Vane; owned and occupied by
Dr. William Kneeland at the beginning of the Revolution.
Southwest corner of Winthrop Square.

- (24) No. 24 should read :

SITE OF FIRST JAIL.

North side of Winthrop Street, west of the house of Governor
Haynes.

- (25) No. 25 should read :

SITE OF TOWN SPRING.

Was on grounds of the present Social Union Buildings, 40-42
Brattle Street.

- (26) No. 26 should read :

PROFESSOR JOHN AND MADAM WINTHROP HOUSE.

Northwest corner Boylston and Mount Auburn Streets.

- (30) No. 30 should read:

BRATTLE HOUSE.

Now Social Union, 42 Brattle Street.

- (31) No. 31 should read:

READ FARM.

Now occupied by Dr. Driver, 55 Brattle Street.

- (34a) HILLIARD HOUSE.

Formerly occupied by Hon. Joseph Story, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Southeast corner Brattle and Hilliard Streets.

- (36) No. 36 should read:

JOHN VASSALL HOUSE.

The House of Col. John Vassall, the Second, was occupied in succession by Col. John Glover, George Washington, Nathaniel Tracy, Thomas Russell, Andrew Craigie, Jared Sparks, Edward Everett, and Joseph E. Worcester, and was owned and occupied by Henry W. Longfellow.

- (45) No. 45 should read:

DUDLEY-LOWELL WILLOWS-PALISADES.

Corner Charles River Roadway and Mount Auburn Street.

- (53) The inscription on the tablet should read "Colonel," not "General," Prescott.

- (63) No. 63 should read:

OLD COURT HOUSE.

Was wholly *within* Harvard Square. Portion now remaining is on Palmer Street.

- (70) No. 70 should read:

HOME OF THE LATE LUCIUS R. PAIGE.

296 Washington Street.

- (72a) DICKSON-GODDARD-FITCH HOUSE.

Massachusetts Avenue, near Cedar Street.

- (77) No. 77 should read:

SITE OF THE GRAVES-HAUGH HOUSE.

First house built in East Cambridge. Northerly side of Spring Street, between Third and Fourth Streets.

IN THE COLLEGE YARD

80. JOHNSTON GATE.

North side of gateway. West entrance to Yard.

BY THE GENERAL COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY
28 OCTOBER 1636 AGREED TO GIVE 400£
TOWARDS A SCHOALE OR COLLEIDGE WHEAROF 200£
TO BEE PAID THE NEXT YEAR & 200£
WHEN THE WORKE IS FINISHED & THE NEXT COURT
TO APPOINT WHEARE & WT BUILDING
15 NOVEMBER 1637 THE COLLEGD IS ORDERED
TO BEE AT NEWETOWNE
2 MAY 1638 IT IS ORDERED THAT NEWETOWNE
SHALL HENCE FORWARD BE CALLED CAMBRIDGE
13 MARCH 1638-9 IT IS ORDERED THAT THE COLLEDGE
AGREED UPON FORMERLY TO BEE BUILT AT CAMBRIDGE
SHALBEE CALLED HARVARD COLLEDGE.

81. JOHNSTON GATE.

South side of gateway. West entrance to Yard.

AFTER GOD HAD CARRIED US SAFE TO NEW ENGLAND
AND WE HAD BUILDED OUR HOUSES
PROVIDED NECESSARIES FOR OUR LIVELIHOOD
REARED CONVENIENT PLACES FOR GOD'S WORSHIP
AND SETTLED THE CIVIL GOVERNMENT
ONE OF THE NEXT THINGS WE LONGED FOR
AND LOOKED AFTER WAS TO ADVANCE LEARNING
AND PERPETUATE IT TO POSTERITY
DREADING TO LEAVE AN ILLITERATE MINISTRY
TO THE CHURCHIES WHEN OUR PRESENT MINISTERS
SHALL LIE IN THE DUST
NEW ENGLAND'S FIRST FRUITS.

82. HARVARD HALL.

HARVARD HALL
HERE STOOD THE SECOND COLLEGE BUILDING
THE COLLEGE BUILT 1672-1677
BURNT 1784 WHILE IN USE BY THE GENERAL COURT
REBUILT — 1764-1766 BY THE PROVINCE—
ALTERED 1842—ENLARGED 1870.

83. MASSACHUSETTS HALL.

MASSACHUSETTS
HALL

BUILT BY THE PROVINCE
1720

OCCUPIED BY
THE AMERICAN ARMY
1775-1776

USED FOR STUDENTS ROOMS
UNTIL 1870-71.

84. HOLLIS HALL.

HOLLIS HALL
BUILT BY THE PROVINCE OF
THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY
IN NEW ENGLAND IN 1763

NAMED IN HONOR OF
THOMAS HOLLIS
OF LONDON, MERCHANT,
AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE
SAME FAMILY, CONSTANT AND
GENEROUS BENEFACTORS OF
HARVARD COLLEGE FROM
1719 to 1804

USED AS BARRACKS BY
COLONIAL TROOPS IN 1775-76.

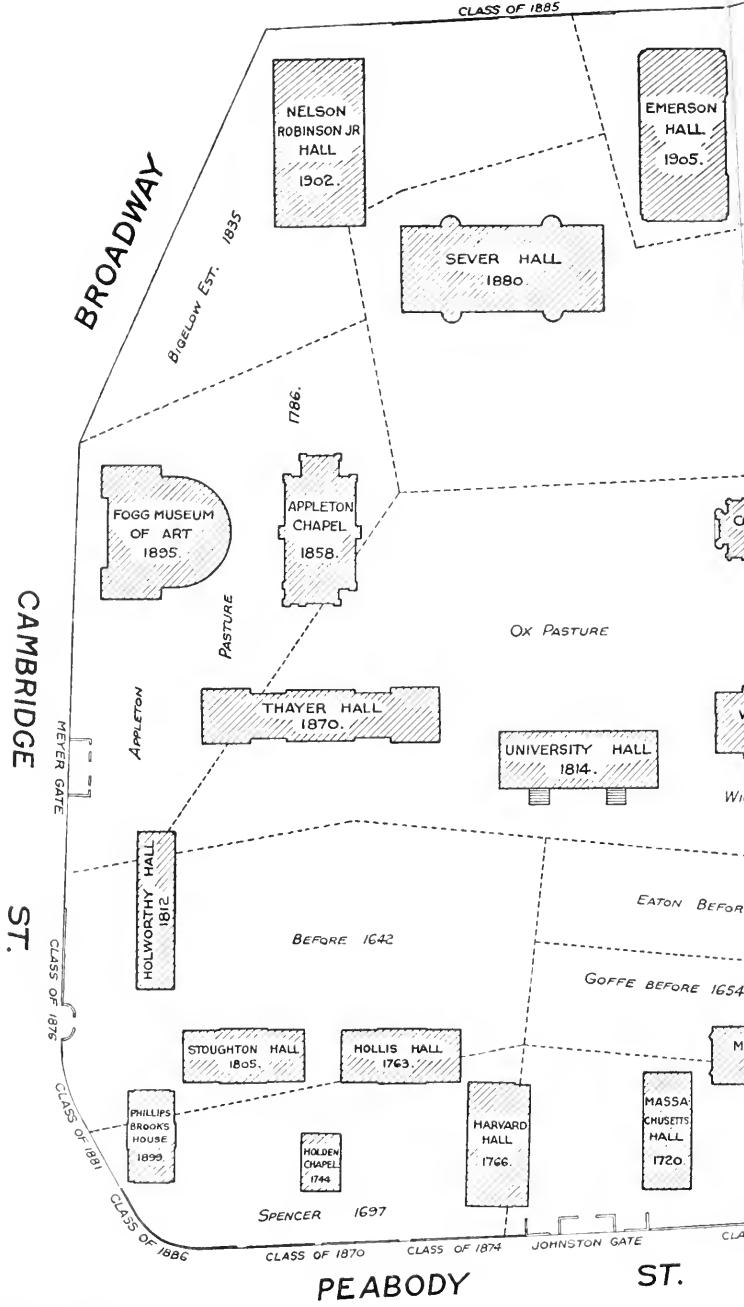
85. STOUGHTON HALL.

STOUGHTON
HALL

BUILT
BY HARVARD COLLEGE
AIDED BY A STATE LOTTERY
1805

QUINCY

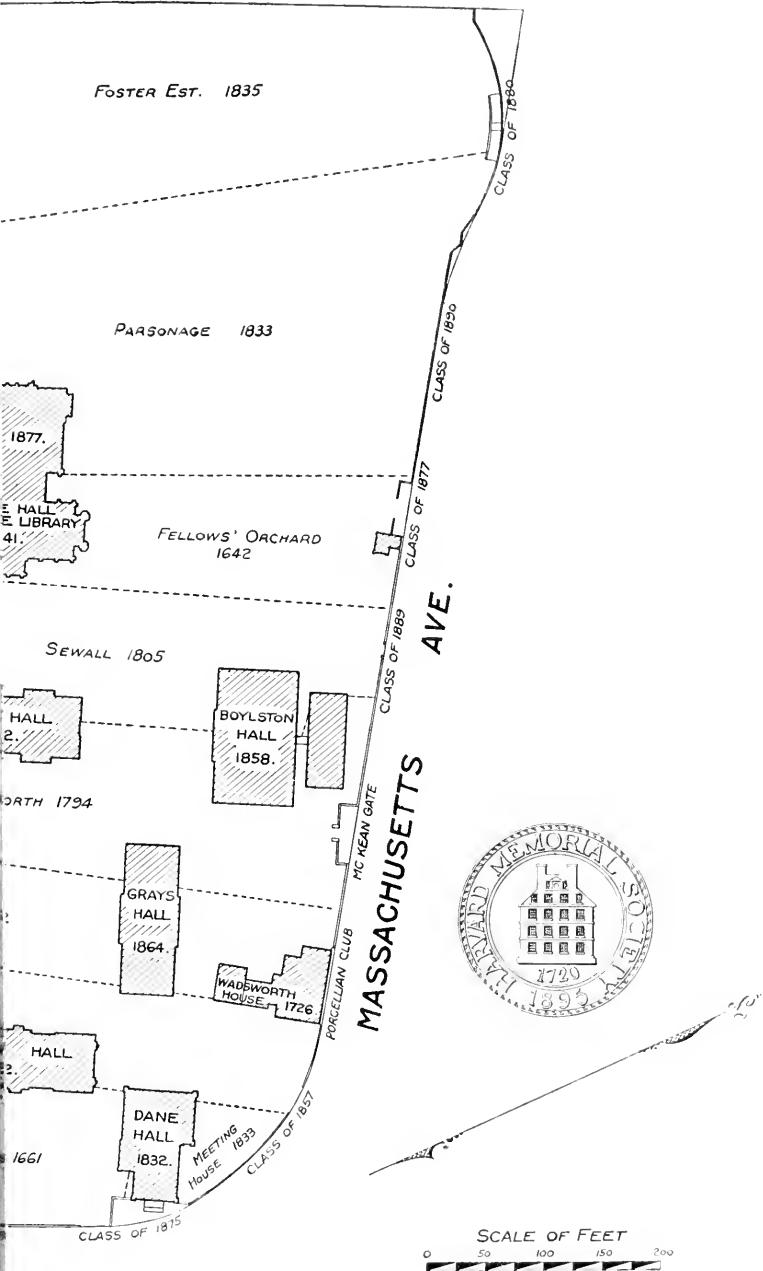
CLASS OF 1885



Aspinwall & Lincoln Civil Engineers
No 3 Hamilton Place Boston.

PLAN OF THE HARVARD COLLEGE YARD SHOWING THE SEVERAL BUILDINGS THEREIN WITH THE

ST.



PRISED IN IT WITH THE DATES OF THEIR ACQUISITION AND THE
DATES OF THEIR ERECTION



NAMED
IN HONOR OF
WILLIAM STOUGHTON
WHO GAVE
TO HARVARD COLLEGE
THE FIRST
STOUGHTON HALL
1698.

86. HOLWORTHY HALL.

HOLWORTHY
HALL

BUILT WITH THE PROCEEDS
OF A STATE LOTTERY
1812

NAMED
IN HONOR OF
AN ENGLISH MERCHANT
SIR THOMAS HOLWORTHY
WHO IN 1681 GAVE £1000
THE LARGEST GIFT
RECEIVED BY
HARVARD COLLEGE
DURING THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

87. PLAN OF YARD—IN STONE AND BRONZE.

In front of University Hall.

NORSEMEN IN CAMBRIDGE

88. SITE OF LEIF ERIKSON'S HOUSE.

On north bank of Charles River, near Cambridge Hospital.

ON THIS SPOT
IN THE YEAR 1000
LEIF ERIKSON
BUILT HIS HOUSE IN
VINELAND.

89. NORSE AMPHITHEATRE.

At the foot of Norumbega Street, off Belmont Street.¹

HOLLIS R. BAILEY
J. W. FREESE
Wm. W. DALLINGER } Committee.

RICHARD HENRY DANA read the following paper:

FRANCIS DANA

BEFORE reading some unpublished letters by Judge Francis Dana, I must say something of the author of these letters.

The civil struggle between the province of Massachusetts and the mother country, from 1760 to 1775, trained and brought forward the best abilities of the province, in political and legal discussion, in a remarkable manner. Among the leaders in the earlier part of the struggle was Richard Dana. He was born at Cambridge in 1700;² graduated at Harvard in 1718; married a sister of Edmund Trowbridge, whom Chancellor Kent calls "the Oracle of the old real law of Massachusetts," and who was successively Attorney-General and Chief Justice of that State. During the first part of his life, Mr. Dana devoted himself to the practice of law, in which he became distinguished. In the book of "American Precedents," in Oliver's "Precedents of Declarations," and in Story's "Common Law Pleadings," he is frequently cited as of the highest authority. He was little past the age of sixty when the struggle became most critical, and he devoted himself, heart and soul, to the cause of his country. He frequently presided at the famous town meetings held at Faneuil Hall and the Old South Meeting House, and was often upon the committees with the Adamses, Otis, Quincy, Hancock, and Warren, in preparing the addresses to the patriots throughout the country, and the appeals to the King and Parliament. He reported the celebrated papers of

¹ For a discussion of the Norsemen in New England and the true location of Norumbega, see writings of Prof. Eben N. Horsford, of Rev. Edmund F. Slafter, and the Memorial History of Boston.

² It is commonly stated as 1699, but that is now proved to be an error.

November 20, 1767, and May 8, 1770. His death in 1772, three years before the outbreak, is spoken of in the letters of the patriots of that day as a great loss to their cause; and President Adams, in later days, speaks of him as one who, had he not been cut off by death, would have furnished one of the immortal names of the Revolution. Perhaps the most distinguished act of his life was his administering the oath under the Liberty Tree to Secretary Andrew Oliver, in 1765, not to enforce the Stamp Act in America. Richard Dana being a magistrate, thereby subjected himself to the penalties of treason, according to the constructions of those days.

FRANCIS DANA, son of Richard, was born June 13, 1743; graduated at Harvard in 1762, and studied law five years with his uncle, Judge Trowbridge, and came to the bar in 1767. This was at the height of the civil struggle. Living, from boyhood until past the age of thirty, with a father who was so zealous and prominent a patriot, he naturally threw the force of his character into the same cause. He joined the Sons of Liberty, and John Adams's diary of 1766 speaks of the club in which "Lowell, Dana, Quincy, and other young fellows were not ill-employed in lengthened discussions of the right of taxation." He became an active practitioner at the bar, but especially in causes involving civil and political rights. In 1773, in concert with John Adams, he acted in behalf of the Rhode Island patriots, for the prosecution in the matter of Rome's and Moffatt's letters. In 1774, when Governor Hutchinson was about leaving the country, it was proposed that the bar should present him a complimentary address. This led to a sharp debate, in which Mr. Dana, though one of the youngest of the members, opposed the address with great courage and zeal. In 1773, he married a daughter of the Hon. William Ellery, afterwards a signer of the Declaration of Independence. In April, 1774, he sailed for England, partly to visit his brother, the Rev. Edmund Dana, who was settled there; but chiefly to represent the patriots of Massachusetts among their friends in England. He took confidential letters to Dr. Franklin from Warren, the elder Quincy, Dr. Cooper, and other leaders, and rendered all the service he could at that time. His brother had married a daughter of Lord Kinnaird, who was also a niece of Sir William Pulteney and Governor Johnstone, and through them and their connections Mr. Dana had

especial opportunities of ascertaining the state of English feeling, and the probable measures of the government. He became quite intimate with Dr. Price, and contributed materials for the work which the learned doctor published in defence of the colonies. He remained in England two years, and arrived in Boston in April, 1776, bringing with him a decided opinion that all hope of an adjustment with England on any terms which the colonists could accept must be abandoned.

From the time of his return he was a member, by repeated re-elections, until 1780, of the Massachusetts Council. In November, 1776, he was chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress — too late to affix his name to the Declaration of Independence, but in July, 1778, he put his signature to the Articles of Confederation. His course in Congress was distinguished, and although one of the youngest members, he held many important and critical posts. In 1778, he was placed at the head of a committee charged with the entire reorganization of the continental army. Indeed, on his return from England he was not decided between the military and civil service of his country. It was probably with this intent, that immediately upon his return, in April, 1776, he took a letter of introduction to General Washington from John Adams, who presents him as "a gentleman of family, fortune, and education, who has just returned to his country to share with his friends in their dangers and triumphs. He will satisfy you that we have no reason to expect peace from Britain."

Early in January, 1778, he was chairman of the congressional committee to visit the army at Valley Forge, and remained there during five months of that distressful season. While there, he was engaged with Washington in concerting the plan subsequently submitted by Congress to the commander-in-chief, on June 4, 1778, "to be proceeded in, with the advice and assistance of Mr. Reed and Mr. Dana, or either of them."

It was in this year that the English Peace Commission came to this country, charged with the duty of carrying out the purposes of the Conciliatory Bills, as they were called, of Lord North. On this commission was Governor Johnstone, whom, as an uncle of the Hon. Mrs. Edmund Dana, Mr. Dana had known well while in England. A committee had been appointed by Congress, consist-

ing of Mr. Dana, Mr. Drayton, and Mr. Gouverneur Morris, to consider the subject, and on their report the conciliatory proposals of Lord North had been unanimously rejected.

In 1779, an embassy was appointed to proceed to Paris, in the hope of negotiating treaties of peace and commerce with Great Britain, and to watch over our relations with France. Mr. Adams was placed at its head, and Mr. Dana was made secretary of legation, with certain contingent powers. Mr. Adams and Mr. Dana sailed from Boston November 13, 1779, in the French frigate "Sensible." Fear of the British cruisers led the frigate to take a southerly course, and she landed her passengers at Ferrol, in Spain; from whence they made a journey across the Pyrenees, in the depth of winter, arriving at Paris early in February, 1780. They found no prospect of negotiation with Great Britain, and their relations with Count Vergennes were not cordial, and afterwards ripened into a severe controversy between Mr. Adams and Count Vergennes, in which Dr. Franklin did not sustain Mr. Adams. Mr. Dana, being in Russia, was not a party to the controversy, but had been a party to the facts out of which it arose. Mr. Adams, years afterwards, in vindicating his course, says, "I had the advice and approbation of Chief Justice Dana, then with me as secretary of the legation for peace, to every clause and word of the whole correspondence. . . . Mr. Dana said, 'The Count neither wrote like a gentleman himself, nor treated me like a gentleman, and it was indispensably necessary that we should show him that we had some understanding and some feeling.' "

As affairs were not advancing at Paris, Mr. Adams left France for Amsterdam, Mr. Dana remaining a few months at Paris, then joining Mr. Adams in Holland, they being jointly charged by Congress with the duty of raising loans in Europe. He again returned to Paris, where he soon received the appointment of Minister to Russia, and proceeded towards St. Petersburg, arriving at the Court of Catherine in the latter part of the summer of 1781. The relations of the Empress with both Great Britain and France were, at this time, very critical. To have received Mr. Dana in full form, as a minister plenipotentiary from the United States, would have been a recognition of the independence of the United States, and would have been regarded by England as an act of war. The

Empress also expected to be asked to act as mediator between the three powers. This position she would lose by recognizing our independence. Consequently Mr. Dana was not received in form, but he had constant intercourse with Count Osterman, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, which was conducted with the most friendly spirit. At the same time, Mr. Dana was in constant correspondence with Congress; with the Marquis de Verac, the French Minister at St. Petersburg; with Mr. Robert R. Livingston, whom Congress had appointed Secretary of Foreign Affairs; and with Mr. Adams. One of his means of usefulness was to counteract the misrepresentations of British diplomacy, by showing the real state of affairs in America.

Mr. Dana drew up a plan of a commercial treaty with Russia in forty-one articles, going into details not only as to commercial relations, but especially those rights and duties of individuals in time of peace, which are now classed under the head of Private International Law. Count Osterman informed him that Her Imperial Majesty would give him an audience in due form as minister, when the preliminaries for a peace between the United States and Great Britain should be concluded, an event which was expected to take place immediately. But as Mr. Dana had determined to leave Russia, and had obtained the permission of Congress for that purpose, and as Congress did not think it worth while to enter upon negotiations for a general treaty at that time, Mr. Dana did not consider it a becoming course to remain in St. Petersburg merely to await his formal reception, on which he would immediately be obliged to go through the ceremony of taking leave. He quitted St. Petersburg September 4, 1783, after two years of what proved to be exile from opportunities of increased usefulness and reputation, and arrived in Boston directly by ship, in December following.

Within two months after his return to Boston, he was again appointed a delegate to the Continental Congress. In the summer of 1784, Congress took a recess of several months, and appointed a committee of one from each State to continue in session, clothed with very considerable powers. Mr. Dana was the member of this Committee for Massachusetts. At the beginning of the year 1785, he left Congress for a seat on the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts. He was appointed a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention of

1787, which framed the Constitution of the United States. Very unfortunately, he was unable to accept the appointment, partly by reason of his health, which he had never fully recovered after the hardships of his Russian mission, and partly because his attendance would interfere with his judicial duties; but in the Massachusetts Convention of 1788, called to decide upon the adoption of the Constitution, Judge Dana took a leading part in its favor. There is no doubt that when the Massachusetts Convention met, a majority was opposed to the Constitution, and this opposition was led by such men as John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were supported by Gerry, who had been a delegate to the Convention which framed it. Mr. Rufus King, also a delegate to that Convention, Theophilus Parsons, afterwards Chief Justice, and Mr. Dana, showed great skill and wisdom in recommending the Constitution to the Convention. After a long struggle, with many vicissitudes, the weight of character, intellect, political experience, and eloquence turned the scale, and the Constitution was adopted by a small majority. This was a turning point in the history of America, for if Massachusetts had rejected the Constitution, no other considerable State would have adopted it, as it was in none of them more popular, and in several of them less so than in Massachusetts.

This was the last of Judge Dana's political services. Three years afterwards, in November, 1791, he was appointed Chief Justice of Massachusetts, and during the fifteen years in which he held that honorable post he took no active part in polities beyond being chosen a presidential elector in 1792, 1800, and 1808.

When Mr. Adams, in the first year of his administration, found himself involved in great difficulties with the French Government, it was determined to send a special embassy to Paris, of three envoys, and for that purpose he appointed Charles Cotesworth Pinkney, Francis Dana, and John Marshall. It was a misfortune for the country as well as a matter of regret with himself and his friends, that Chief Justice Dana felt obliged, on account of his health, to decline this appointment; for had he accepted it, he would have stood by Pinkney and Marshall in the position they took at Paris, and our embassy would have presented to France, and to their own country, a united front, which would have averted the embarrassments and censures brought upon the country by reason

of the course taken by Judge Dana's successor. Judge Dana was offered a nomination for the governorship of Massachusetts, which also he declined. In 1806, he resigned the post of Chief Justice, and died in his mansion house at Cambridge in 1811, at the age of sixty-seven. He was slight of figure, very erect, remarkably well-featured, with a fair complexion, an eloquent mouth, an eye of light blue, full of expression, capable of showing fire when under excitement, and his whole countenance exhibiting what may be called an illumination, when under the influence of emotion. His voice was musical and attractive in conversation, and in ordinary public speech, but when deeply moved, especially if by moral indignation, it had, without any explosion or increase of volume, something in it that thrilled every hearer, and brought to a dead silence the most excited assemblies. In his dress, not only was he careful for neatness, but, though never over-dressed, his habit had an air of elegance. He lived through the severest political conflicts, which entered deeply into private life, and while his democratic party opponents sometimes inveighed against him as proud, over-sensitive, and, what is absurdly called in this country, aristocratic, no question was ever made of his integrity, patriotism, courage, or public spirit. Like his father, he had the highest degree of moral and civil courage, and was never suspected of doing anything for the sake of popularity or official position. As a lawyer, he had been thoroughly well-grounded by his five years' term of study under Judge Trowbridge, and he had, for several years, a large practice until he entered upon public life, about the time of the breaking out of the Revolution. He saw but little of the bar for the intervening eleven years, when he was placed upon the Supreme Bench, but the experiences of those years in a variety of high duties, developing character to the utmost, and requiring constant recurrence to the first principles of social and political science, were by no means lost upon him as the head of the judiciary of his State.

His mansion stood upon the hill and near the street now called after his name. It was a place of generous hospitality, and was frequented by his friends, the leaders of the Federal party of that day. Among his guests were also the more distinguished students of the University, who were attracted, in a large degree, by his reputation and the general air of dignity and kindness which

surrounded his home, among whom were Allston, the Channings, Buckminster, and the sons of prominent men from the Southern and Middle States, and others, who afterwards rising to distinction, have, in various ways, recorded their sense of the advantages they derived from intercourse with him and the visitors to be found at his house, and not a few of them for the pecuniary aid they had received, when straitened in their circumstances at college. He supported through their college courses several men who became eminent in different professions.

Francis Dana left several children; one of his sons being Richard H. Dana, the poet and prose writer, and one of his daughters the wife of Washington Allston. He is buried in the family tomb near the gate of the old churchyard in Cambridge, opposite the main entrance to the University, in which churchyard lie several generations of those who preceded and came after him.

Almost all the official, or semi-official, letters, such as to Adams, to the President of the Congress, to its Committee on Foreign Affairs, to Livingston, Franklin, Vergennes, Verac, Count Osterman, Lafayette, etc., have already been printed.

The first unpublished letter I shall select is one to the Rev. Edmund Dana, elder brother of Francis, of whom I have already spoken.

PARIS March 14th 1780 —
HOTEL DE VALOIS, RUE DE RICHELIEU

An unexpected and convenient opportunity to write you presenting itself, I cannot suffer it to pass away without assuring you that I retain an ardent affection for you, Mrs. D. and your little children; about whose welfare I have often been anxiously concerned; as I have never had the satisfaction of receiving a single line from you, since I left England, the Country I once loved — I have written to you three times since, once from New York upon my arrival there, and a few days before my last departure from Boston; this second letter I deliver'd to the care of a Mr. Robert Miliken, a Scotch Gent: who was captured on his way from the West-Indies to England, carried into Boston, and was permitted with others to go home in a cartel, and who promis'd to forward it safely to you. The third I wrote from hence, merely to acquaint you of my arrival in this City. In my second letter I gave you some account of the changes which had taken place in our family, since my return home. I shall now enclose you a copy of that part of the family records which

relate to them, and will give you the most exact information. I shou'd be glad to be acquainted with the Changes if any, which may have taken place in your family since I left it — When, if ever, we are to have the happiness of embracing each other, God alone can tell. You may be assured of this, that in all times, and in all fortunes, I shall not be unmindful of you and yours. — I want exceedingly to have the settlement of our family concerns completed, as difficulties might arise in case either of us shou'd be taken away, which I am persuaded wou'd not otherwise happen — When I write you, I shall not touch upon politicks, — for if I meddle with them, I must not be shackled, and a free conversation upon such subjects might endanger your personal safety. 'Tis therefore I have never wrote a syllable of that nature to you, since I left England. I will say this however, that thro' all the variety of our fortunes I have never suffered so great anxiety of mind as you must have seen me labouring under, while with you. — I had the happiness of a letter from Mrs. D. the other day, who assured me that all our connections there, were well; our uncle¹ in particuliar, for whom I felt much at my departure when I considered his age, and the temper of his mind, which render him a subject ill suited to the present turbulent times. I do not much expect I shall see him again. If he survives this storm, it will be marvellous indeed² — I must entreat you to present my most affectionate regards to Mrs. D. and your children; they will all remember me, except little Hariot. Lord K. [Kinnaird] it seems, is married. I wish him much happiness. When you see or write to him, pray make my best complements to him, and also to Mr. P. [Mr., afterwards Sir Wm. Pulteney]. As to the Gov^r [Johnstone], I once approved of his conduct, and believed him to be a different character from that he has lately exhibited to the world, not much, in my opinion, to his honour. You will particularly remember me to all those of your neighbourhood, with whom I had any connection — To Capt. J. and family I want to put one question to the *Corporal*. Has he not alter'd his sentiments

Roger .. & please — I am &c
Rev^d Edm^d Dana Esq^r

/// Sent by Capt. Carpenter, who went
from Paris for London, by the way
of Ostend, on the night of 15th Inst.

The next letter is one to Dr. Price, whose work in defence of the liberties of the colonists, for which Mr. Dana had contributed some material, I have already mentioned.

¹ Judge Edmund Trowbridge.

² He lived to 1793.

PARIS March 15th 1780 —
HOTEL DE VALOIS RUE DE RICHELIEU

DEAR SIR

It was not till the beginning of last Nov^r I was made acquainted that you had honoured me with the gift of your excellent Tracts upon Civil Liberty &c.. The volume was sent me but a few days before I left Boston for this place, so that I had not an opportunity of giving them a second reading. I had had the pleasure of reading them a long time before, and tho' they cou'd not afford me a stronger assurance than I long entertained, of your being the distinguished friend of trnht and of liberty, yet I felt the highest satisfaction to find the principles of liberty, so prevalent in my native Country, asserted and maintained in so able a manner, and by so respectable a character as Dr. Price — Besides I was not a little gratified by receiving so handsome a testimony of your remembrance of me. I do assure you, Sir, the acquaintance which we had commenced when I was in England, did but confirm that respect and esteem which I before had for you, and I shall not readily forget the civilities and attention you were then pleased to show me — Nothing but the suddenness of my departure prevent my taking a personal leave of you, and giving you my warmest thanks for your friendship and politeness — The messenger is now waiting for this letter, which obliges me to conclude more abruptly than I cou'd wish. I have the honour to be, Sir, with the greatest respect and esteem

Your friend and humble Servant

Rev^d D^r Price.

// Sent by Capt. Carpenter, who went
from Paris for London, by the way
of Ostend, on the night of the 15th
inst.

Lastly, I select three letters to Theophilus Parsons, which are particularly appropriate, as he was Judge Dana's successor as Chief Justice in Massachusetts, and started to write the life of Francis Dana. This work, unfortunately, was cut short by Judge Parsons' death. These letters are particularly interesting, also, for the various comments on public matters which they contain, and some prophecies which, to a remarkable extent, have been fulfilled.

Of the following letters Judge Theophilus Parsons (Jr.), says in a note to Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., dated Cambridge, March 28, 1859:

“ Some years since Dr. Jenks and Mr. Isaac P. Davis asked me for certain letters which your grandfather had written to my father, from

Europe, for publication in the Historical Collections. I could only reply that I knew of no such letters. Mr. Davis insisted somewhat strenuously that they must be among my father's papers, as he had often spoken to Mr. Davis of their interest and value.

" Since the death of my elder brother, I have found them among my brother's papers.

" I place them now at your disposal; but hope that you and your good father will agree with me in thinking that they should have a permanent place among the materials for our national history; such a place as a compliance with the request of the Historical Society would give them."

PARIS, March 18th 1780

DEAR SIR

The letters you put into my hands for Mr. Milliken, I have sent from hence to London, by a trusty private messenger, who came from thence not long since. I find the name of that same Mr. Milliken to a protest against some late popular proceedings in England. I believe him to be a very Scotsman, and you well know my sentiments of that people. He may however have gratitude eno' to induce him to make enquiry after your brother; but I am much troubled to inform you, that since my arrival here, I have seen several Americans who have made their escape from the prisons in England, and cannot obtain from any of them, the least intelligence respecting the Benington.¹ I fear the worst — — I have not been able yet, to procure your books, but I will endeavour to seek further for them. If I shou'd meet with them, it will be attended with difficulty to send them from hence. The small parcels I have sent M^r. D. I am obliged to a friend who gives them a place among his private baggage. Everyone who goes from this City, fills up every chink with something or other. You may however depend upon my best exertions to serve you. I have not had the pleasure of a letter from you since I left home. This is not right. I shall expect that you pay a little attention to me, as well as to Mad^m. I will tell you what I want of you. In the first place you are to quicken our Essex friends about the important business they were pleased to undertake. I need not name it here. I have wrote to Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Tracey, or both, upon the subject; but I have not wrote to Mr. Cabot, if you see him, present my complem^{ts} to him, and urge him to the business: let it be effectually done. In the next place, you are to give me as full and as minute a

¹ Theodore Parsons, brother of the Chief Justice, was a surgeon on board the American Privateer, which ship was never heard from. — [Note by Theophilus Parsons, Jr.]

state of our publick affairs in general, from time to time, as opportunities offer. This I know is a most extensive commission, but it must be your part of the drudgery. You must not imagine, because you stay at home, that you have a right to be idle. Remember you either have, or *might have*, many sources of happiness from which I am banished. And do you yet remain that forlorn being of an old batchelor? If so, I shall give you up, not to Satan, but to a certain female of our acquaintance, to be buffeted — I have had the pleasure of reading in the Courier de l'Europe, a paper which circulates thro' all these Countries, a list of prizes condemned on the 7th of last Dec^r by Judge Cushing, to the number of 25. I hope care will be taken to publish very particularly all future condemnations. This you know was suggested to you by Mr. Adams, and I presume that publication was first made in consequence of it, at Boston. It astonished many Gentlemen here, who had no adequate Idea of the depredation committed by our Privateers upon the British navigation; and I am persuaded that a publication of all our captures wou'd astonish all Europe, and have a very happy effect in beating down the falsities industriously propagating by England — I do not certainly know, but I believe, that the armanent fitting out at Brest, which will consist of 12 sail of the Line, & 8,000 Troops, with a noble Train of Artillery, is destined for our Country; this matter will not long remain in suspense, perhaps they will be with you by the time you receive this letter. The Viscount de Noailles, who was with Comte D'Estaing in all his campaigns of last year, goes with this armament. I flatter myself the campaigns of this year will be more successful on our part, than those of the last — The Capture of the Protea a 64 gun ship & three of the Convoy, part of the fleet bound to the Island of France in the East-Indies, by Admiral Diggs, was an unlucky stroke, but hath not prevented the residue of the fleet proceedg to their destination — The Action with Langara has shown the British what a resolute and brave Enemy they have in the Spaniards. It served to rouse the spirit of that Nation. I have this morning been told, and at present I credit it, that 10 Spanish Ships of the Line, & 10 Battalions, *have* sailed from Cadiz for America; their particular destination is uncertain, but they cannot go amiss into those Seas.¹ "Tis there that Eng^r! must be conquered, and 'tis there she most dreads her Enemies, and not in their vain threats of invading her home dominions — The S^r Domingo Convoy of 60 sail are all safely arrived. It was apprehended that Rodney might fall in with them on his way to the West Indies. He goes there with not more than

¹ The Spanish are again in possession of St. Omoo.

5 ships of the Line, and Walsingham will carry out 4 or 5, so that according to the present arrangement in that quarter, the French will have a superiority. This will give them full play on the Continent — Let our privateers improve this opportunity, and with their wonted dexterity seize upon their prey — I have been told that 4 or 5 of our frigates which lay in Boston Harbour when we left it, sailed soon after us, upon a cruize. I hope to hear they have done something clever; they seem to be getting into a better way — “His soul breathes nothing but War — Not one word of Peace,” say you. Not yet my friend. Small successes have made our Enemies insolent, a few more will make them mad. First let them be bro’t to their sober senses — It is said that a Quintuple Alliance has been entered into by Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Prussia, and the United Provinces, to maintain the honour of their flags — What will be the Issue of the Committees of Correspondence in England, whether a Congress will spring out of them, is altogether uncertain, but I am inclined to believe from certain Characters taking the lead in them, that all will prove ineffectual there. The associations of Ireland are of a more serious nature, they strike at the root of the evil. Forty thousand Men, with arms in their hands, say they will be freed from the usurpations of their fellow-subjects in England — they deny the Supremacy of that Parliament — this is the foundation of all their oppressions; if they carry this one point, they will be free indeed. But of what consequence is the striking off a few pensions to the People of England, if they shou’d even gain their point? One Country is acting upon rational principles, and proceeding systematically, while the other, I believe, is but the dupe of a few interested knaves — I have wrote up my paper and must bid you adieu for the present.

Yours &c

// P. S. Mr. A.¹ presents his best regards // mine to your lady if you have one.

// Deliver’d to Mr. Izard March 25th

PARIS April 23th 1780
Hotel de Valois Rue de Richelieu

DEAR SIR

I wrote you on the 18th of last month & deliver’d my letter to Mr. Izard late one of our Commissioners, who has been waiting a long time to take passage for America. He has not yet sail’d & will probably go either in the Alliancee, or with the Brest Fleet which

¹ John Adams.

'tis believed are destined for our Continent. On the 26th inst. I wrote Mrs. D., and not expecting leisure to write any other friend, I was fuller upon political subjects than usual, & requested her to show you my letter, but I shall now take up the subjects of that and enlarge upon them— Our prospects brighten up and all things seem working together for our good. Let us have patience and I presume they will come about as nearly right, as can reasonably be expected. Britain has not a single friend among the Maritime Powers of Europe. There is no danger of *our* Enemies multiplying. The war with America is boldly reprobated by the great Leaders of the People of England, and I am in hopes it will soon become as unpopular with them as it ever was popular. The People begin to adopt the tone and language of their Leaders in this respect. The great County of York have passed the following resolution touching the American War. That it is the opinion of this Meeting that the prosecution of an offensive war in America is most evidently a measure which by employing our great and enormously expensive military operations against the Inhabitants of that Country, prevented this from exerting its united, vigorous, & firm efforts, against the Powers of France and Spain, and has no other effect upon America than to continue & thereby increase, the enmity which had so long and so fatally subsisted betwixt the arms of both, can be productive of no good whatever; but by preventing conciliation threatens the accomplishment of the final ruin of the British Nation. The County of Somersett at their meeting the 11th inst: adopted this resolution unanimously, and that of Hartford has since done the same. The County of Surry on the 14th inst: passed unanimously this resolution That the American War, originating from the corrupt influence of the Crown, and the ill founded assertions of the King's Ministers in Parliament, is the cause of the present calamitous situation of this Country; they then passed a second, similar to that of Yorkshire. Afterwards a Third thanking those Members of Parliament who had uniformly reprobated the American War. I am sensible these resolutions, except the last, tho' they express a disapprobation of the American war, it is rather of the mode than of the War itself; but the transition is easy. This business is just opening; in its progress it must mend, and from damning the mode, they will not long hesitate to damn the thing. It is a great point that the attention of the *people* of England is awakened to the consideration of public measures. When they begin to think, they will go on to think justly, because they can have no sinister views or interest to pervert their judgments. You know 't is a favourite maxim with me, that the People finally judge right, because they judge hon-

estly¹ — In my letter above mentioned I say, “What will be the issue of the Committees of Correspondence in England, whether a Congress will spring out of them, is altogether uncertain, but I am inclined to believe from certain characters taking the lead in them, that all will prove ineffectual there.” And then also “Of what consequence is the striking off a few pensions to the People of England, if they shou’d even gain their point?” My sentiments have changed with the change of things. The commotions in England are growing every day more and more serious. The People have *enlarged* their ground, they insist upon reducing effectually the influence of the Crown, upon shortening the duration of Parliaments to one year, or three years at least, upon a more just and equal Representation, particularly upon adding to the House 100 Knights of Shires, and some other substantial reforms. These are objects worthy of their pursuits, they are worth contending for —. Besides, out of their Committees of Correspondence, formed upon the example of America, has sprung a young Congress. The Government of Britain is likely to become as odious & detestable to the People of England, as it hath long been to those of America. The King himself escapes not their severe censures — The redress of grievances which they at present seek thro’ their Parliament, altho’ the principles of their petitions have been ably supported there, and decisions of the House of Commons in several important points, have been carried their in favor against the Ministry, such as the Bill for the demolition of the Board of Trade & Plantations, the Bill for the exclusion of Contractors from the House (of which more below). The Resolutions of the 6th inst: “That it is now necessary to declare, that the Influence of the Crown has encreased, is encreasing, and ought to be diminished” — “That it is competent to this House to examine into, and to correct abuses in the expenditure of the Civil List Revenues, as well as in every other branch of the public Revenue, whenever it shall seem expedient to the Wisdom of this House so to do.” — “That it is the duty of this House to provide, as far as may be, an immediate and effectual redress of the abuses complained of in the petitions presented to this House, from the different Counties, Cities and Towns in this Kingdom.” — Those of the 10th, viz. “That to preserve the Independence of Parliament, and to take away all suspicion of its integrity, there be laid before this House, within the first seven days after the opening of every Session, Accounts authenticated by the signature of the proper Officers, of every sum or sums of money paid in the Course

¹ Compare Abraham Lincoln’s famous remark that “You can’t fool all the people all the time.”

of the preceeding year, out of the proceeds of the Civil List, or out of any other branch of the public Revenue, to the use of any Member of either House of Parliament, under the title of Pension, Salary, or other denomination whatever, pointing out to whom and on what Account, paid." — "That the Treasurer & Comptroler of the Household, Treasurer of the Chambers, Cofferer of the Household, and their Deputies, the Officers of the Board of Green Cloth, and their Clerks, &c be incapable of a seat in this House &c" Yet, notwithstanding those things, it is not by Parliament they will find redress of their Grievances complained of. The People must look somewhere else for it, they must look to themselves. Their Committees, their Congresses must finally save the Liberties of England, or they will be lost forever. The King and his Ministers set their faces strong against this plan of reform. The Minister prevailed in the House on the 13th against the Bill for disqualifying Officers of the Revenue from voting in elections of Members of Parliament ; on the second reading of that Bill upon the Question for its commitment, 195 for it, 224 against it. On the next day in the House of Lords came on to be read a second time, the Contractors Bill mentioned above, when there were 41 for committing it, & 60 against it. 'Tis probable that every Bill which may be bro't into the House upon any of the foregoing resolutions, will meet the same fate, in one or the other of the Houses of Parliament. I cannot help rejoicing that these blows have been given to the plan of reform. I cannot wish to see the people of England by paeifie means triumphing over the King and his Ministers, while the War with our Country exists. Let this be at an end, & they shall have my fervent prayers that they may drive the Tyrant from his Throne without suffering the Calamities of a Civil War. But it appears to me, that the crisis is now arrived, when the King or the People must prevail totally, one against the other ; their views and interest are no longer thought to be, nor in fact are they, the same. The whole Kingdom seems to be in a violent agitation, and was I to hazard a conjecture, it wou'd be that it will issue in a Civil War. I have endeavoured to give you some idea of the state of the internal affairs of Great Britain ; let us look a little beyond the limits of her island, and see how matters stand there. Ireland has wisely improved the very critical conjuncture of British Affairs, and with an Army *of her own*, of not less than 45,000 men, demands the full enjoyment of her Liberty, totally denies any authority of the British Parliament over Ireland *in any case whatever*. How different this from that absurd, and arbitrary claim of that Parliament over all the British Dominions, Jurisdiction *in all cases whatsoever!* Thus, by usurping too

much, in Justice, they will loose all. For Ireland, as America has done, will probably carry her point. For tho' the Two Houses of the Irish Parliament in their former address to the King, seemed satisfied with the extension given to their Commerce by the British Parliament, yet, a far different spirit then prevailed, and still prevails among the People in general of that Country, and they will adhere to their claims, and their Parliament 'tis probable, will catch the same spirit, and then their business is done. What can Britain do against the force of Ireland united, if an appeal is there made to the sword, with her present Enemies? Let us look a little further and without the British Dominions and see if we find any help for Britain there. No, as I have said above, Britain has not a single Friend among all the Maritime Powers of Europe. Her extravagant claim of the Empire of the Seas, and above all, her consequent insolent behaviour on that element to all the other Maritime Powers, has made them behold with complacency, and secret joy, for some time, the reduction of her great naval Strength. At length this temper of theirs has become manifest. The States General now insist upon the right they unquestionably have by special Treaty with England to carry the effects of their Enemies, not being contraband, without interruption, or in other words, *that free Ships shall make free goods*; and they will no longer acquiesce in a perfidious violation of Treaties, as the astonishing successes of that Nation (English) the last War, induced them to do. In this point the Empress of Russia certainly, and probably the rest of the Northern Powers, will support them. She in her late declaration to the Courts of St. James, Versailles, & Madrid, which is in fact intended against the first, asserts the same right, without special Treaty, I believe, and gives fair notice she is arming to maintain it. She has invited Sweden, Denmark and the States General to accede. I have seen the Resolutions of several of the Provinces, the great leading one of Holland in particular, for an accession, nay they go further & will have their public Ministers at the Courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm & Lisbon to aid the designs of the Empress, at those Courts. So that a formidable Alliance may be formed to carry this point against England; for She is the only one of the Belligerent Powers which wishes to oppose it. At last the World sees what kind of an Alliance Russia hath formed. The British Ministry have caused it to be circulated thro' Europe, & perhaps America, that Russia was their Ally, nay a late Court paper carried the matter so far as to publish the actual arrival of 15 Russian Ships of the Line, with a number of transports, at Plymouth, *furnished in pursuance of their late Treaty with the Empress*, and this was held up as an ample compensation for what they call the defection of the Dutch,

who have declined granting the succours demanded of them by Britain in consequence of subsisting Treaties. In resentment of this, the King in Council held the 17th inst: hath declared & ordered that the Subjects of the United Provinces shall thence forth be considered upon the same footing with those of other Neutral States not privileged by Treaty, & hath suspended provisionally, & untill further order, all the particular stipulations respecting the freedom of navigation & commerce, in time of war, of the Subjects of the States General, contained in the several Treaties subsisting between him & the Republic. This Order at once puts the Dutch navigation & commerce upon the same footing respecting Free Ships making free goods, as that of Russia stands, for with her, I presume, there is no such stipulation. The Empress seems to demand this, as the right of mere Neutral Nations, and has therefore requested the concurrence of Sweden, Denmark & Portugal, as well as of the States General in this principle. How the Empress will consider this declaration, or rather whether she will make a counter declaration in affirmance of her claim, is at present uncertain; but it wou'd seem things will not long remain in their present State between England & Russia. Shou'd the latter succeed as it is probable she will, in effecting her proposed Alliance, for establishing what she calls the freedom of Navigation & of Commerce of Neutral Nations, England must not give the least interruption to her Commerce unless they wou'd make her their open Enemy. She is of a character not to be trifled with. The Dutch will bear a great deal more of abuse and insult from England before they can be bro't into a War. I see not at present however, if England persists in opposing this, which I call a *new* principle of the Law of Nations how either Russia or the States General, will avoid a War with England, who seem madly determined to multiply their Enemies. A little time will show us the operation of these things. I hope the Northern Powers will unite to maintain the Empress' new principle, and if it is not now, that it may become an established Law of Nations. No Country, it appears to me, can be more benefited in future by it than America, whose wisdom I hope in God it will be, to hold herself free from the entangled Systems of Europe, and all their Wars¹ — — The intelligence I mentioned in my last respecting the sailing of 10 Spanish Ships of the Line, with 10 Battalions from Cadiz was premature. That armament has not yet sailed as we have heard, but it's said to be ready for departure. The troops will consist of not less than 10,000 Men, the Ships of Twelve Sail of the Line with a number of Frigates; their destination is not yet

¹ This was before Washington's farewell address.

known — The same may be said of the Quintuple Alliance there spoken of, but by what has since appeared, 't is not wholly improbable that the matter might then have been agreed upon, or at least under consideration, in the several Cabinets — —. "T is but about a week since we heard of Clinton's arrival in Georgia, by a vessel from Maryland to Nantes. It was generally apprehended that a considerable part of his Fleet had perished in the storm which came on a few days after their sailing from New York. One of his transports was driven into England, & two into the West Indies. I hope they are prepared to give him a good reception at Charlestown.¹ We understand Gen^l Gates is appointed to command there. It is too much to hope he will give us as good an Account of Clinton as he has done of Burgoin, yet I have much confidence in him. If the Enemy are again repulsed in that quarter, it will strike dead the hopes of their most sanguine supporters in England, and the American War from that instant must be abandoned — — I have now to complain of you, and my other friends near you, for suffering Capt. Trask, who carried our first letters from Europe, to return from Newbury Port to Bilbao without a single letter for us. What can this mean! Where have you been and what have you been about? Surely you cou'dnt have been ignorant that such an opportunity was a favorable one, and ought not to have been omitted. News or no News always write us. We want to be inform'd even if affairs remain in statu quo. — How has your privateering succeeded? Have we made up the number lost at Ponebscott? Or do we stagger under that blow? Have you had any British Cruisers on your Coasts, or has your Navigation been free? How have your *pickings* been at the Maritime Courts? I have ten thousand questions to ask you, but have not patience, or leisure, to write them down, Let me give you one rule when you sit down to write me, give your imagination full play, and write upon every subject you can conceive we want information upon. Do this, and you will do well.

Please to present my regards to my Newbury-Port friends & to the whole fraternity, and tell them one and all, they must write to me — to Judge Cushing likewise, & inform him that if he goes on executing Judgment and publishing such Lists as he gave us last December, his Name will be very famous thro'out all Europe. Farewell for this time.

I am your friend &c

P. S. Least my first shou'd not reach you, I will here request you never to publish anything from my Letters unless in so guarded a manner as not to point out from what quarter they came — You have

¹ Charleston, South Carolina.

my free consent to read them to any of our friends, if you find anything in them worth notice — No intelligence of poor Theodore —

Theoph: Parsons Esq^r

PARIS May 14th 1780
HOTEL DE VALOIS RUE RICHELIEU

SIR

I intended to have continued an account of all public matters of any consequence, down to the present day; but my eyes are at present in so weak a state that I cannot read or take my pen in hand, without much injuring them: of this you will mention nothing to my *most intimate* connections. I am otherways in good health — Do give me a minute and full account of your proceedings in Convention,¹ and furnish me with as many Copies of the original Report as you can collect together, and note in one of them, the alterations made in Convention; and when you shall have happily finished the great work before you, do not fail to transmit many copies of it. These things are much sought after in Europe, and are most acceptable presents to all our connections here — Stir up our friends among you to write to us by every opportunity for this Country, Bilbao, & Holland. There is not a circumstance touching our affairs, however trivial some of them may seem to you, or them, which will not be acceptable. Let general directions be given however to sink letters in case of capture: the best way is to endorse them also. Our intelligence from Charlestown is no later than the 9th of March, by Clinton's letter. I feel very anxious for the safety of that place, especially for our frigates, which, in my opinion, have no business there — God defend and bless you all

Yours &c

Theoph: Parsons Esq^r

N. B. The above was subjoined to No. 2.

As to Mr. Parsons remaining "that forlorn being of an old batchelor" and the message of regards to his "lady if" he has one, Mr. Parsons was married about the time the letter probably arrived in America.

As to the frigates which in Dana's opinion had "no business there," four continental and two French frigates were retained in Charleston Harbor, where they were hemmed in and captured by the much superior force of the British. Had they been allowed to go outside, roaming over the ocean, they would have continued a menace to the transports and commerce of England, and would

¹ The Massachusetts Constitutional Convention of 1779.

have drawn off many men-of-war from her active fleets to serve as convoys. The American frigates especially, which always outsailed the British and beat them when on even terms, would have been comparatively safe, while in Charleston Harbor they proved to be insufficient for defence, had no means of escape and thus their usefulness was ended.

Francis Dana's surmise as to the damage to the fleet sailing from New York under Sir Henry Clinton was borne out by the facts. Some of the ships were lost by shipwreck and some by capture after being separated from the rest of the fleet.

As to Gates' resistance, in South Carolina, you will remember that this proved ineffectual; but that the English victories in the Carolinas were rendered valueless by the successful Fabian policy of General Greene.

As to Mr. Dana's hopes that the northern powers would unite to maintain the Empress of Russia's policy of enforcing the doctrine that "free ships make free goods" (except contraband of war or in case of effective blockade), against England's claim of right of search, Mr. Dana's predictions were mainly fulfilled. Russia, France, Spain, and Holland joined in a league of armed neutrality for the above purpose. This led Holland into war, as Dana predicted; but Russia, by means of the great diplomacy of the Empress Catherine 2d, adroitly held the difficult position of maintaining her rights of freedom from search on the one hand, and peace with England on the other. Catherine wished to extend her commerce, which she could do only as a neutral, taking advantage of the war between Great Britain, France, Spain, Holland, and the United States. She hoped also to be made the mediator when the time came for terms of peace, and her difficult policy was aided by the fear Great Britain had of adding so powerful a country to the list of her active enemies. It was one thing for Britain to force Holland into war, quite another, Russia. Had Russia been driven into war with Great Britain, Mr. Dana in St. Petersburg would doubtless have been able to secure recognition of the independence of the colonies before peace was declared, as Franklin secured it in France and Adams in Holland, after those countries were at war with England.

This claim of right of search on England's part has, as you

know, a peculiar interest for us Americans. It was one of the causes of our War of 1812. The peace which followed left that question unsettled, and while it was the generally accepted doctrine of international lawyers that England was wrong in her contention, it was not until the early part of our Civil War, when it was England's ox that was gored, when we took Mason and Slidell, confederate emissaries, from the British steamer "Trent," that England definitely changed her attitude. Seward, our Secretary of State, replied to her complaint, that if England would forever abandon her claim of right of search, for which she had so often fought, and which we had believed to be unlawful, we would gladly surrender Messrs. Mason and Slidell. This England did, and it was thus not until 1861, or eighty one years after Mr. Dana's letter, that this contention of free ships against right of search and taking away persons was finally ended.

As to Mr. Dana's views of the power of the Committees of Correspondence in England, he is fully sustained by John Richard Green in his admirable history of the English people, who says:

"And it was in the movement for reform, and the establishment of corresponding committees throughout the country for the purpose of promoting it, that the power of political agitation first made itself felt. Political societies and clubs took their part in this quickening and organization of public opinion: and the spread of discussion, as well as the influence which now began to be exercised by the appearance of vast numbers of men in support of any political movement, proved that Parliament, whether it would or no, must soon reckon with the sentiments of the people at large."

As to saving the liberties of England by taking away the King's power to bribe members of Parliament by contracts, pensions, and office, and by using the power of patronage to compel office-holders to vote for such members of Parliament as the King wished; in the very next year, forced, as has already been shown, by the power of these Committees of Correspondence, and not acting of its own free will, Parliament, to be sure, threw out Pitt's bill for parliamentary reform, but, to quote the words of the historian Green again:

"In its stead the Ministry endeavored to weaken the means of corrupt influence which the King had unscrupulously used by disqualifying persons holding government contracts from sitting in Parliament, by depriving revenue officers of the elective franchise (a measure which diminished the weight of the Crown in seventy boroughs), and above all by a bill for the reduction of the civil establishment, of the pension list, and of the secret service fund, which was brought in by Burke. These measures were to a great extent effectual in diminishing the influence of the Crown over Parliament, and they are memorable as marking the date when the direct bribery of members absolutely ceased. But they were utterly inoperative in rendering the House of Commons really representative of or responsible to the people of England."

The more complete reform of the House of Commons necessary to make it responsible to the will of the people was not achieved until fifty years later, and of course of no use to aid in the American contest; but Dana's prediction that these reforms might not come about without civil wars proved to be substantially true, for it was not until riots, burnings, conflicts between soldiers and mobs in the English cities that amounted to civil war, that the House of Lords, in 1832, with the additional threat on the part of the Ministry that enough new peers would be created to pass the bill, withdrew its opposition. I may also add that when still later the officers of the revenue were given through the civil service reform system a tenure more free from partisan control, they were allowed to vote without endangering the liberties of the people.

As to the troops in Ireland foreing England, as Dana predicted, into granting Ireland what she had refused to grant to her colonists, the very next year, by formal statute, the judiciary and legislative supremacy of England over the Parliament of Ireland was abandoned, and, in the words of Green, the historian, "from this moment, England and Ireland were simply held together by the fact that the sovereign of the one island was also the sovereign of the other." Green also suggests that the grant of self-government to this one great dependency made it easier to recognize the ultimate freedom of the United States a few years later.

ANDREW McFARLAND DAVIS read the following paper :

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS SHEPARD

THOMAS SHEPARD was settled over the Cambridge church in February, 1636, and continued to preach and lecture to his congregation in that place until his death in August, 1649, thus making his pastorate nearly fourteen years in length. Some of his sermons were published by himself, others were collated by certain of his admirers and given to the public while he was yet alive, and still others were published posthumously. The net result of all this is that we have upon the shelves of our libraries publications accredited to Thomas Shepard the separate titles of which outnumber the years of his pastorate. If we consider the primitive condition of life in the Colony during these years it seems incredible that the pastor of a pioneer church in a little village in New England should have made such a contribution to the literature of the day and have succeeded in graving so deep a mark for himself upon the tablets of fame. Yet an analysis of the life of this remarkable man reveals the fact that even before he came to America his power in the pulpit had drawn upon his head the personal hostility of Archbishop Laud, and that after his death the demand for his works led not only to the publication posthumously of new collations of his sermons, but also to the republication from time to time of some of the volumes which had already appeared. The personal persecution by Laud which began while he was Bishop of London was ample evidence of the impression made in England by Shepard's preaching as a beginner. The adoption of Cambridge as the site for the college in New England bore testimony to his influence upon the General Court of Massachusetts Bay at their session in Cambridge, or Newtown as it was then called, in 1636. The association of his name with the petition to the Commissioners of the United Colonies a few years later, for aid for the college, which resulted in a successful appeal to the towns, and enabled the college to bridge over a temporary financial difficulty, brings him before us in a wider sphere of colonial influence. The fervent admiration of the man expressed by his contemporaries in various publications, and especially the estimate of his work given in the

prefatory notices in some of his publications, all confirm the inferences that we should naturally draw from a review of his career; and these, again, are ratified by the repeated republication of his works, a process that has continued down to the present time.

The following is a list of these publications, founded upon the one given in Sabin:

1. **AUTOBIOGRAPHY**: published from Shepard's MSS., by Rev. Nehemiah Adams, in Boston in 1832. It is, as its title indicates, a sketch of his life written by himself. It was intended for his son, and while it is valuable and interesting is all too brief. It was reprinted in Young's "Massachusetts Chronicles."

2. **CERTAIN SELECT CASES RESOLVED**. The title sufficiently indicates the character of this work,—a technical discussion of theological difficulties. It was originally published in London in 1648, and was reprinted in London in 1650; a third London edition appeared in 1695. Besides these editions it was published in 1655 in connection with "Theses Sabbaticæ" and was one of the "Three Valuable Pieces" which were given to the public under that title.

3. **THE CHURCH MEMBERSHIP OF CHILDREN** has been preserved only in New England garb. It was originally printed at Cambridge in 1663, was reprinted in Boston in 1762, and again reprinted in New London in 1769. It is nominally a letter devoted to the exposition of Shepard's views on the subject given in the title, in which he was warmly interested.

4. **THE CLEAR SUN SHINE OF THE GOSPEL BREAKING FORTH UPON THE INDIANS IN NEW ENGLAND** was printed in London in 1648; was reproduced by Sabin in New York in 1865, and was also reprinted in Massachusetts Historical Society Collections, 3d series, Vol. IV. pp. 25–67. It deals with Eliot's work of conversion among the Indians.

The classification of Sabin's next title, "The Day-breaking if not the Sun Rising," etc., as one of Shepard's works, has been challenged, and it would seem as if the title itself indicated independent authorship.

5. **FOUR NECESSARY CASES OF CONSCIENCE OF DAILY USE** was published in London, the conjectural date being 1651.

6. **MEDITATIONS AND SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES** was published

in Edinburgh in 1749, and in Glasgow in 1847. It is often spoken of as "The Diary." It is fragmentary, covering only a brief period, during which however it is very full, and is well worthy of psychological study. It was included in "Three Valuable Pieces," and in the "Works" published in 1853.

7. NEW ENGLAND'S LAMENTATION FOR OLD ENGLAND'S ERROURS. The title sufficiently indicates the character of the sermon. One edition only was published, namely, in London in 1645.

8. THE PARABLE OF THE TEN VIRGINS OPENED AND APPLIED. This was published posthumously in London in 1660, and was reprinted five times thereafter in London and in Scotland.

9. THE SAINTS JEWEL was separately printed in Boston in 1743. It was also printed in conjunction with "The Sincere Convert" in nine editions.

10. SAMPWUTTEAHAE is a translation of "The Sincere Convert" into the tongue of the natives. It was published at Cambridge in 1689.

11. THE SINCERE CONVERT was first published in London in 1641, after which edition after edition appeared in rapid succession, so that by 1700 eighteen editions had appeared. Down to 1812 twenty-one editions of this work had been published under that title, irrespective of publications in conjunction with other works of Shepard.

12. THE SOUND BELIEVER was first published in 1645 in London. Down to 1849 fourteen editions under this title had appeared.

13. SUBJECTION TO CHRIST was first posthumously published in London in 1652, was republished there in 1654 and again in 1657. The name of Jonathan Mitchell, Shepard's successor, appears as the person responsible for the publication. We are told on the titlepage that the volume contains some remarkable passages of Shepard's life. This doubtless refers to a sort of preface addressed to the reader, and signed by William Greenhill and Samuel Mather, in which a sketch of Shepard's life is given. The work is divided into two parts, entitled respectively "A Wholesome Caveat for a Time of Liberty" and "Of Ineffectual Hearing the Word." In an unsigned address "To the Christian Reader," written presumably by Mitchell, we are told that "These were some of his *Lecture-*

Sermons, Preached most of them in the year 1641." They were transcribed "by a godly Brother partly from the Authors own notes, and partly from what he took from his mouth."

14. **THESES SABBATICÆ** was first published in London in 1649. The subject is divided into four parts,—The Morality of the Sabbath; The Change of the Sabbath; The Beginning of the Sabbath; and The Sanctification of the Sabbath. It was republished in 1650 and in 1655. The reason for the publication of these sermons may be assigned in part at least to the request of some of the students in the college. They are of interest because they contain specific rules for the observance of the Sabbath, as well as a caustic arraignment of those who heard the preacher for violations of the same, of a most astounding nature.

15. **THREE VALUABLE PIECES**, etc., is the title of a collection composed of "Select Cases," etc.; "First Principles of the Oracle of God"; and "Meditations and Experiences." This collection was published in Boston in 1747. The only new thing in it is "First Principles of the Oracle of God." This is a sort of catechism, the whole of it being a series of questions and answers on doctrinal points. It was also printed in conjunction with "Select Cases," etc., in 1648, in 1650, and in 1695. It was published with "Theses Sabbaticæ" in 1655.

16. **A TREATISE OF LITURGIES**, etc., in answer to . . . John Ball appeared in London in 1653. It is a controversial publication, being devoted to an attempt to indicate paragraph by paragraph the errors of Mr. Ball's work. It appears to be the same or substantially the same as "A Defence of the answer made unto the Nine Questions," etc., by John Allen and Thomas Shepard, which was published in London in 1648, and is treated by Sabin as identical with "A Treatise of Liturgies," except for the title, Allen's name being associated only with the preface in the "Treatise of Liturgies."

17. **TWO QUESTIONS . . . JUDICIOUSLY ANSWERED** was published in Boston in 1697.

18. **WINE FOR GOSPEL WANTONS** appeared in Cambridge in 1668.

19. A set of the works of Thomas Shepard was published in Boston in 1853.

In addition to the foregoing, Allibone assigns the authorship of publications bearing the following titles to Shepard:

LITURGICAL CONSIDERATOR CONSIDERED IN REPLY TO DR. GAUDEN, London, 1661. This is by Giles Firmin.

THREE SERMONS ON SEPARATION, London, 1702.

WEDDING SERMON, 1713.

Shepard is said to have preached the Election Sermons in 1637 and in 1638. No copy of the 1637 Sermon has been preserved, nor has that of 1638 ever been published in full, but an abstract of it was printed in the "New England Historic Genealogical Register," vol. xxiv. p. 363. Shepard also published a preface to "A Reply to a Confutation of some Grounds for Infants Baptisme," by George Philip, London, 1645.

Without including the Allibone titles, "The Day-breaking," etc., or the abstract of the 1638 Sermon, we have here nineteen titles for separate works the authorship of which is unquestioned, which have appeared in sixty-eight editions. If we should include "The Day-breaking if not the Sun Rising," on the authority of Sabin, we should add another title and two more editions. The publication of these various editions cover the period from 1641 to 1853 inclusive, the greater part of them being posthumous. The writings of a personal character like "Meditations and Spiritual Experiences" sometimes called "The Diary" and "The Autobiography," were not made public till long after Shepard's death — the former having been published for the first time one hundred years thereafter, and the latter not having been given to the world until nearly two hundred years after his career had closed.

These several volumes bear upon their imprints the names of the following Old World places: London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Falkirk, Aberdeen, and Paisley; while in America editions were issued in Cambridge, Boston, New London, New York, and Philadelphia.

"The Sincere Convert" was first printed in London in 1641, and apparently contains the substance of a set of sermons preached by Shepard in England. Cotton Mather asserts that it was published without the knowledge or privity of the author in any manner. He himself says in a letter addressed "To his dear Friend, Mr. W. Greenhill," which serves as a preface to "The Sound Believer," "I know not what the Lord's Meaning should be to bring to light

by his Providence, without my Privity, Knowledge or Will, the former part, unless it was to awaken and enforce me (being desired) to publish the rest: our Works, I tho't should resemble God's Works, not be left imperfect." The first edition of "The Sound Believer" was published in London in 1645, four years after the first appearance of "The Sincere Convert," which had, however, in the meantime gone through three editions. It is probable therefore that by "the former part" he refers to "The Sincere Convert," and that his experience in America has led him to modify some of the views expressed in that volume. The fact that "The Sincere Convert" was published without Shepard's knowledge would indicate that the editor must have relied upon shorthand reports of the sermons which furnish the material of which the volume is composed. There would have been nothing remarkable in the preparation or in the preservation of a set of notes of this sort. Shepard's marvellous power of impressing his hearers was manifest even when he preached his early sermons, and shorthand writing was an every-day accomplishment in those times. "The Sincere Convert" and "Subjection to Christ" are coupled together with continuous pagination in many of the editions, and "The Sound Believer" is often found bound with "The Sincere Convert." It has already been stated that eighteen out of the twenty-one editions of "The Sincere Convert" appeared prior to 1700. Of the fourteen editions of "The Sound Believer" six were put forth after that date. It would appear from this that the former was better adapted to the tastes of the seventeenth century, while the latter was more satisfactory to the readers of a later date.

It is no part of my purpose to enter into any analysis of the contents of these publications or to attempt any criticism of the opinions therein expressed. Any effort of this sort would require for its satisfactory performance not only that he who undertakes it should be profoundly learned in technical theology, but also that he should be an adept in homiletics, and in addition a careful student of contemporary literature of this character. For although these sermons, polemical treatises, and controversial discussions are written in English, it is not the English of to-day and is not always easily understood. Nearly all of the preachers of that day whose works have come down to us were learned men, and the learning of the

seventeenth century was largely classical learning. Men who could read Greek and Hebrew and were masters of Latin must occasionally have felt the influence of this knowledge upon the use of their own tongue. Watch carefully the language of any fluent linguist; and while he may converse with apparent ease and without hesitation in various tongues, the effect of this great accomplishment will occasionally betray itself, whatever the spoken language may be, in the use of some foreign construction. Moreover, it is not unlikely that Shepard's notes fell far short in quantity of the sermons as delivered. This is undoubtedly true of some of those posthumously published, since the admission is made that they were based not alone upon notes by the author, but also upon those taken by others.

Bearing these facts in mind, it will be seen that the reader of Shepard's sermons to-day has to face not only the difficulties attendant upon the technical character of many of the discussions, but he has also to contend with the obscurity occasioned by the essentially different method in which the English language is now used. Let us turn to these publications for illustrations of these points. Shepard was an admirer, probably a personal friend, of John Harvard. It is not unlikely that it was he who suggested to Harvard the great benefit to the country that would result from the bequest which hastened the construction of the first college building. He records his estimate of Harvard in his Autobiography in brief, comprehensive, and touching language. "This man," he says, "was a scholar and pious in his life and enlarged toward the country and the good of it in life and death." Where can you turn to find so much said in so few words? Who would be willing to-day to condense a personal estimate of the scholarship, the piety, the philanthropy, the public spirit, and the generosity of a departed friend in such simple and unostentatious phraseology? And yet the more one ponders over the words, the more tender, the more pathetic, the more appreciative they seem. This will pass for a sample of the different manner in which men expressed themselves in those days, and the more it is studied the more one will realize the extent of that difference. For an example of the sort of differentiation occasioned perhaps by the amplification of notes through the interjection of extempore speech, let us turn to an extract from the sermon on

The Parable of the Ten Virgins, devoted to the subject of visiting strangers and persons not members of his congregation.

"Many complain," he says, "that New England hath so little love, Non-members not visited, not regarded (though many times unjustly). Oh! they thought to see so much love, and care, and pity, but here they may live and never be spoken to, never visited! Oh, take heed of this; Nothing beautifies a Christian in the eyes of others more than much love (hypocrisie is naught). Oh excellence; Visit poor families, sit one half hour and speak to discouraged hearts. Show kindness to strangers: such you were: I'll warrant God will bless you, this was the Glory of Christ, full of grace and truth."

In these disjointed sentences, full of asides and ejaculations, yet constantly recurring to the theme, he urges upon his congregation the necessity and propriety of maintaining what we should to-day call a visiting committee.

While language used in this manner may generally be assumed to indicate in part, at least, spontaneous speech, it is not inconsistent with polished efforts carefully prepared for permanent record. He who gently meanders with Sterne through the devious paths of one of the inconsequent paragraphs in the "Sentimental Journey;" he who clammers with Browning up the zigzag of one of his long sentences, now turning sharply to the right now to the left, yet ever pressing on to the destined end; or he who seeks the clue for the thoughts of Henry James, couched in language of Dædalian intricacy, will not fail to recognize the fact that with all the resemblances that there are in the writings of these authors to the erratic deviations of Shepard, they do not represent extempore speech. They are the deliberate efforts of accomplished writers, and this laying aside of direct speech for diversions is merely characteristic of their respective styles. On the other hand, with Shepard, this temporary abandonment of the theme seems to indicate a pulpit mannerism, the effort of a speaker to attract the attention of his admirers, and the outbursts of one who is full of enthusiasm about his subject.

The paragraph which has been quoted is thoroughly characteristic, and this suggestion as to the cause of its peculiarities is fully corroborated by the statement made in the preface to one of the

volumes posthumously published, that the sermons therein were printed from notes of the author as well as from those taken by one of his hearers, a fact which was referred to in the comments made covering one of the titles given in the list of Shepard's published works.

He who seeks for information other than that of a theological character in these volumes will soon discover that there is very little to be had in the way of direct statement. It may be assumed, however, that no man could command the attention of his hearers in discourses so purely polemical without sometimes using a homely illustration; without occasionally drawing a parallel from the daily experiences of his parishioners. Hence it follows that a careful examination of these sermons must reveal something as to the daily life of our ancestors.

In making such an examination one is first impressed with the difficulty which Shepherd's hearers must have experienced in following the preacher in discourses of such a technical character. It is evident that his contemporaries, notwithstanding the ready sale for his published works and the steady and continuous demand for them in their day, fully realized the extent of this difficulty. "Reader," says Jonathan Mitchell, in the preface to the "Parable of the Ten Virgins," "if thou comest hither to carp and cavil upon each circumstantial imperfection this work is not for thy turn." William Greenhill and Samuel Mather, when they brought out "Subjection to Christ," introduced the volume to the reader with a brief sketch of Shepard's life, in which they described his preaching as "close and searching," "with abundance of affection and compassion to his hearers;" and while they asserted that he "affected plainness of speech," and did not "shoot his arrows (as many preachers do) over the heads of his hearers," yet they felt compelled to add the following comment on the character of the discourses which they were furnishing to the public: "It is a stumbling block to some that his sermons are somewhat strict: (and as they term it) legal: some souls can relish none but meal-mouthing preachers who come with soft and toothless words." If Greenhill and Mather recognized this difficulty in their day, we shall certainly escape from the charge of carping and cavilling if we frankly admit that time has not removed this stumbling-block. It is, indeed, probable

that with the change which has taken place in the use of our language during the interim between now and then, the stumbling-block is even greater than it was to readers in the seventeenth century.

The author of the second preface to "Subjection to Christ," presumably Jonathan Mitchell, whose name appears upon the title-page as the person who was responsible for the publication, goes one step farther in the same direction, and calls attention in the following words to the fact that the sermons when delivered were more effective than they could be expected to be in print. "These posthumous editions are farre short of what the author was wont to do, and of what the sermons were in preaching." In all this it is evident that the writers of these prefaces recognized the fact that the personal equation of the man had to do with his great influence, and this being removed they evidently were doubtful as to the reception of the publications. The story of the repeated editions of these volumes shows how little occasion there was for this fear as to their popular reception, and the necessity that the editors felt for making these apologetic statements adds materially to the estimate that we must make of the living force of the man.

It is not fair, perhaps, after having thus shown that Shepard's sermons owe a part at least of their power and influence to the fact that he did not confine himself to his notes, to start in with an analysis of the references therein to current events, by saying that we are able to discover through the sermons themselves that he evidently was somewhat mortified to find that there were some among his hearers who occasionally took naps while he was preaching, but he himself hath said it, and that more than once, hence we must conclude that it was true.

Perhaps the longest and most complete dissertation in these sermons touching the customs of the times is that in the "Theses Sabbaticæ" devoted to the question of the observance of the Sabbath. Here he prescribes clearly what may be done, and lays down in equally positive language what may not be done on the Lord's day. A careful résumé of these rules discloses the fact that the permissibility of works of necessity, of mercy, and of that which was for the comfort of man or beast, does not differ much from the general view as to what may properly be done to-day.

So also the proscription of sports and pastimes and the injunction to restrain one's thoughts to subjects worthy of the day, is in accordance with the general view, if not always with the practice of the present time.

His merciless lashing of his congregation for the violation of these rules brings before us a possible state of society which compels us to hope that the austere preacher was magnifying mere peccadilloes.

He finds fault with the people of the towns for their failure to sustain the town officers, and complains of the acts of soldiers. As individuals he says they are harmless, but when in groups they become lawless and dangerous. The indentured servants in the colony, he says, are froward and impudent. The masters not always kind and helpful; with the result that master and mistress and servant are uncomfortable and unhappy. He touches briefly upon sickness, upon natural physics, and upon the politics and condition of the country. Finally, his publications bring before us the fact that he and Dunster were opposed to each other upon a doctrinal point which each held dear, and the crisp, tart sentences in which Shepard, without however allowing the personal element to obtrude itself, serves up his views of the case make it easily clear that he was warmed up by the contest. If we consider the elevated positions held by these two men in the little Cambridge community, it is not difficult to conceive that each must have had his following, with the result, in the narrowness of their provincial life, that there must have been more or less of partisanship and of ill-feeling.

Thus, through the instrumentality of these publications we are able to appreciate that the men and women of the first half of the seventeenth century were actuated by the same motives, tempted by the same temptations, and governed by the same class of advice as those by which we are influenced in Cambridge to-day.

At the conclusion of Mr. Davis's paper the meeting was dissolved.

THE THIRTEENTH MEETING
BEING THE FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING

THE THIRTEENTH MEETING, being the Fourth Annual Meeting, of the CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, was held the Twenty-seventh day of October, nineteen hundred and eight, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presided.

In announcing the death of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, the PRESIDENT made the following remarks:

Since our last meeting, nay, since notice has been sent you of this meeting, we have suffered the greatest loss in the three years and four months of our being as a Society. This has come in the death of one of our charter members, the Chairman of the Committee of the 100th Anniversary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, our beloved and eminent fellow-citizen, Professor Charles Eliot Norton. This is not yet the time, nor am I the person, to pronounce the eulogy on this great man. We feel the loneliness; Cambridge seems smaller; we miss one whose approval we all sought, and whose high ideals and refined tastes have influenced thousands for good. His last public utterance was before this Society. The loss is very personal to me, as it is to most of you. The friendship goes back to his father and mine and my grandfather. In re-reading my father's journals this summer, I came across many references to pleasant gatherings in the house where Prof. Norton was born and died, and more than once those journal entries were followed by the remark, varied each time, but in substance the same,—that the family of Andrews Norton was one of the most refined, cultivated, charming

and gracious that it had ever been my father's lot to know. This evening some resolutions on Prof. Norton's death will be presented to you. On a later occasion we shall doubtless participate in some extended memorial.

The following Minute, written by WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER, was adopted by a rising vote:

MINUTE UPON THE DEATH OF CHARLES ELIOT
NORTON

THE Cambridge Historical Society regrets to record the death on October 21st of Professor Charles Eliot Norton. Although frail in health and stricken in years, he gave the projectors of the Society his hearty support, and, as was his wont, he served it generously, by counsel, suggestion and active co-operation from the time of its foundation. He made memorable one of its meetings by describing the Cambridge of his youth; he did much toward preparing for the centennial celebration on February 27, 1907, of Longfellow's birth; he presided at that celebration in a manner which for benignity and intellectual charm those who were present will never forget, and are not likely to see equalled; he suggested the award of a Longfellow Medal to encourage the schoolboys and girls of Cambridge to study the great Cambridge poet and so be led to love their town and country; and, on the 27th of last February, he spoke at the award of the first medal. That was his last public appearance; but until the end his interest never slackened in the welfare of his beloved Cambridge—in its past, which this Society exists to keep alive and make fruitful, and in its present and future, which he ever sought to improve. We have lost not only a benefactor, who never stinted and a helper who never grew weary, but an example of devoted citizenship. It was Professor Norton's ideal that every private attainment in literature, in art, and in character should promote civic fellowship and kindle patriotic zeal.

On behalf of the Council, CLARENCE WALTER AYER submitted its Annual Report, as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

IN obedience to the requirements of Article XIII of the By-Laws, the Council submits its third Annual Report.

The Council has held five meetings on the following dates: (1) the twenty-second of October, 1907; (2) the twelfth of November; (3) the fourth of February, 1908; (4) the twenty-seventh of May; and (5) the thirteenth of October. The place of the first meeting was the Latin School building, of the second, the Trustees' room of the Cambridge Public Library, and of the last three meetings the residence of the Secretary.

The Society has held four meetings on the following dates: (1) the Annual Autumn meeting on the twenty-second of October, 1907; (2) the regular Winter meeting on the twenty-eighth of January, 1908; (3) a special meeting on the twenty-seventh of February; and (4) the regular Spring meeting on the twenty-eighth of April. By courtesy of the Principal, Mr. William F. Bradbury, all the meetings were held in the Latin School building, the three regular meetings in the Lecture room, and the special public meeting in the Assembly hall.

At the Annual meeting of the Society the officers of the previous year were re-elected for the ensuing year, with two exceptions caused by resignation, Mr. Henry Herbert Edes becoming Treasurer, in place of Mr. Oscar F. Allen, and Mr. Clarence W. Ayer Curator, in place of Mr. William R. Thayer. The guest and speaker of the evening was Professor William Watson Goodwin, whose address on "Cornelius Conway Felton" was printed in the second volume of the Proceedings of the Society.

At the regular Winter meeting the speakers were Mrs. Mary Isabella Gozzaldi, with a paper on "The Seal of the Society," and the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., with reminiscences of "Some Cambridge Men."

At the regular Spring meeting there were two speakers: the President, Mr. Richard H. Dana, who chose for his subject "Chief Justice Francis Dana"; and Mr. Andrew McFarland Davis, whose topic was "A Few Words concerning the Writings of Thomas Shepard."

At the special meeting of the twenty-seventh of February, on the one-hundred and first anniversary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, was made the first award of the Longfellow Centenary Medal Prize for the best essay on some subject connected with the poet or his works, that chosen for the award being: "Buildings and Parts of Cambridge commemorated in Longfellow's Poems." By the conditions of the competition, announced more than two months before, it was open only to pupils of Cambridge schools, public, parochial, or private, or to those studying with a tutor, who are not less than sixteen years of age, and who have been residents of Cambridge not less than one year. The committee appointed to examine the essays of the candidates consisted of Mr. William R. Thayer, chairman, Mr. Archibald M. Howe, and Mr. Clarence W. Ayer. The meeting was open to the public, and the speakers were the President, who chose for his topic "General Peleg Wadsworth," grandfather of the poet; Mr. William R. Thayer, who stated, in behalf of the special committee, the origin, purpose, and conditions of the competition; Professor Charles Eliot Norton, who made the formal award of the Prize; and the winner of the Prize, Mr. John Kirkland Wright, who read his own essay.

In view of the recent death, on the twenty-first of this month, of Professor Norton, it is significant to record here that his last public act in behalf of the Society was this award of the Longfellow Centenary Prize Medal, and those of us who heard him on that occasion treasured the words he spoke with all the old, indefinable charm of manner and phrase, and all the more because we could not fail to see the effort they cost him, and to realize that even then they might be for most of us his last, as indeed the event proved. It is to him, more than to any one else, that the first suggestion and the final accomplishment of the plan of the award of the medal is due. His advice that about fifty copies of the whole mint of two hundred medals be reserved for this annual award of a prize for the best essay on Longfellow written in competition by the young people of Cambridge, is eloquent witness to his breadth and commonness of interest, and the annual award of this Prize during the next half-century will be a continuous tribute to his memory, as well as to that of its subject.

Besides the loss of Professor Norton the Society has to record the deaths of the four following regular members: Rev. Edward Abbott, Rector of St. James Episcopal Church; Miss L. Edna Brooks, Reference Librarian of the Cambridge Public Library; John Greenwood Brown; Rev. Theodore F. Wright, Dean of the New Church Theological School; and that of one Associate member, Joseph Willard, Esq.

During the year nine new members have been added, and twenty-four have resigned. The total count for regular membership is one hundred and seventy-one. The Associate membership has a total of eight, as against five, a year ago. The Honorary membership numbers three.

The increase in the dues, which went into effect at the beginning of this third year, has enabled the Society the better to meet its obligations in the normal way. As the Society grows its needs increase, and these can only partially be met by the payment of ordinary dues. The need of a separate building, or of a co-operation of buildings, is becoming more and more imperative, and the need of a separate fund for maintenance and for the purchase of books, pictures, furniture, and other objects of local interest, goes hand in hand with the need for a building in which to house them. The needs of the Society are indeed becoming a truism, but they must be constantly reiterated, in order that, in due course of time, they may be adequately filled.

The third volume of the Proceedings of the Society is now in press and will soon be published. It will contain the record of the work of the Society from the twenty-eighth of January to the twenty-seventh of October, 1908, both included.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

IN comparison with the strenuous exertion required in connection with the celebration of the Longfellow and Agassiz centenaries, the work of the secretary during the past year has been moderate. And yet it has been continuous. As the Society and its publications become more widely known, the correspondence and the number of exchanges increase. The gifts to the Society, through exchange or otherwise, are steadily increasing in number and in

value. They come from far and near and already form a collection that makes a valuable supplement to the similar material belonging to the Cambridge Public Library. The valuable gifts from the Dana estate mark the beginning, it is hoped, of similar valuable articles to be received from time to time from the older families of Cambridge.

To consider and report what should be the scope and aim of the Society in collecting and preserving printed and manuscript material, a Committee of Experts — the two Librarians who are members of the Council — has just been appointed; and upon their report as a basis it is intended that a card catalogue of our collection shall soon be made.

The collection of autograph letters, made by the secretary and incidental to his correspondence, has received valuable additions during the past year and will need suitably to be arranged and indexed or catalogued. Some of the most valuable autographs might be well placed under glass for public inspection.

The Council has recently adopted a standing rule for the preparation and preservation upon typewritten sheets of uniform size to be duly bound, filed and indexed or catalogued, of memoirs of deceased members of the Society. Obviously, such files will be of great value, not only in genealogical research, but also in the preparation in the future of an adequate account of the social and literary life of Cambridge.

The Society is still indebted for the reception, care and exhibition of its collections to the Cambridge Public Library and its trustees and other officers; but the space assigned for this purpose is already needed by the Public Library, and the Society should not much longer trespass upon the generosity of the Library, and the need of a separate building for its collections, alluded to in preceding reports, has now become pressing. Is there not a public-spirited citizen or former resident of Cambridge — who loves this city — who is able and willing to contribute a part or the whole of such a building, and thus render a conspicuous and lasting service to this community?

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CURATOR

DURING the past year the Society has received a considerable number of gifts of books, pamphlets, photographs, and other objects of local interest, a list of which will be published in the forthcoming volume of the Proceedings. Notable givers have been the President of the Society, Mr. Richard H. Dana, and Miss Elizabeth E. Dana, in behalf of the Dana heirs, who have presented to the Society, besides a number of books and pamphlets, an "Adam" Chair, formerly owned and used by Washington Allston. An interesting development in respect to gifts is the increase in the number of publications received by exchange with other societies. This form of gift will, in itself, become of great value to the Society as time goes on. Of similar form are the monographs on occasional and special topics, mostly pamphlets, which may, to be sure, differ widely in value, but which often throw new light upon obscure points of local history and biography.

Although the gifts of all kinds so far received are not many in number, they already fill several drawers and shelves of the Cambridge room of the Public Library. As the space available for the gifts and additions made to the Public Library is now nearly all taken up, the overflow of the collections of both the Historical Society and the Hannah Winthrop Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, has had to be placed in a spare room on the second floor. This room has, however, much unused space, and is not open to the general public.

From the standpoint of the Curator of the Society the need of adequate accommodation for housing his collection becomes most vital and pressing. He not only sees it: he knows it, and he suffers because of it. He looks forward to any form of relief, whether it come in the form of a single room in some private building, of an addition to some public building, as for instance, the Public Library, in which the collection is now housed, or of an entirely separate building which shall be the property of the Society. As being also librarian of the Public Library, your Curator is in a position to see the advantages which might result from the use of a single building in which the two institutions shared and co-operated. In the mat-

ter, for instance, of the purchase of the rarer historical books and sets of books, which would properly form part of the collection of the Society, a considerable saving could be made in behalf of the Public Library appropriation if the building were shared by the two institutions, and in return, the nearness and accessibility of the Public Library collection would save for the Society the purchase of many books, especially those of a popular nature which the Public Library could be counted upon as having bought.

Another instance will show the advantage of a building in common. On August 19, 1908, Mayor Wardwell received from General Samuel E. Chamberlain of Barre Plains the gift, in behalf of the City, of an old, historic gun, saved by him when Lieutenant of Company C, 3rd Regiment, M. V. M., at the destruction of the Gosport Navy Yard, Virginia, on the night of April 21, 1861. This gun the Mayor requested that the Trustees of the Public Library should place by the side of the old drum of the same Company which now hangs on the wall of the outer Cambridge room. There are, moreover, other Civil War reliques as well as reliques of many other kinds, now housed in the Cambridge room which might just as properly belong to the Historical Society, and which, in the event of co-operation of interests in one building, might form part of one collection.

These are some of the advantages which might accrue from such co-operation. It is to be recognized, however, that there are also some disadvantages, the chief one being a loss of individuality from absorption by a public institution of many interests. A further discussion of this topic would, however, require a separate paper for its adequate treatment.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

CASH ACCOUNT

IN obedience to the requirements of the By-Laws the Treasurer herewith presents his Annual Report of the Receipts and Disbursements for the year 1907-1908.

RECEIPTS

Balance, 22 October, 1907, received from the retiring Treasurer, Mr. Oscar F. Allen	\$350.44
Admission Fees	\$16.00
Annual Assessments: Regular Members . . .	\$561.00
Associate Members . . .	<u>20.00</u>
Interest	581.00
Longfellow Medals sold	7.41
Society's Publications sold	20.00
	6.55
	<u>630.96</u>
	<u>\$981.40</u>

DISBURSEMENTS

University Press, printing Publications II, check-book, etc.	\$514.85
Bureau of Printing and Engraving, printing notices, envelopes, postal cards, etc.	42.78
Canstic-Claflin Company, printing cards80
The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, paper for Publications	41.14
Aspinwall and Lincoln, Plan of Harvard College Yard . .	25.00
Effie E. Merrill, stenography and typewriting	40.57
James W. Mudge, stenography	16.25
Harriet L. Mann, clerical service rendered the Treasurer .	25.00
Carter, Rice, and Company, manila envelopes	10.00
Union Stamp Works, rubber stamps	2.75
Hill, Smith, and Company, stationery	2.25
Cambridge Coach Company	6.00
Thomas F. Cahir, janitor service	5.00
Postage, expressage, and collection charges	<u>20.40</u>
Balance on deposit, 26 October, 1908	<u>752.79</u>
	<u>228.61</u>
	<u>\$981.40</u>

HENRY H. EDES,
Treasurer.

CAMBRIDGE, 27 October, 1908.

REPORT OF THE AUDITOR

I HEREBY certify that I have examined the Accounts of the Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society for the year ending this day and find them to have been correctly kept and to be properly vouched. I have also verified the Cash Balance.

ANDREW McF. DAVIS,
Auditor.

CAMBRIDGE, 27 October, 1908.

The following persons were chosen a Committee to consider and report a list of nominations for the offices of the Society for the ensuing year: FRANKLIN PERRIN, STEPHEN PASCHALL SHARPLES, and ELLEN SUSAN BULFINCH.

The report of this Committee was read and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were elected by ballot for the ensuing year:

The Council

CLARENCE WALTER AYER,	EDWARD HENRY HALL,
HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY,	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,	ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,	WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE,
ANDREW McFARLAND DAVIS,	Alice MARY LONGFELLOW,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,	WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,	

<i>President</i>	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	{ THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, ANDREW McFARLAND DAVIS, ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE.
<i>Secretary</i>	FRANK GAYLORD COOK.
<i>Treasurer</i>	HENRY HERBERT EDES.
<i>Curator</i>	CLARENCE WALTER AYER.

The SECRETARY-ELECT was duly sworn.

In introducing the first speaker of the evening, the PRESIDENT made the following remarks:

Some forty-five years ago, four boys, fishing on the north-western borders of Fresh Pond, wet to the skin by a hard shower, boy-like, waded into the pond, as not likely to be any more bedraggled for so doing. One is now the celebrated ornithologist, Mr. William Brewster, one is the great sculptor, Daniel C. French, one is a successful and public-spirited merchant in New York City, Mr. John W. T. Nichols, and the fourth now stands before you as your President. The latter noted something at his feet, stooped to pick it up, and, strange to say, this article, lying in the waist-deep bottom of the pond, proved to be a wallet containing some two thousand

dollars in bills, checks and notes, which the thankful owner on receiving it back said he had dropped out of a boat from the Tudor boathouse near by. We shall have the pleasure of hearing a paper on this Tudor house, furnished by Miss Ellen Susan Bulfinch, and which one of the Executive Committee, has kindly consented to read for her, Mr. Henry Herbert Edes.

THE TUDOR HOUSE AT FRESH POND

BY ELLEN SUSAN BULFINCH

IN the autumn of 1811, nearly one hundred years ago, Madam Susan Bulfinch, the widow of a Boston physician, and then residing with her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Coolidge, in Bowdoin Square, wrote as follows to her niece in England:

“ . . . We have pass'd the Summer Months at a most delightful Country seat about four miles from Boston. It is belonging to Mr. John Apthorp, & was taken by my son C. for an accommodation to my daughter's health while some neat repairs were made to our house. I sincerely wish you could have seen & admir'd it with me, for to see & admire were synonymous terms. The house itself is commodious & spacious (not elegant) but the distant view of small Towns & the delightful one of Fresh Pond, on the bank of which the house & farm are situated, were constant subjects of delightful contemplation. The lofty forest trees, just sufficiently shading the water view, the piazza that allow'd us to walk & enjoy it without fear of colds, and the morning scene, always brought to my recollection, ‘These are thy glorious works, Parent of good.’ Our amusements within were reading the ‘Scottish Chiefs,’ Clarkson's ‘Portraiture of Quakerism’ a work we were all delighted with, and wish'd all sects could unite in acting as they profess . . . and every new work that was well recommended.”

The country house Madam Bulfinch here describes stood on the north-east shore of Fresh Pond, near the bank, and on a plateau adorned with beautiful shade trees. When I visited the place in later years, we entered the grounds by a rather steep and stony drive from Concord Avenue beyond the house, and were obliged to pass the barn and out-buildings and the long side of the house before emerging upon the lawn in front, with the pond spread out

beneath us. An avenue of large elms curved towards the house from the direction of Cambridge, but they rose from the smooth grass, and one of the trees grew directly in the middle of the path, showing that the approach could not have been there, whatever was the original intention.

I have not been able to learn who built the mansion, but from records in the Registry of Deeds I conjecture that it was, prior to 1767, the homestead of Samuel Prentice, whose descendants occupied it for many years. It then changed hands several times, a Prentice selling it to a Tudor in 1798, and the latter immediately, to Mr. Charles Storer of Boston. In three years Mr. Storer sold it to Madam Bulfinch's nephew, Mr. John T. Apthorp, but in 1803 we find it referred to in a legal paper as the Storer Farm. It soon became still further associated with this name, for perhaps not far from the date of Madam Bulfinch's letter, her daughter, Mrs. George Storer came with her husband to occupy the farm, living there both winter and summer until about 1830 or later. Mr. Apthorp in the meantime had sold the place, in 1816, to Mr. C. C. Foster, and after several changes of ownership it was eventually bought by Mr. Frederic Tudor, in connection with his ice-business. The house has been gone for a number of years, but the place where it stood can still be recognized by the few who remember it well, on the farther shore of the Pond, on a table-land above the park-way.

In the years when it was the home of Mr. George Storer and his wife, the Fresh Pond residence was a most attractive centre for all the families connected with them by marriage, or social acquaintance, in Boston and the neighborhood. They had no children, but were devoted to their nephews and nieces of the Coolidge, Apthorp and Bulfinch families. Mr. Storer, who was the son of Ebenezer Storer, Esq., Treasurer of Harvard College, was a man of charming personality and possessed a magic gift of winning children's hearts by his sympathy, wit and indulgence. His wife was a person of delicate health and quiet manner, but ready to be amused by her husband's quaint remarks. To all the young people he was known as "Uncle Storer," and the house at the Pond came to fill a large place in their affections, associated as it was with the country freedom so dear to city children.

It is through the descriptions of a friend who in her youth was one of this group of young people, that we can form an idea of what it was like, and imagine the life of a gentleman-farmer of those days in the neighborhood of Boston. The lady referred to, who died some years ago, was Mrs. Joseph Lyman, before her marriage Miss Susan Bulfinch Coolidge of Boston. In a manuscript before me she begins her narrative with her earliest visit to Fresh Pond, as a child, when she drove out from Boston in a travelling-carriage, one cold winter's day, early in the last century with her Uncle and Aunt Storer and a maid-servant, their destination being, she says, an old-fashioned house in the country, which stood alone, off the main road, and surrounded by trees. It would seem to be the first arrival of the family at the place. Arrived at the house, the gentleman knocked at a side door, which was soon opened by a tall woman with yellow curling hair and blue eyes, who welcomed the party to their new home with great satisfaction. "Well," said the gentleman, "tea most ready, Mrs. Salter? for we are most ready for it." "I guess so. Come right into the kitchen and get warm. You must all be most froze." This invitation was cordially accepted, and by a large wood-fire in the kitchen, the family began to divest themselves of their outer garments, while Mrs. Salter prepared supper, and took it to the sitting-room, which was, after a newly-lighted fire, very nearly as cold as the barn outside. So, after a hasty repast, the family, tired out with packing previous to their ride, retired to rest. Early in the morning, and soon after daylight, the child started on a tour of investigation. First, she looked around her own room. It was rather a small one, with one window, and a trap-door in the ceiling, which led to the cupola. There was a large, old-fashioned high post bedstead, with gray and blue patch curtains and quilt. Opposite to the bed and at the foot of it stood an old-fashioned bureau with white cover and brass handles to the drawers. On that, stood a small square looking-glass of old style . . . Having looked at these things, the child turned to the window. The morning was clear and cold. The lawn sloped gradually to the shore of a beautiful pond, which, so far as the eye could see, was surrounded by handsome trees. Having examined the prospect before her, she proceeded to make a tour of the lower part of the house, and gliding down stairs, sought the

large kitchen, that she might get thoroughly warm in the first place.

From my cousin's curiously minute account, inspired by her truly remarkable memory, of the furniture of the different rooms, the pattern of the carpets not being forgotten, we will cull here and there bits of description. She speaks of a "middle-room," or inner kitchen, where the gentleman made up his accounts in the evening with the head man of the farm, and of the long sitting-room, which had an arched recess for the dining-table and a shelf for the glass and silver ware. The fire-place here had picture-tiles, illustrating *Æsop's Fables*, and the Wedgwood vases, the foot-stools (embroidered with pictures of swans), the paintings and engravings, two branches of silver for candles, the window-seats looking out to the piazza and pond, are all noted. The handsomest apartment was the summer or bow-parlor, nearest the lake, which had a matting on the floor and tiles around the fire-place. On the mantel were candelabra, silver candle-sticks, and a marble vase in the centre. Above was a large oil painting. At the back of the small front hall is the breakfast-room, where hang family portraits, and she is glad to find a large fire of brush-wood and peat, very acceptable on such a cold day. Mr. and Mrs. Storer and herself sat down to a real country breakfast, of which corn-cake and hasty-pudding were the principal dishes.

She describes her Uncle as a short, blue-eyed gentleman of middle age, full of life and fun, who, after breakfast, goes out to oversee the farm men, while the little visitor goes on with her minute catalogue of the contents of the house. The room for the women servants was over the middle-room, and they also had a small dressing-room. Over the kitchen part, were rooms for the men servants, and a store-room or "lock-chamber" full of miscellaneous treasures, like an old-fashioned garret. Describing Mrs. Storer's room, she notes the antique furniture, the large easy-chair by the fire-place, the tiles around the latter. The dressing-room had its white-painted long table and large looking-glass, its two sets of china pitchers, candle-sticks, etc. The "bow-chamber" or spare room, was, in the eyes of the child, a sort of state apartment. She speaks of the fire-place and quaint tiles, the tall looking-glass with its white and gilt frame, the white-painted chairs with light green trimmings, the white-curtained bed, the beautiful outlook from the windows.

On one side might be seen the pond, with its splendid woods beyond, and nothing to interrupt the prospect so far as the eye could reach. There was a repose over the whole scene. The grounds were extensive, and covered over a hundred acres. Mr. Storer carried on the farm with a foreman and several men under his direction. They sent milk, fruit and vegetables to market and kept twelve cows. A large part of the land was devoted to produce, but in front of the house was a large and wide lawn, extending to some distance, terminated by a thick wood of stately oaks and sycamores. At intervals between them was seen the water. Half-way to the wood on the right, and at the top of the bank above the water, was the bowling alley. In the wood might be found a variety of wild flowers, some of which were generally gathered after breakfast and put on the tables and into the painted tumblers over the mantel in the sitting-room. At eleven o'clock the white canvas-topped chaise was ordered. "Lazy," the old black horse was put in, and Nat Weeks, the boy stood near till his master appeared. The child was there first. Then came, sometimes, the bag of corn for the Mill, and perhaps boots to be mended, or some such thing to be done, together with a list of things to be got. Next, the two dogs, Lake and Flora, were called, and, all ready, they started for a morning ride. The child was allowed to drive Lazy, and no child ever enjoyed a ride more than she did in those days. At one o'clock dinner was ready, a good plain country dinner, with which no one thought of finding fault. After that the family rested awhile. Then the lady and child took up their work, or perhaps the latter looked over an easy lesson, the gentleman reading first "*The New England Farmer*," after that taking his afternoon nap in the rocking-chair, with a newspaper over his head to keep off what he called "*the pesky flies*." After that, it was time to expect company, which generally arrived, of a pleasant afternoon, from three to four o'clock, and were expected to remain for tea. Many were the persons of distinction who partook of that meal under that roof, and were cordially received and entertained with easy politeness. Then it was that some of the best china and glass would appear upon the tea-table. Hannah M. (who is elsewhere described as an English-woman, a servant of a superior sort, who made the butter, took care of the milk, and acted as housekeeper) would bring on her choicest

preserves. The friends, after tea, would walk about the grounds, stop for a game at the bowling-alley, go out in the boat for a row, or to gather pond-lilies, and return to the city by moonlight.

But the "gala day" in that house was Commencement Day. "On that occasion, a family party was expected who were invited to eat a country dinner of baked beans! At such times great was the preparation before the large fire-place in the old kitchen. What a hurrying to and fro was then seen in that room! and Mrs. Salter, occasionally alluded to by the family as "the fair Letitia," was almost at her wit's end that all should appear well in the way of a well-cooked dinner, while Hannah assisted Mr. Storer in getting out the large tables, where she placed, with true English pride, all the old china which the lady would allow her to use on those occasions. The first course was sometimes bean soup, then a large dish of baked beans, next a piece of meat, followed by pies, puddings and custards. After those, fruit, then tea and coffee.

" . . . At a short distance from the house, and across the main road, was a lovely spot known as 'Black Island.' A cart-path led to it. The place was curious to behold. Crossing a small plank bridge, you found yourself on a large and nearly round piece of grassy ground, entirely surrounded by a brook or ditch. Back of that were handsome trees. Sometimes the two old horses were put there to pasture. The land on the other side of the brook was diversified by upland and dell. At intervals stood beautiful oaks. A small building with painted roof, and known as 'the other ice-house,' was situated under one of those trees. 'Black Island,' and its surroundings were favorite walks with the children."

After describing the wood-house with its stores of peat and brush-wood, the carriage-house where reposed the white-topped sleigh, "booby-hut," and family-carriage, we come to the "new ice-house." In the floor of this building was a large trap-door, and in that an iron ring for opening it. The door was turned back by two hinges. Overhead was a large wheel, and around it an iron chain. At the end of that a hook. The ice was below the floor in a sort of cave. When it was needed, the trap door was turned back, and the one who went for ice placed his or her foot in the hook, and with a basket in one hand for ice, took hold of the chain with the other, and was lowered into the cave and pulled up by

another person, who turned the crank of the wheel. This place was considered by children a wonderful one to visit, and they were generally desirous of entering it. Near the ice-house, we are told, was a cross-fence, which shut off the grounds around the house from the farm buildings. A turn-stile and large gate-way admitted persons on foot or in a carriage to the inner grounds. The house occupied by the farmer or foreman was beyond the barn. On Sundays the family drove to the city, attending church (probably at King's Chapel) morning and afternoon, and dining with their relatives.

In a simple and pleasant manner the days passed away. Summer and winter brought their own amusements, the deep snow to be shovelled away, the ice to be got in, the rides in the red sleigh, the long stories in the evening about "Quaddy," where Uncle Storer had been when a young man, the hasty-pudding supper, the nuts and apples in the evening, not forgetting the visits to the office, with its great fire-place and red-painted chairs, where Amos, the foreman, came in to give his day's account, and his master's humourous comments on the news of the farm delighted his young visitor and came back in after years as a part of those happy times. After such a visit, the child returned to the sitting room, placed herself in the small arm-chair, and requested one more story; that was granted. Then she took her work, and, accompanied by the lady, ascended the stairs. Half way up, there was a glass entry-lamp suspended by a brazen serpent. The child had been led to think that serpents were very wicked creatures. So, occasionally, on her way up stairs, she showed her own opinion by giving him a slap on his head, then retired, perfectly satisfied. My cousin's memory was in fact filled with anecdotes of her visits to Fresh Pond. I have heard her relate with much enjoyment the story of a drive home from Cambridge Village, when her uncle was bringing a little pig to the farm, which got out and scampered away, having to be chased and recaptured, to her infinite glee.

Two more allusions are made to the Fresh Pond home in the family letters. In 1830, Mrs. Storer's brother, Charles Bulfinch, the architect, returned from his task of completing the National Capitol at Washington, after it had been partially built by Latrobe and all but destroyed by the British. Mr. Bulfinch and his wife,

coming back to Boston as elderly people, spent some time with their relations at Fresh Pond, and in the wife's letters of that summer references are made to the place, interwoven with pictures of social life around Cambridge Village, as it was then called, which introduce names long honored and familiar. Mrs. Bulfinch writes to her son :

" Fresh Pond, June 18, 1830.

" The date will show that we are safe under the roof of our kind friends. . . Our reception has been such as to comfort and cheer us under the fatigues and disagreeables of a breaking up of our own domestic life. . . . When we arrived in Boston, we found ourselves comfortably lodged at your Aunt Coolidge's, herself and family having gone to the Springs, and desiring we should put up at her house as long as our convenience required. Four days we remained, and the following Sunday Uncle S. took us to this sweet and pleasant spot, now more beautiful than usual by the roses being in full bloom. The weather has been cool, our friends appear well and happy, and we have had many calls from old friends ; among the list Mr. and Mrs. Higginson have come forward in the kindest manner. They took tea here day before yesterday. She talks of writing to you, and hope she will, as such a correspondent is quite a distinction."

And later, September 26 :

" On Monday we went to Cambridge, to make some calls. We rode to Mr. Higginson's first, saw the ladies, and admired his pleasant house and situation. . . . This was the first opportunity I have had of seeing Professors' Row. The afternoon was fine, and the scenery beautiful. We proceeded next to President Quincy's and were received in a very friendly manner. They invited us to stay to tea, but we wished to go to Fresh Pond, so bade them farewell and went to take tea with Uncle and Aunt Storer. They are preparing to leave that place, to reside for the winter nearer Cambridge Village. . . . We are glad of this arrangement, as for winter the Pond is too remote and inaccessible at times for any one, almost, who has not a hardy constitution."

Mr. and Mrs. Storer must have given up the Fresh Pond home not far from this time. Their niece speaks of a severe illness, of her Uncle's, from typhoid fever, from which he never recovered sufficiently to resume the care of the farm, but hired a house in a village not far distant, where the young girl occasionally visited

them, and together they would walk to the old place, and review its scenes with interest. The Uncle and Aunt finally moved into Boston, and after several years died there.

When, in 1865, my own family came to live in Cambridge, the old house at Fresh Pond was still standing, in a dilapidated state, owned then by the Tudor family, and used as a boarding-house for the men employed in the ice business. I remember that one of our early excursions, proposed by Mrs. Lyman, was to see the spot of which we younger ones had heard so much, and which had been so dear to our elders. She was our guide, and was full of interest in pointing out the familiar places, and all that was left, which was but little, that had given beauty and dignity to the house. The old china tiles, with pictures from *Æsop's Fables*, were then in their places, I remember, and we admired the large summer parlor, the chamber over it, and the beautiful view over the pond, as much as she could wish. There were forlorn changes, but to her loyal spirit every room in the house, every tree on the shore, was still sacred and reminded her of youthful romance and the friends of long ago. Her own account of this experience is as follows: "The visit was on a lovely Autumn day. The trees were just changing color. The grass was still green and fresh. The pond was as blue as ever and as beautiful, and the natural repose of the place was over all. One who had passed many happy and some sad hours there walked through those rooms and over those grounds, recalling the former days and pointing out to a friend spots of which she had heard. Many changes had taken place, and of those persons who had been there but few were left. Desolation reigned around, and it was with melancholy satisfaction that she discovered a few pieces of the old furniture which had been given to the farmer's wife, and made arrangements to purchase them on the spot. Bidding the occupant good morning, she closed the front door of that house, as she thought for the last time, and taking with her the memory of the past, she moved on, feeling that that recollection would remain imprinted on her mind as a beautiful picture, until memory itself should have passed away."

A few years after this visit my cousin was anxious to secure a view of the old house, and I made a pencil sketch of the front, which in this aspect seems of modest size and hardly comes up to

Madam Bulfinch's early description. The cupola and the windows of the "bow-parlor" are seen in the sketch. The house was quite long on the side, stretching out to the barn and outbuildings. A little later, Mrs. Lyman urged my attempting a water-color drawing of the lawn and trees, as seen from the piazza, and my latest memory of the place is of a visit for this purpose, when I drove out, late in the fall, to the lonely old mansion on Concord Avenue, and tried to carry out my relative's wish. The season was frosty, and I was often driven indoors to warm my hands while drawing. I remember noticing the old-fashioned, but effective arrangement for fastening the windows, by means of iron hooks within the frame.

When the house was taken down I do not know. Fresh Pond, peaceful as ever, tells no secrets of the life that was once lived in the old house on its banks, but it was in its day a home of comfort and happiness, a shelter, like so many quiet New England homesteads, for high and gentle thoughts and pure ambitions.

HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY read the following paper:

GLEANINGS FROM THE RECORDS OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN CAMBRIDGE

PRIOR to the year 1906 the records of The First Church in Cambridge were difficult of access, the first volume being in parts almost illegible.

Thanks to the untiring work of Mr. Stephen P. Sharples, a member of this Society, we now have these records in printed form with a complete index.

The greater part of this book is of interest only to the genealogist and antiquarian.

Some portions, however, are of general interest and it is my purpose this evening to cull some fragments which throw light on the matter of the proper procedure at church ordinations and installations in the Congregational churches.

In this connection it will be proper to call your attention to those parts which more especially relate to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and his father, the Rev. Abiel Holmes, this being the time when we are preparing to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the distinguished poet's birth.

A single entry is all that we have regarding the poet himself, but you will all agree that it is an important one. Under the heading "Baptisms, A. Holmes, Pastor" we find the following: (See p. 481).

"1809, Sept. 10. Oliver Wendell — of Abiel & Sarah Holmes."

The records from 1792 to 1830 are in the handwriting of the Rev. Abiel Holmes who was pastor during this period.

The proceedings in the matter of calling and installing Mr. Holmes in 1791 and 1792 (See printed Record, pp. 282-285) are of interest. I desire to call attention to the fact that the initiative was taken by the Church and not by the Parish. The record reads as follows:

"At a meeting of the first Church of Christ in Cambridge October ye 19, 1791 to deliberate and act on the Subject of Choosing a Pastor of this Church.

Deacon Aaron Hill was Chosen Moderator.

Voted That the members of this Church are now ready to proceed to the choice of a Pastor.

Voted That the Church proceed to the Choice of a Pastor by ballot or written votes. The votes being Collected it appeared that there were nineteen Votes Eighteen of which were for the Rev^d Abiel Holmes whereupon it was declared that the Rev^d Abiel Holmes was Elected.

Voted That the Election of the Rev^d Abiel Holmes to the Pastoral office of this Church be declared in writing to the Inhabitants of this Parish, that if it be agreeable to them they Concur therewith.

Voted That Mr. Caleb Gannett, Aaron Hill, & Gideon Frost be a Committee to Communicate to the Rev^d Abiel Holmes the proceedings of the Church.

Attest Aaron Hill moderator."

The number of church members who took part in this meeting was not large, only nineteen in all.

The Parish was evidently expected to concur in the action of the Church and it appears by the record that it did so two days later. In Mr. Holmes' letter of acceptance directed to "Deacon Aaron Hill and the other Gentlemen of the Committee. To be communicated to the first Church and Society at Cambridge":

Mr. Holmes speaks of "the invitation and call to become your settled Pastor as expressed in the respective votes of the first Church and Parish in Cambridge of the 19th and 21st of October."

The Church also took the initiative in the matter of calling a Council of the Churches to assist in the installation and appointed a committee of five to write Letters missive to the Pastors and Churches requested to attend and assist; and also appointed a committee of seven to communicate to the Council the proceedings of the Church.

The Church also voted that its proceedings in the matter be communicated to the inhabitants of the Parish at their next meeting.

Mr. Holmes was a graduate of Yale College and was evidently a loyal son of his Alma Mater, for we find in the record that he requested that among others, the Church in Yale College and the Rev. President of Yale College be invited to attend and assist at his installation.

The Council convened at the Parsonage on January 25th, 1792.

The Rev. Joseph Willard, D.D. President of the University was chosen Moderator.

The proceedings of both the Church and the Parish were communicated to the Council by the Committees appointed by the Church and Parish for that purpose.

The Council after some further business adjourned to dine at Mr. Owen Warland's.

After the dinner the Council, with the Pastor Elect, proceeded by the Church and as many of the Inhabitants of the Parish as were present, proceeded to the meeting house where, as the record states "the Rev^d. Abiel Holmes was solemnly installed Pastor of this Church and Society."

The Rev. Mr. Cushing of Waltham gave the Charge and the Rev. Mr. Porter gave the right hand of fellowship.

It appears by the record (See page 123) that the Church also took the initiative in the calling and ordination of Mr. Nathaniel Appleton as Pastor in 1717 and that the Town concurred with its action. The Parish evidently had not in 1717 attained to an existence separate from that of the Town.

The record reads as follows (see page 123):

" Feb, 15. 1716/17

The Rev^d M^r William Brattle Pastor of the Church of Christ in Cambridge departed this Life.

April 19. 1717 At a meeting of the Chh. of Chrifit in Cambridge.

Upon opening the occasion of the Meeting. It was agreed by the Brethren of y^e Chh. y^t They would by written Votes, Nominate Some Suitable perfons in Order to Elect one of them to Settle in The Work of the Miniftry & Pastoral Office in This Church.

Upon the Sorting & Numbering the Brethren's Votes, M^r Flynt, M^r Fitch & M^r Appleton were the perfons Nominated & the Bretheren agreed & proceeded to, their Election of a perfon to Settle in the Work of the Ministry, &c. as aforef^d.

Upon Sorting and Numbering the Votes of the Brethren, M^r Nathaniel Appleton was Elected to Settle in the Work of the Ministry, in order to his taking on him the Paftoral office in this Church as God shall open the way thereto.

After this for more clearneſſ & better ſatisfaction, the Moderat^r putt the Question to the Brethren, . . .

Whether they Chofe M^r. Appleton to Settle in the work of y^e miniftry in Order to take upon him the Pastorall Office upon him, as God fhall open the way thereto? desiring them to manifest their Minds by y^e lifting up their hands.

It paſſed by a full Vote in the Affirmative.

Finaly, It was Voted y^t the three of his Majesties Justices of Peace preſent together with the Two Deacons be a Committee to repreſent to the Inhabitants of the Town of Cambridge the Elecction of M^r. Appleton as afores^d & to deſire the Concurrence wth v^e Church therein.

This is a true Account of the Proceedings of y^e Church of Chrifit in Cambridge, at their Meeting, on the day above written

Atteft I. Leverett, Moderat^r.

May. 13 The Town concurred with the Votes of Church, — M^r. Remington, Moderat^r.

June 10 M^r. Nathaniel Appleton gave his anſwer in the Affirmative.

Oct. 9. M^r. Nathaniel Appleton was ordained Pastor of the Chh. of Chrifit in Cambridge; by the Rev^d D^r Inereafe Mather, who on y^e f^d Day, Entertained the afſemblу with a Discouſe from Eph 4. 12. & Dr. Cotton Mather gave the right hand of fellowship, & with these were Joyned the Rever^d. M^r. Angier & M^r. Rogers in laying on hands."

In the ordination of Mr. William Brattle, Nov. 25, 1696 (see printed Record, p. 286), and also in the ordination of Mr. Nathaniel Appleton, Oct. 9, 1717, as already shown (see printed Record, p. 124), the ceremony of "laying on of hands" was used as well as that of "giving the right hand of fellowship."

Some student of history in the future may suggest that our ancestors when they rejected the doctrine of apostolic succession, for the sake of consistency, should have given up a ceremony so suggestive of the same.

The present generation follows the custom of the fathers and apparently sees no incongruity.

In closing let me add that the Cambridge Historical Society will always owe a debt of gratitude to the Rev. Abiel Holmes. It was he who, in 1815, found in the Prince Collection in the Old South Meeting house in Boston the "List of members in the Church of Cambridge in ye handwriting of ye Rev. Mr. Jonathan Mitchel" prepared by Mr. Mitchel in 1658 and added to by him until 1668, and rescued it and had it bound with the records of the Church in Cambridge. Mr. Holmes was also an historian. His Annals are a "monument of patient research and cautious and accurate investigation." I use the language of Mr. Paige the author of the History of Cambridge.

At the conclusion of Mr. Bailey's paper, the meeting was dissolved.

NECROLOGY

BROOKS, LIZZIE EDNA, was born in Worcester, Mass., Feb. 12, 1873, her father, Edwin Chapin Brooks (now superintendent of the Cambridge Water Works) being a descendant of Thomas Brooks, and her mother, Ella Florence Kimball, a descendant of Richard Kimball, who, came to New England in 1634. Miss Brooks was educated in the Cambridge schools graduating from the English High School in 1893. For many years a proof-reader, in 1901 she became first an assistant and afterwards reference librarian in the Cambridge Public Library and continued as such until her death, Nov. 28, 1907.

PEIRCE, JAMES MILLS, was born in Cambridge, May 1, 1834, his father being Benjamin Peirce, H. C., 1829, the famous mathematician, and his mother, a daughter of Senator Mills, of Massachusetts. He graduated from Harvard College in 1853, was tutor in mathematics, 1854-58; graduated from Harvard Divinity School, and preached occasionally in Unitarian pulpits until 1861, when he became assistant professor of mathematics at Harvard. He was promoted to full professorship in 1869; 1872-1890, he was secretary of the Academic Council; 1890-95, Dean of the Graduate School; 1895-98, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. He was efficient in organizing the Graduate School. He died in Cambridge, March 21, 1906.

PICKERING, MRS. LIZZIE WADSWORTH SPARKS, was the daughter of Jared Sparks, president of Harvard College and historian, and of his second wife, Mary Crowninshield Silsbee. She was born on Quincy Street, Cambridge, May 1, 1849. She was educated in private schools in Cambridge, Boston, and New York. March 9, 1874, she married Edward Charles Pickering, the astronomer, and subsequently for many years the director of the Harvard

Observatory. For nearly thirty years Mrs. Pickering made her house the resort of the College social world, and of interesting and distinguished visitors in Cambridge. She died Aug. 29, 1906.

READ, MRS. ANNA MARIA, was born at Worcester, Mass., Sept. 12, 1832, her parents being William Augustus and Almira Warner (Allen) Wheeler. On Nov. 13, 1856, she married, at Worcester, Mass., William Read. During her married life her residence was in Cambridge, where she was interested in the First Church (Unitarian). She was a director of the Home for Aged People. She died in Cambridge, Jan. 1, 1907.

WRIGHT, REV. THEODORE FRANCIS, was born in Dorchester, Mass., Aug. 3, 1840. His parents were Edmund Wright and Sarah A. Hunt. He entered Harvard College in 1862, but left in June, 1864, to become first lieutenant in the 108th Regiment U. S. Colored Infantry. At the close of the war he returned to College and graduated in 1866. Nov. 11, 1869, he was installed as pastor of the New Church Society in Bridgewater, Mass. He later became the editor of the New Jerusalem Magazine and Professor in Theological School of the New Church. In 1889, when the School was moved to Cambridge, he became a resident professor and pastor of the mission society and afterwards Dean of the School. In 1891, he obtained the degree of Ph. D., at Harvard. Besides attending to his regular duties he did much work of a literary and philanthropic nature and held many positions of trust. He was president of the East End Christian Union and was active in No License work in Cambridge. He died Nov. 13, 1907.

GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY

October 22, 1907 — October 27, 1908

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
BAY STATE HISTORICAL LEAGUE	Publication III
BLISS, RICHARD	Annual Report of Redwood Library and Athenæum, Newport, R. I.
BROOKLYN INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES	Commemoration of the 100th Anniversary of the Birthday of Louis Rudolphe Agassiz
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY	Report of the Library Syndicate for year ending Dec. 31, 1907
CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Annual Report, 1907
CONFEDERATE MUSEUM, RICHMOND, VA.	Calendar of Confederate Papers
CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Annual Report, May, 1908
CUTTER WATSON GRANT	Family Tradition concerning the Washington Elm
D. A. R., HANNAH WINTHROP CHAPTER	Historic guide to Cambridge, 1907
DANA, RICHARD HENRY, HEIRS OF	Compleat Body of Husbandry, compiled from papers of Thomas Hale, Col. Stevenson, and others. Fol., Lond., 1756
	92 pamphlets, many being given by the authors and with their signatures, and including:
	(1) Memorial addresses on Louis Agassiz, John A. Albro, John A. Andrew (by E. P. Whipple), Josiah Parsons Cooke, Abraham Lincoln (by Charles Sumner), William Lowell Putnam, Mrs.

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
	Samuel Ripley, Charles Sumner (by Henry W. Foote), George Ticknor, Daniel Webster (by Rufus Choate), Joseph Willard, and "The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, and the Philanthropist," by Charles Sumner, for the Phi Beta Kappa Society of August 27, 1846
	(2) Address at the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Memorial Hall, August 27, 1846 (by E. R. Hoar)
	(3) Memorial to the Men of Cambridge who fell in the Revolutionary War (by Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., 1870); Proceedings in relation to the building of the Soldiers Monument (1870); Centennial oration by Robert C. Winthrop; Memorials of the battles of Bunker Hill, Lexington, and Concord (1875)
	(4) Anniversary celebrations of the towns of Bridgewater, Lancaster, and Weymouth
	(5) Cristoforo Colombo e la scoperta dell' America (Roma, 1892); facsimile of Letter of Columbus to Rafael Sanchez
	(6) Catalogues of Harvard University, 1841-42, 1855-57, 1860-67, 1869-70. 12 pams. Catalogus Universitatis Harvardianae, 1860, 1875. 2 pams.
DANA, RICHARD HENRY, TRUSTEE, ALLSTON FUND	Antique Chair, formerly of Washington Allston
DAVENPORT, DR. BENNETT W. . .	Manual, revised 1908, Historical Society of Watertown

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
GOZZALDI, MARY ISABELLA	Rubbing of Inscription on Monument to Sarah, 1st wife of Rev. Jose Glover, who brought the Day Press to America
HASTINGS, LEWIS M.	Photo of "The Great Salt" given to Harvard by Richard Harris, its first tutor, formerly used at "Commons"
ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY	Section of old wooden pipe or aqueduct from Main and Portland Sts., Cambridge, formerly of Cambridge Aqueduct Co.
ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY LANCASTER COUNTY (PA.) HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Collections, Vol. III; Lincoln Series, Vol. I; The Lincoln and Douglas Debates of 1858 Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society, 1907 Journal, Vol. I, No. 1, Apr. 1903
LIBRARIAN OF UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT	Papers read. Dec. 6, 1907, Vol. XI, No. 10; Jan. 3, 1908, Vol. XII, No. 1; Feb. 7, 1908, No. 2; Mar. 6, 1908, Minutes of March Meeting; Apr. 3, 1908, No. 4; June 5, 1908, No. 6; Sept. 4, 1908, No. 7
LOWELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY	The Vermont Bulletin, Catalogue Number, 1907-1908 Contributions, Vol. I, No. 1, Nov. 1907
MANCHESTER (N. H.) HISTORIC ASSOCIATION	Collections, Vol. IV, Part 1
MATTHEWS, ALBERT	Biographical Notes on Boston Newspapers, 1704-1780
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Historical Register, Vol. X, No. 4, Oct. 1907; Vol. XI, No. 1, Jan. 1908; No. 2, Apr. 1908; No. 3, July, 1908; No. 4, Oct. 1908

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
MISSOURI, STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF	Missouri Historical Review, Vol. II, No. 1, Oct. 1907; No. 2, Jan. 1908; No. 3, Apr. 1908; No. 4, July, 1908; Vol. III, No. 1, Oct. 1908
MURRAY, THOMAS HAMILTON	Journal of American-Irish Histori- cal Society, Vol. VII, 1907
NEW ENGLAND HISTORIC GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY	New England Genealogical Register, Supplement to April No., 1908
NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Proceedings, Vol. V, Part I, June, 1905 to June, 1907
NEW JERSEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Proceedings, Third Series, Vol. IV, No. 2, Jan. to Apr. 1907; No. 3, May to Oct. 1907; Vol. V, No. 1, Jan. 1908
NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT	Cambridge Epitaphs, with notes by William Thaddeus Harris
NORTON, MARGARET	Six photographs: (1) Corner of the study in the house of Professor Francis J. Child, 67 Kirkland Street (2) Jar and plate on table, "bearing the greetings of the . . botanists of America to Asa Gray, on his seventy-fifth birthday, November 18, 1885" (3) Side view of Hemenway Gym- nasium (4) Door of the house of Oliver Wendell Holmes (5) and (6) Grays and Felton Halls
OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY	The Quarterly, Vol. VIII, No. 2, June, 1907; No. 3, Sept. 1907; No. 4, Dec. 1907; Vol. IX, No. 1, Mar. 1908; No. 2, June, 1908

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
PEABODY HISTORICAL SOCIETY	11th Annual Report
PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY (NEW YORK)	Year Book, 1908
SCHENECTADY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Year Book, 1905-1906
SHARON HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Publication No. 5, Apr. 1908.
SOCIETY FOR THE HISTORY OF THE GERMANS IN MARYLAND	16th Report, 1907; Annual Reports 1-6, 1887-1892; Annual Reports 1892-1901 History of the German element in Virginia, 3 Vols.
SYRACUSE STATE LIBRARY	Annual Report, Dec. 31, 1907
THAYER, WILLIAM R.	Commemorative Exercises, Erection of a Memorial Tablet to George Sewall Boutwell in Groton Cemetery, May 15, 1908
VIRGINIA STATE LIBRARY	Bulletin, Vol. I, No. 2, Apr. 1908
WISCONSIN ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY	Wisconsin Archaeologist, Vol. VI, No. 3, July, 1907; Vol. VII, June to Sept. 1908 Additions to the Records of Wisconsin Antiquities II, Vol. VII, No. 1, Jan. to Mar. 1908
WORCESTER, SARAH ALICE	Proceedings of Minute-Men's Day, Hollis, N. H., 1898; including address of the donor

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1908-1909

<i>President</i>	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	{	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. ANDREW McFARLAND DAVIS. ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE.
<i>Secretary</i>	FRANK GAYLORD COOK.
<i>Treasurer</i>	HENRY HERBERT EDES.
<i>Curator</i>	CLARENCE WALTER AYER.

The Council

CLARENCE WALTER AYER, MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,
HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY, EDWARD HENRY HALL,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK, THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
RICHARD HENRY DANA, ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE,
ANDREW McFARLAND DAVIS, WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE,
HENRY HERBERT EDES, ALICE MARY LONGFELLOW,
WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

COMMITTEES APPOINTED BY THE COUNCIL

1908-1909

On the Early Roads and Topography of Cambridge.

STEPHEN PASCHALL SHARPLES, EDWARD JOHN BRANDON,
 EDWARD RUSSELL COGSWELL.

On the Collection of Autograph Letters of Distinguished Citizens of Cambridge.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE,
 HENRY HERBERT EDES.

On the Identification and Marking of Historic Sites of Cambridge.

HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY, JOHN WESLEY FREESE,
 WILLIAM WILBERFORCE DALLINGER.

On Sketches of Noted Citizens of Cambridge.

ARTHUR GILMAN, STEPHEN PASCHALL SHARPLES,
 MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI.

On Publication.

FRANK GAYLORD COOK, WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE,
 HENRY HERBERT EDES.

On Memoirs of Deceased Members.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER, HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY.

On the Collection of Oral Tradition and Early Letters and other Documents of Citizens of Cambridge.

MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,
MARGARET JONES BRADBURY, ANNIE LOUISE LOCKE WENTWORTH,
ELIZABETH ELLERY DANA, ISABELLA STEWART WHITTEMORE,
ELIZABETH HARRIS, SUSANNA WILLARD.

On Auditing the Accounts of the Treasurer.

ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS.

On the Collection and Preservation of Printed and Manuscript Material.

WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE,

CLARENCE WALTER AYER.

On the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RICHARD HENRY DANA,

HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,

ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS,
HENRY HERBERT EDES.

On the Longfellow Centenary Medal Prize.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER,

ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE,

CLARENCE WALTER AYER.

REGULAR MEMBERS

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ABBOT, MARION STANLEY | BROCK, ADAH LEILA CONE |
| ABBOTT, CARRIE FRANCES | *BROOKS, LIZZIE EDNA |
| *ABBOTT, EDWARD | *BROWN, JOHN GREENWOOD |
| ALLEN, FLORA VIOLA | BULFINCH, ELLEN SUSAN |
| ALLEN, FRANK AUGUSTUS | |
| ALLEN, OSCAR FAYETTE | §CHAMPLIN, KATHARINE ELIZA |
| ALLISON, CARRIE J. | CLARK, ELIZABETH HODGES |
| ALLISON, SUSAN CARLYLE | §CLARKE, ELLEN DUDLEY |
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| | COOK, FRANK GAYLORD |
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| BRADBURY, WILLIAM FROTHINGHAM | EDES, GRACE WILLIAMSON |
| BRANDON, EDWARD JOHN | EDES, HENRY HERBERT |
| | ELIOT, CHARLES WILLIAM |

§ Resigned.

* Deceased.

ELIOT, GRACE HOPKINSON	HUBBARD, PHINEAS
ELIOT, SAMUEL ATKINS	HULING, RAY GREENE
ELLIS, HELEN PEIRCE	
EVARTS, PRESCOTT	IRWIN, AGNES
	JACKSON, ROBERT TRACY
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FOSTER, FRANCIS APTHORP	KIERNAN, THOMAS J.
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	§LANSING, MARION FLORENCE
GAMWELL, EDWARD FRANCIS	LEAVITT, ERASmus DARWIN
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Gozzaldi, MARY ISABELLA	MARCOU, PHILIPPE BELKNAP
	§MATHER, WINIFRED
HALE, EDWIN BLAISDELL	McDUFFIE, JOHN
HALL, EDWARD HENRY	McINTIRE, CHARLES JOHN
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§HIGGINSON, MARY THACHER	NICHOLS, JOHN TAYLOR GILMAN
HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH	*NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT
HILDRETH, JOHN LEWIS	NORTON, GRACE
HILL, FREDERIC STANHOPE	NOYES, JAMES ATKINS
HODGES, GEORGE	
§HOOPES, WILFORD LAWRENCE	PAIN, JAMES LEONARD
HOPPIN, ELIZA MASON	PAIN, MARY WOOLSON
HORSFORD, KATHARINE	§PARKE, HERVEY COKE, JR.
HOUGHTON, ALBERTA MANNING	PARKER, HENRY AINSWORTH
HOUGHTON, ELIZABETH HARRIS	PARSONS, CAROLINE LOUISA
HOUGHTON, ROSERHYSS GILMAN	PEABODY, CAROLINE EUSTIS
HOWE, ARCHIBALD MURRAY	PEARSON, LEGGI RICHMOND
HOWE, ARRIA SARGENT DIXWELL	*PEIRCE, JAMES MILLS
HOWE, CLARA	PERRIN, FRANKLIN

§ Resigned.

* Deceased.

- PERRIN, LOUISA CHARLOTTE
 PICKERING, EDWARD CHARLES
 *PICKERING, LIZZIE SPARKS
 PIPER, WILLIAM TAGGARD
 §POPE, CHARLES HENRY
 §PULSFORD, ARTHUR
- RAND, HARRY SEATON
 *READ, ANNA MARIA
 READ, ELISE WELCH
 READ, JOHN
 READ, WILLIAM
 REARDON, EDMUND
 REID, WILLIAM BERNARD
 ROCKWELL, ALICE TUFTS
 ROCKWELL, JOHN ARNOLD
 ROLFE, WILLIAM JAMES
 ROPES, JAMES HARDY
 RUSSELL, ETTA LOIS
- SAUNDERS, CARRIE HUNTINGTON
 §SAUNDERS, GEORGE SAVIL
 SAUNDERS, HERBERT ALDEN
 SAWYER, DORA WENTWORTH
 SAWYER, GEORGE AUGUSTUS
 SAWYER, GEORGE CARLETON
 SCUDDER, GRACE OWEN
 SEAGRAVE, CHARLES BURNSIDE
 §SEVER, MARTHA
 §SEVER, MARY CAROLINE
 SHARPLES, STEPHEN PASCHALL
 §SHEA, JAMES EDWARD
 §SHEFFIELD, MARY GERTRUDE
 SIBLEY, BERTHA
 SIBLEY, HENRY CLARK
 SMITH, EMMA GRISCOM
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 STEARNS, GENEVIEVE
 STONE, WILLIAM EBEN
 STORER, SARAH FRANCIS
 SWAN, SARAH HODGES
- §TAFT, CHARLES HUTCHINS
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 TAYLOR, FREDERIC WESTON
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 THORP, JOSEPH GILBERT
 TICKNOR, FLORENCE
 TICKNOR, THOMAS BALDWIN
 TILLINGHAST, WILLIAM HOPKINS
 TOPPAN, SARAH MOODY
 §TOWER, CHARLES BATES
- VAUGHAN, ANNA HARRIET
 VAUGHAN, BENJAMIN
- WALCOTT, ANNA MORRILL
 WAMBAUGH, SARAH
 WARE, THORNTON MARSHALL
 WENTWORTH, ANNIE LOUISE LOCKE
 §WENTWORTH, WILLIAM HALL
 WESSELHOEFT, MARY LEAVITT
 WESSELHOEFT, WALTER
 WESTON, ANSTIS
 WESTON, ROBERT DICKSON
 WHITE, EMMA E.
 WHITE, MOSES PERKINS
 WHITTEMORE, ISABELLA STEWART
 WHITTEMORE, WILLIAM RICHARDSON
 WILLARD, SUSANNA
 WILLIAMS, OLIVE SWAN
 WINLOCK, MARY PEYTON
 §WINSOR, CAROLINE TUFTS
 WORCESTER, SARAH ALICE
 WRIGHT, GEORGE GRIER
 WRIGHT, PAMELIA KEITH
 *WRIGHT, THEODORE FRANCIS
 §WYMAN, CAROLINE KING
 WYMAN, MARGARET CURRY
- YERXA, HENRY DETRICK

§ Resigned.

* Deceased.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

CARTER, CHARLES MORLAND LOVERING, ERNEST
DAVENPORT, BENNET FRANKLIN NICHOLS, JOHN WHITE TREADWELL
FELTON, EUNICE WHITNEY FARLEY NILES, WILLIAM HARMON
LEVERETT, GEORGE VASMER *WILLARD, JOSEPH
WADHAMS, CAROLINE REED

HONORARY MEMBERS

CHOATE, JOSEPH HODGES HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN
RHODES, JAMES FORD

* Deceased.

BY-LAWS

I. CORPORATE NAME.

THE name of this corporation shall be "THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY."

II. OBJECT.

The corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

III. REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

Any resident of the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible for regular membership in this Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Persons so elected shall become members upon signing the By-Laws and paying the fees therein prescribed.

IV. LIMIT OF REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

The regular membership of this Society shall be limited to two hundred.

V. HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

Any person, nominated by the Council, may be elected an honorary member at any meeting of the Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Honorary members shall be exempt from paying any fees, shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VI. ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Any person not a resident, but either a native, or formerly a resident for at least five years, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible to

associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of two dollars each, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VII. SEAL.

The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1905, a shield bearing a representation of the Daye Printing Press and crest of two books surmounted by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting-house of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister, and, underneath, a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent*.

VIII. OFFICERS.

The officers of this corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary with the powers of Clerk, a Treasurer, and a Curator, elected out of the Council by the Society. All the above officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

IX. DUTY OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-Presidents, respectively, in the order of their election.

X. DUTY OF SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give to each member of the Society written notice of its meetings. He shall also present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XI. DUTY OF TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the accounts, of the corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it, and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of its funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society a bond, in amount and with sureties satisfactory to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited prior to the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

XII. DUTY OF CURATOR.

The Curator shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

XIII. DUTY OF COUNCIL.

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall arrange for its meetings, and shall present for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XIV. MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesdays of January, and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.

XV. QUORUM.

At meetings of the Society ten members, and at meetings of the Council five members, shall constitute a quorum.

XVI. FEES.

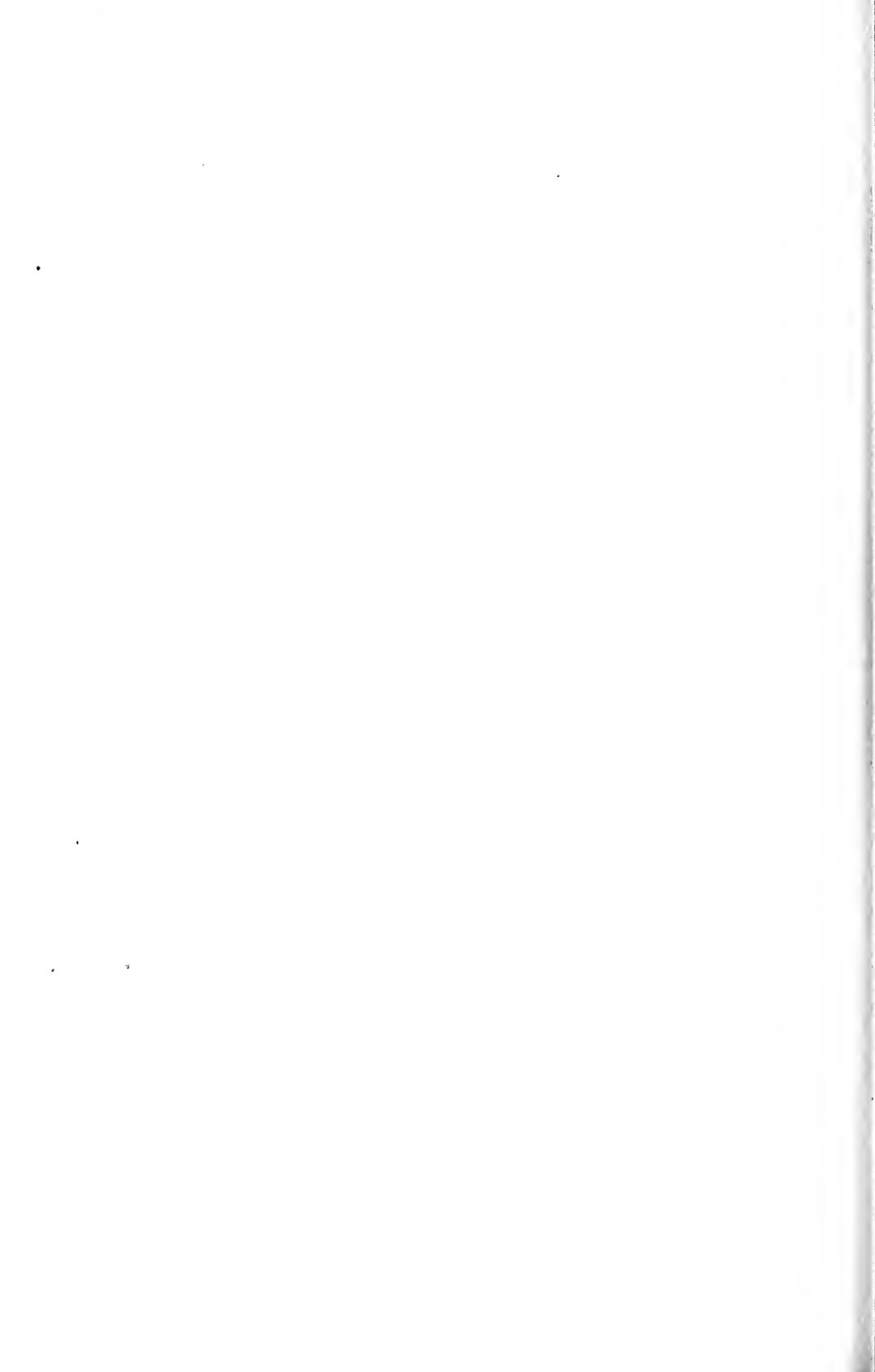
The fee of initiation shall be two dollars. There shall also be an annual assessment of three dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting.

XVII. RESIGNATION OF MEMBERSHIP.

All resignations of membership must be in writing, provided, however, that failure to pay the annual assessment within six months after the Annual Meeting may, in the discretion of the Council, be considered a resignation of membership.

XVIII. AMENDMENT OF BY-LAWS.

These By-Laws may be amended at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting, provided that the substance of the proposed amendment shall have been inserted in the call for such meeting.



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The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

IV



PROCEEDINGS

JANUARY 26 — OCTOBER 26, 1909



The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

IV

PROCEEDINGS

JANUARY 26—OCTOBER 26, 1909



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Published by the Society

1909

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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

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PROCEEDINGS
OF
THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE FOURTEENTH MEETING

THE FOURTEENTH MEETING of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the twenty-sixth day of January, nineteen hundred and nine, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

In the absence of the President and of the Vice-Presidents, HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY, ESQUIRE, was elected Chairman pro tempore.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The second Vice-President, ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS, then being present, took the chair.

Upon the subject for the meeting — Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse — WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE read the following paper :

DR. BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE AND HARVARD
UNIVERSITY

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: To follow up all the details of Dr. Waterhouse's connection with the College would take us far afield, and would acquaint us with a series of more or less acrimonious discussions which have left their traces in the records and the papers of the Corporation, but are not worth reviving at the present day; yet the main facts of his service

here are both interesting and important, for he was closely associated with much that now occupies a large place in the intellectual life of the University.

In 1783, he and two other physicians became the incumbents of the three newly established medical professorships — the first formal provision for public instruction in medicine in Massachusetts. Dr. John Warren, the first to be appointed, was Professor of Anatomy and Surgery; Dr. Waterhouse's appointment as Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic followed in the course of a month; and that of Dr. Aaron Dexter as Professor of Chemistry and *Materia Medica* came shortly after. The first two were publicly inducted into their offices October 7, 1783.¹ Dr. Waterhouse, at this time, had just returned from his European studies, having graduated from the University of Leyden in 1780. "Without doubt he was the young man of learning then available for the place, just the man to quicken students with a love for science and a desire for general knowledge."² Though the proper subject of his professorship was the theory and practice of physic, he began, in 1788, the year after he removed to Cambridge, to give annual courses of lectures in the College on natural history in general and on mineralogy and botany in particular. These lectures, delivered first (1786 and 1787) in Brown University (or Rhode Island College, as it was then called) and afterwards for over twenty years in Cambridge, appear to have been the first ever given in America on these subjects, and so mark the beginning of the study here of natural science, a study which has since developed into such a highly organized and extensive province of university instruction. His correspondence with scientists abroad led to the acquisition of minerals and the formation of a mineral cabinet, from which has grown one of the great departments of the University Museum. During the greater part of his term of office, Dr. Waterhouse was keeper of the mineral cabinet, and as such received the modest sum of \$40 a year. The nature of his duties as keeper of the cabinet is characteristically described in a letter from him to President Willard, dated March 8, 1801:³

¹ Dr. Waterhouse's *Oratio Inauguralis* was printed many years afterward, in 1829.

² *The Harvard Medical School, 1782-1906*, p. 117.

³ *Harvard College Papers*, vol. iv. no. 83.

REVEREND SIR suggestion

Agreeably to your intimation, "that the Corporation wished for some general information respecting the time consumed, and attention exercised in fulfilling their directions as expressed in their vote dated May 20th 1795 and a subsequent one dated I take this method to acquaint them, that in consequence of a very general circulation of the printed letter which accompanies this, a pretty numerous & pretty constant application to view the cabinet ensued. By pretty constant I mean seldom a week without some visitants. These are people who are engaged in the study of minerals, or in some interested mineralogical pursuits, and who come to take a close & critical view of the specimens ; and in this they differ from the ordinary visitants to the Library & Museum. They never stay less than 3, or 4 hours ; very often all day, and in some instances *three*, and my house is most commonly their quarters. I have attended six visitants within these ten days. The person principally concerned in the *Jodin-hill* mine used to call on me at least twice a week for two or three months often to view the specimens, but oftener to converse on the subject of mineralogy. When some of these visitants appeared embarrassed by the trouble they gave me, I have told them that the Governors of the University allowed me a compensation for it.

Agreeably to the wish of the Corporation I have kept up my correspondence abroad and extended it at home on the subject of minerals. Whenever I have found in the course of my mineralogical studies, a deficiency in the collection, I have immediately written to some of my correspondents in England for them, and when received have placed them in the Cabinet without saying a word to any one. This was the case with a collection of Salts from a friend at Chester, and of a box of minerals & petrefactions from Birmingham. It was two or three years before I could obtain a specimen of *Platina*. I have now sent for specimens of english *Murles*, when they arrive, I shall place them in the Cabinet without saying a word to any one, because it is too much like my own donation to wish for either notice or thanks. Thus, I have, do, and shall continue to contribute to the encrease of the collection.

Since I received an annual grant, I have never presented, nor mean to present any charge for any freight, custom-house fees or the like, altho' a week has not elapsed since I paid about three dollars for a book sent from England for the Library which had remained from the month of October in the Supervisor's office at New-York, as well as a trifling sum for the portage of a box containing an artificial curiosity for the Museum. Ought I, or ought I not to add that the superb volume containing specimens of the recently discovered *Stamps*, was sent by Dr.

Lettson in consequence of my writing expressly to him to send a copy of that elegant work for our University-library? He having sent me a similar copy the year before. May I add, that I wrote three or four years ago to the same gentleman for a *prepared* Quadruped and a Bird, by way of *sample*, and he sent me eighteen. I then, wrote to him, that they were injured in the passage for want of being properly packed when he sent me twice that number finely preserved. Whether they were sent to me personally, or to the University was equivocal. I therefore construed it the safest way and presented them as from him. Now every gentleman must suppose that I could not be the receiver, much less the solicitor of these valuable articles without exerting myself to make some return in the products of this country. I have never done so much as I could wish, but have done as much as I could, being convinced that in this, as well as in all other cases, "he that will reap, must sow."

I never have, nor ever shall keep an account of such expences. Indeed, my habits of life, & literary pursuits are adverse to anything like merchantile calculations. I can only say with precision, that for what I sent to an individual correspondent the last year I paid nearer 50, than 40 dollars. This I will venture to specify to some one of the corporation as a private gentleman, but delicacy would forbid me to do it to him, or them, in their official station, more especially when a proportion of the books are sent to me personally; and the corporation may be assured, that I mention these things with no small reluctance, and that I apprehend they come within, or rather among the objects of their inquiry. I give the information which I think is needed, but ask for nothing.

Were I a Professor of Nat^l History, and had of course a salary, these articles committed to my charge as well as the exhibition & explanation of them to strangers would be, like that of the Professor of Expl Philosophy, part of my duty. But the case is far otherwise with me. *I have created this branch of instruction, and carried it on for more than twelve years at my own expence* without attaching any charge to the University, and it is only within one year or two that the lectures have been profitable; for more than 8 years, they yielded not so much as the annual income of a college-sweeper, and nothing but the constant encouragement of that most excellent friend to the College the late Dr. Wigglesworth, and his prophetic assurances, that by perseverance, these lectures on Nat^l History would one day grow into a permanent establishment, have preserved them to this period of existence.

If from this general view of facts and circumstances the corporation

should think it just, or generous to continue the annual grant for taking charge of the cabinet, corresponding, &c &c, I think I may assure them that it will be, as it always has been, quite, or nearly absorbed in the expences of a correspondence, which they have encouraged and I hesitate not to assure them, that if from any accident, sickness or unusual occurrence my expences or attention, should be little or nothing, they will be informed of it, but I wish hereafter to be excused from giving in, from year to year any thing like an estimate, because it is somehow or other, very repugnant to the current of my feelings, and what I do with extreme reluctance.

BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE.

Rev^d President Willard.

For many years, he gave his natural history lectures in the Philosophy Chamber, as the room in Harvard Hall adjoining the Library was called. In this room was kept the philosophical apparatus, and here the Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, Samuel Webber, afterward President, gave his lectures. The latter not unnaturally objected to the presence of the mineral cabinet, the stuffed birds, and the other impedimenta of the lecturer on natural history. But Dr. Waterhouse strenuously objected to being moved, and was never willing to occupy one of the rooms in Holden Chapel which had been devoted to the use of the Medical Professors.

On May 19, 1800, he writes to the President as follows:¹

REV^D SIR

Last autumn I received a line from you expressing the opinion of the Corporation respecting my continuing to lecture in the philosophy chamber, which induces me to address you on that subject.

I gave my lectures in that room for a series of years on the invitation of M^r Smith, the then Librarian, and did not at that time know that it was necessary to ask leave of higher authority. During the seven years I gave my lectures there, no complaint had ever been made of soiling, deranging, or any way defacing the room; on the contrary the room has acquired an additional beauty in consequence of those lectures, for neither Birds, nor minerals would have been there had these lectures on Natural History never been given.

My application is for permission to continue my lectures in that room, and my reasons for it, are I presume strong enough to obtain it. In

¹ Harvard College Papers, vol. iv. no. 59.

the course of my lecturing it is necessary to have displayed a great number of minerals, and many of the specimens are so delicate & fragile that they cannot be removed up & down stairs without risking their destruction. Besides these minerals, delicate drawings, & costly books as well as valuable productions of nature must be exhibited in a room where the lecturer can *instantly turn the key and lock them up*, should he be called suddenly out in the course of his practice. On no occasion do I ever leave the students in the room. For my rule has ever been to go in first & come out last. I have been so carefull to keep the carpet neat & clean, that I always turn it up round the seats, & never give a lecture in rainy weather. The bordering of the paper, that has been picked off in some places was certainly never done by any of my audience. Their quiet, orderly & very proper behaviour are known & talked of—and if it be found that my pupils never did injure the room the presumption is they never will, unless I should break my rule of leaving them in it without me.

As I confess I felt a little hurt in being turned out of that room without a hearing, I cannot avoid wishing to inform the corporation that during the 18 years that I have been a Professor of the Theory & Practice of physic in this University, I never have been accomodated with a lecturing-room, but have been obliged repeatedly to quit my chair & dismiss my pupils in the middle of a lecture to give place to the stated teachers. I gave one whole course in a Tutor's room. In one, or two instances, I have been compelled to the derogatory step of giving my *medical lectures* in the room of an undergraduate; and for these three years past, I have been forced to give my *medical lectures* at my own house, altho' very inconvenient on account of the smallness of our rooms & the largeness of my family.

I will, however, cheerfully submit to this inconvenience, great as it is, provided the corporation will give me their permission to make use of the philosophy chamber, during *eighteen hours in twelve months*, pledging myself at the same time that every thing shall be preserved free from dirt, destruction or defacement. It has been suggested that I could give my lectures on N. History in the chapel, or dining hall, *both are absolutely unfit*; besides I wish to be indulged with a room, out of which I may not be turned by any Professor, Tutor, the Librarian or cook.

If you would be so good as to lay this request before the corporation, it would add to the kindnesses already conferred on

your very humble serv^t

BENJⁿ WATERHOUSE

Rev^d President Willard.

In 1805, various friends of the College subscribed to the foundation of a professorship of natural history, the first incumbent of which was to be elected by the subscribers. This proposal was bitterly opposed by Dr. Waterhouse, who felt that this department of instruction had been fostered and developed during many years by himself alone, and that another should not be allowed to displace him. He submitted a Memorial to the Corporation March 1, 1805, the first portion of which is worth quoting, since it states the results of his labors up to that time:¹

"The Memorial of Benjamin Waterhouse, Teacher of Natural History in the University at Cambridge to the Honb^l. & Revd^d. the Corporation, most respectfully sheweth,

"That your memorialist was 17 years ago appointed to deliver annually a course of Lectures on Natural history in this college, as expressed by a vote of the Corporation here annexed, which vote was confirmed by the board of Overseers the May following.

"Thus constituted a teacher of Nat^l. History, your memorialist prepared a set of Lectures on that extensive subject. In executing this task he carefully selected such objects as would most forcibly impress the minds of youth with the harmony of the Universe, or unity of design throughout the great Temple of creation; the end & aim of the whole being to lead them '*to look through Nature up to Nature's God.*'

"During the greatest part of the space above mentioned, your memorialist struggled with such difficulties, impediments, and discouragements as would have entirely checked anyone who was not animated with the ambitious sentiment of being considered hereafter the *Founder* of Nat^l. History in the first University in America.

"As Nat. History was an entirely new study in this College, your memorialist was compelled to exercise some address at its introduction. The College library was nearly barren of books on this subject; and what few there were appeared never to have been perused. Your Memorialist had first to excite a curiosity and then to gratify it. He had to prepare the ground, sow the seed & wait their produce. In this infantile state of things he had often to treat important subjects superficially, and to grow more particular as attention & taste increased.

"Your memorialist commenced the business in the autumn of 1788 by giving his first course gratis. The 2^d year he opened his course with five pupils at a guinea a piece. The 3^d year he had seven. The

¹ Harvard College Papers, vol. iv. no. 220.

4th year he allowed each to subscribe whatever he chose; then he had about thirty, some subscribed three guineas, some two, and some half a guinea; others clubb'd together and divided the half guinea & the lectures between them, one attending one half the course, the other the remaining part. The President disapproving this mode, as deviating from the fee established by the Corporation, it never was again pursued. It was an effort in discouragement; for as yet your memorialist had never received a farthing of salary as a medical professor. Once, in a day of greater difficulty and perplexity than he ever before experienced, he sunk under the discouragement, and felt entirely disposed to relinquish a *second time* all connexion with Harvard College. This would have been effected had it not been for the encouragement of the venerable Dr. Wigglesworth. ‘*Perserere, said he, and you will find a reward. Pursue your plan of Natural history, BOTANY especially, which will not fail to raise up friends and supporters. On this subject I will venture to prophecy; it will grow into an establishment.*’ On this gleam of encouragement he resumed his task with a degree of alacrity, and on the former plan of a guinea each pupil, his numbers were, if he remember right, ten. The 6th year the numbers were about the same. The 8th year they were nineteen. The 9th year forty one; the 10th year about the same number; and the 11th year I had *sixty six*, including some indigent youth, who pay nothing.

“ At this period difficulties were raised through the medium of the late Librarian, respecting giving lectures on Nat^l History in the philosophy chamber, when your memorialist was ejected from it *without a hearing*. This ejection materially effected the profits of his course of lectures, by altering the time of his lecturing from autumn to the busy season of spring; and has in every succeeding year reduced the number of his pupils one half. Your memorialist has never been indulged with any opportunity of representing this matter to the Corporation. This with some other matters connected with it, have been sources whence continually flowed uneasiness & discontent. Your memorialist was considered by some as an adventitious Lecturer without rights, rank, or privileges.

“ Your memorialist begs leave to remark that he was the originator of the CABINET OF MINERALS; and has been for more than *thirteen* years the principal agent in collecting the specimens therein contained; which for number and value surpass anything of the kind in the United States. By the help of this collection a competent naturalist may illustrate *one of the three Kingdoms of Nature*. This rich collection is not like that of books, or plants perishable by time, but will remain unimpaired for ages.

"Your memorialist has likewise collected some curious and valuable articles in other branches of Nat^l History, which he gratuitously transferred from his own private museum to that of the College; the particulars of which he has detailed to that member of the Corporation who resides in Cambridge.

"Beside mineralogy your memorialist has sedulously cultivated 'philosophical Botany'; or the anatomy and physiology of vegetables, together with the elements of agriculture and vegetation; and this he presumes he has carried as far as his slender pecuniary means & other requisites could reasonably be expected. As his plan differs from that of any hitherto made public, he has chosen to submit it to the severity of public criticism. Your memorialist has collected no small number of indigenous plants & made & procured not a few drawings illustrative of the *Linnæan System*. In a word he has strove beyond his strength to introduce and build up the science of Nat^l History in general in the University at Cambridge; but finding his strength failing, discouragements multiplying, and innovations approaching, he naturally turns to his constituents for protection & encouragement."

He goes on to beg the Corporation not to allow his work to be interfered with by the establishment of the proposed Professorship, of which he has only learned by hearsay, and the statutes governing which have never been submitted to him.

At about the same time, he wrote to Judge Davis, a member of the Corporation (February 15, 1805):¹

"I feel free to say that this affair is a very important one to me. 'Tis a crisis, or turning point in my life, influencing my domestic plans & future prospects; as on the termination of this design, the education of my four sons, or in other words my connexion with Harvard College depends; since I had determined, if this hitherto concealed scheme, when developed, should be found to interfere with my reputation or interest, to publish in a pamphlet a narrative of all my exertions, in founding, maturing & bringing forward, Natural history in general, & *Botany* in particular, then to quit the ground, go into Boston there to give my lectures & to attempt practice, in which idea I have been encouraged by characters of no small influence in society.

"I disavow any design or desire to marr or impede any beneficial plan. I explicitly declare that envy has no place in my composition;

¹ Harvard College Papers, vol. iv. no. 218.

but I should be divested of the ordinary feelings of humanity, nay I should be '*worse than a heathen*,' were I totally insensible to some past and present transactions, in which my character & interest are concerned. After labouring *seventeen* years in establishing a new branch of science in this place, and having **ALONE**, and **UNASSISTED** brought it to a degree of maturity, then to have another person brought forward to take the most conspicuous & captivating part of it, with the title of *Professor*, while I remain with the humble title of *Lecturer*, giving lectures to boys at *25 cents* each lecture, is what a man of Judge Davis knowledge of men & things can never suppose I will submit to. My friends would despise me if I did, and they ought to."

When the Corporation submitted to him the statutes of the professorship, and assured him it was to be a professorship specifically of botany and entomology, he withdrew his objections, but although this title was in fact used in several votes of the Corporation, it was soon displaced by the original and more comprehensive designation.

One of the objects of the new fund was to found a Botanic Garden, and in this Dr. Waterhouse was actively interested. Indeed, his own lectures on Botany, repeated from year to year, doubtless had had their part in exciting a general interest in the project, so that we may truly say that the establishment of the Botanic Garden was, in part, due to Dr. Waterhouse.¹

For four years Dr. Waterhouse continued his lectures on natural history, but on April 27, 1809, we find this vote in the Records of the Corporation:

"Whereas when there was no Professor of Natural History in Harvard College to instruct the Pupils in any branch of Natural History the Corporation on the 29. April 1788 authorized D^r. Waterhouse to deliver annually a course of Lectures upon Natural History to such of the students as should obtain permission under the hands of their Parents or guardians to attend, since that time a Professorship of Natural History has been founded at Cambridge & Professor elected & introduced into that office capable of reading Lectures in every branch of Natural History who has already been directed to read Lectures on

¹ See the "Advertisement" of his book, "The Botanist," published in 1811.

Botany, Entomology & Zoology and who may read Lectures in such other branches of Natural History as may be directed agreeably to the foundation, as it is inconvenient & improper that Lectures in the Natural History be read by two distinct professors, therefore it is

"Voted that hereafter no Lectures in Natural History be read in the College or to any of the Students but by the Professor of Natural History. But as the Corporation has learnt that Dr. Waterhouse has already began his annual course of Lectures for the present year it is further voted that he may finish the said course agreeably to the terms of the said vote passed in 1788, and that after his present course is finished to wit from & after the last Wednesday in August next the said vote be rescinded and made null & void."

A characteristic letter from Dr. Waterhouse to his friend, John Quincy Adams, for whom he entertained a sincere regard and who was shortly after to be installed as the first Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, is found among the papers of Professor Pearson, now in the possession of Phillips Academy, Andover. It is dated March 30, 1806, just after the election of Samuel Webber as president and before his inauguration. Professor Pearson had been for twenty years Hancock Professor of Hebrew, six years a member of the Corporation, and after President Willard's death, September 25, 1804, for more than a year, Acting President. A theologian of the old school, he gave up all hope of saving the College from the advancing tide of Unitarianism when Henry Ware was elected Professor of Theology, and retired to Andover, where he soon after was instrumental in founding the Andover Theological Seminary as a protest against the defection of Harvard.

The letter is as follows :

CAMBRIDGE, March 30th, 1806..

DEAR SIR, —

In the last letter which I wrote to you, I was pleasing myself that we should have a President, that would break the scum, the thick scum which has covered our collegiate pool. Although Mr. Ames is not so profound a scholar nor so truly scientific as some others of the sons of Harvard, yet I hoped & believed that his brilliant talents would give science a more pleasing countenance than she has lately borne here. His declining set us once more afloat. All of us on the ground would have been well contented with Dr. Pearson, but, our Rulers in

Boston, not to say *Essex*, uttered their *veto*; and to give it due force they talked him down; and talked their man, Dr. K—— up; but the Corporation were disobedient & would not chuse him. What did they do next? They chose a man, whom no one ever thought of; a sort of negative character; a man without friends or enemies; a man as ignorant of the world as if he had never been born into it; a mere mathematician; to which branch of science he is a bigot; a man who thinks that all the rest of the world are busy about trifles, mathematicians excepted! The Corporation have been censured not a little for this choice; and their excuse is, that in these times of innovation, it is best to keep the College ship in Dock, and not suffer her to venture near an enemy; that they studied safety rather than risk a voyage of discovery: If these reasons be admitted why did they chuse Fisher Ames? The truth of the matter is, they did as has been done more than once in the Roman conclave, disappoint all the fierce contending princes & intriguing courts by chusing a good but obscure monk, who had neither power or inclination to do good or harm. What has been the consequence of this surprising election? The consequence has been the banishment of Dr. Pearson. He retires to a small house in Andover with very little to live on, after being 18 years in the service of college. It avails him nothing that he has enriched the college treasury, as it is said, 30,000 dollars. He is suffered to go off with as little feelings of compassion as some people turn off an old, sick decrepit cart-horse. Dr. P. had his notions, and labored to fortify them, yet was he a respectable man, a good scholar, and a faithful teacher. They accuse him of being at times passionate & cross. I never knew a good & faithful officer but what was. Who can have much to do with men, and with mens children, especially in controuling and correcting them and preserve a placid temper? But the man placed at the head of this great school, for it is but a school, never was known to be out of temper, say his advocates; — if so, say others, he will never make a good & energetic officer. Such is the state of things at this time, in this place, and such are the feelings of all I have yet conversed with in the college instruction & government, one person excepted, who says nothing.

Under these circumstanees I have taken the resolution to stay at home & say nothing; but follow my medical & natural history lectures, & attend, as much as I can to the edueation of my children myself. I could not however keep my silence towards you, because I know that you feel a particular interest in the present & future state of this seminary, and because I supposed that you would like to know how we stood affected in this place, under our new arrangement; and I knew

that what I said to you would never be mentioned to the injury of any mans feelings. With the highest degree of respect and esteem I remain your steady friend

BENJ^N WATERHOUSE.

The later years of Dr. Waterhouse's professorship were stormy ones and attended with many mortifying experiences in his relations with the College. In 1807, the Corporation, becoming dissatisfied with his care of the mineral cabinet, appointed the President and Judge Davis a Committee to examine it and report whether all the specimens were to be found and in order. The Committee professed to be unable to find many of the specimens, and demanded them of the Professor, who replied with indignation. In 1809, he was "discharged from any further care of the Cabinet." He had never been on good terms with his fellow professors on the Medical Faculty, yet complained that they did not consult him in regard to measures contemplated relating to the school. In 1810, the lectures were moved from Cambridge to Boston, and Dr. Waterhouse was obliged, much against his will, to take up his residence in Boston, though he seems never to have given up his Cambridge house. March 29, 1811, he writes to President Kirkland, who had then been president just four months:¹

DEAR SIR,

I receiv^d your letter with pleasure & read it with satisfaction, because I thought I perceived in it something inducing me to believe that you and I could do business together harmoniously. Nay I deem it impossible that any thing like that animosity which broke out between me & some of the college legislators can arise between us; for I never can charge you with personal ingratitude.

Instead of twelve Lectures, I should like to give 18, or 20. I must as you intimated adapt them to my audience, which will cost me some labour. I wish however to give at least four this term. Perhaps two in a week, and if you can so arrange it, at 9, or 10 o'clock. Thirty or thirty five minutes each time would be all I wish for. Circumstances do not, at present allow of it. Perhaps your removal from Boston to Cambridge, may give you some idea of the state of my mind in removing from Cambridge to Boston. It is like two opposite streams that forms a whirlpool in which nothing advances. My sleep, my perspira-

¹ Harvard College Papers, vol. vi. p. 80.

tion & my appetite are deranged and every day or two I am afflicted with a dismal sick headache, by which that day is wasted; and this will continue, I expect more or less until I get fixed in Boston.

I find it is expected of me that I give to the Committee of the Board of Overseers an accurate statement of the injury I have sustained in my income, by the alterations that have been made in my lecturing in this place. In order to do this properly as it regards my medical lectures I beg leave to ask of you some information, for really I do not understand what I have read, and what comes to me by report from some of the senior class. I ask this information in the two fold capacity of a professor & a parent.

I learnt from the votes of the Corporation that we three professors were to give our lectures to the senior class *gratis*. This I told to several who enquired of me.

By the late vote I learnt that instead of it, the Seniors who attended were to be assessed 10 dollars each in their Q^r. bills. I now hear that the Prof^r of Anatomy has obtained from about 30 undergraduates a subscription of *15 dollars* each for that course which these young men expected and had a right to expect from what had been said to them, *gratis*, or at most for their 10 dollars assessment, which makes up the 25 dollars which that Prof^r. has for those students who attend him from abroad. Now I wish to enquire as a *parent*, whose son is to pursue medicine as a profession, if I am to be charged 10 dollars in the Q^r. bill, and then pay D^r Warren 15 dollars more for his attendance on the course. If this be the case I have two objections to it. First as a *professor* I deem it a thing that will injure the character of our medical school, for the public will pronounce it unjust, because the expences of a subject &c is very trifling. Second as a *parent*, I declare to you that I cannot afford it; for almost every *Lacteal* by which I & my family drew nutriment from college has been cut off; insomuch as I have been obliged as Judge Wendell & Dr Holmes know, to take my two sons from Andover, because I could not afford to keep them there, nor to bring them up to college, and because I have been compelled to borrow money to pay the college dues of that son who graduated last year. Before that period my income from my natural history lectures not only paid my sons bills, but procured me my *wood*, my *hay*, & my *cyder*. M^r Gannet can confirm this. Now I am indebted to the college treasury for wood and am paying interest for it, while the Corporation keep from me my compensation as Cabinet-keeper for about 8, or 9 months, & for my extra labour in three times arranging by their order the Cabinet, and which I presume will over ballance what I owe the Treasurer.

The Corporation also withhold the payment of a bill, which *I think* they are bound in honor to discharge, due to David Frost, & which I expect to be sued for every day, the particulars of which I mean to give to the committee of the overseers, because my character has been cruelly handled in its discussion by the late Treasurer & Judge Davis, & which has been the subject of coarse remarks by the mechanics of Cambridge for a year or two past, not very respectful to college.

I applaud honest Pickering for his bold appeal to the public, and shall follow his courageous example; but hope to do it in a less angry spirit. This wretched scrawl ought to be transcribed, but the headache forbids, and leaves me only to add sentiments of respect to you officially & personally

B. WATERHOUSE

By the fall of this year, the other Medical professors had become so estranged from him and so exasperated in their feelings, that they presented a memorial to the Corporation (November 18, 1811), stating particulars in the conduct of Dr. Waterhouse which forbade their further intercourse with him. We cannot undertake to discuss the question how far their statements were justified, but they charged the Doctor (1) with having supported the design for a College of Physicians in Boston which would be injurious to the Harvard Medical School; (2) that "he evinced a want of veracity" in stating that he had no knowledge of the plan for extending the Medical School to Boston, and that he knew nothing in advance of two circular letters issued by his colleagues; (3) that he had printed in the "New England Palladium," May 3, 1811, a libel against the Professor and Adjunct Professor of Anatomy, "which had a tendency to injure their characters, was of a nature to be highly offensive to their feelings, and to diminish their usefulness in the University, and that later, in another article, he charged the other professors with a neglect of their official duties."

A copy of the memorial was sent to Dr. Waterhouse, and he was asked to attend at a meeting of the Corporation and face his accusers. His letter to President Kirkland, November 28, 1811, is in part as follows :¹

"I beg you, Reverend Sir, to be assured that my not answering your letter of last Saturday, enclosing that to the Corporation from the Medi-

¹ Harvard College Papers, vol. vii. p. 5.

cal Professors & their Adjuncts, did not arise from inattention or disrespect; but from a very different sentiment. It has so fallen out, in the course of the administration of your Predecessor, that I have, in one or two cases, answered some communications with full as much indignation as prudence. His lamented death dissipated everything like resentment, and has led me to form for myself a rule never to answer off hand, and on the first impression any communication having the complexion of the denunciating letter of my colleagues. I therefore, after reading the letter to my wife & my children; and after having shewn it to several friends out of doors, have taken up my pen to acknowledge the receipt of it from you, and to say that I will attend at the time & place prescribed.

“ Two of the three charges appear not to be worthy my notice, or any one’s else: but one of them is sufficiently serious to excite all my attention, and the attention of my friends, & the attention of the College Legislature.

“ Scarcely a week has elapsed since I cleared myself from the imputation of *peculation* & other acts of dishonesty in the administration of the affairs of a public hospital when I find myself accused before the Corporation of being a LIAR. The Medical students here in Boston have already got hold of the story, and they are told that it will be only throwing away money to attend my course of lectures for that the Corporation are now in the act of removing me from a station which I disgrace. This and a *great deal more* has already reached the ears of *all* my family.”

Referring to the case of a Frenchman who had some years before been in the service of the College and had been finally dismissed — “ driven from College & from this country by the indignant voice of public opinion, and not by the intrigues of *professional Rivals*,” he continues:

“ Now I, who have been a Professor in your College nearly 30 years, & have still a few friends left who are not ashamed to own me, ask of the Hon^b & Rev^t. the Corporation no more tenderness, no more fellow-feeling, sympathy or exercise of patience towards me, and consideration for my family, than what was exercised towards this notoriously immoral Frenchman.”

The Corporation seems to have examined into the trouble with great care, and to have given all parties, and particularly Dr. Water-

house, every opportunity to be heard, but finally (May 14, 1812) resolved that, harmony and confidence being destroyed, "the interest and reputation of the University require that he [Dr. Waterhouse] be removed from the office of Hersey Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic," and it was voted that Dr. Waterhouse be and he is hereby removed from said professorship.

In spite of the peculiarities of temperament and perhaps the animosities of politics which seem to have made it impossible for Dr. Waterhouse and his colleagues to work together in harmony, we must not forget his good qualities and his valuable services to the College. Dr. Holmes describes him as a "brisk dapper old gentleman, with hair tied in a ribbon behind and, I think, powdered, marching smartly about with his gold-headed cane, with a look of questioning sagacity and an utterance of oracular gravity." It is pleasant to find in the recently published volume on the Harvard Medical School this paragraph in its account of Dr. Waterhouse:¹

"Rather than the pompous old gentleman of Dr. Holmes' remembrance, let us think of Dr. Waterhouse as the enthusiastic student of science, striving in far-distant America to keep in touch with the best that was taking place in the centers of European learning, vigorous and practical in his ability to seize upon the medical event of the period, strong in the denunciation of existing evils, and with a breadth of mind that prepared the way for the advent of Gray and Agassiz."

Another letter, now in the Andover Pearson papers, also addressed to John Quincy Adams, must be our last glimpse of the irascible but warm-hearted doctor. It is undated, but being addressed to "Pres^t Adams," cannot be earlier than March, 1825, and from the allusions in it cannot be much later than that.

"I close with a word or two on this University — Dr. Pearson told me some years ago, that his father-in-law, President Holyoke, said to him, on his deathbed — 'if any man wishes to be humbled and mortified, let him become President of Harvard-college,' w^c, said the Dr., I then thought a very strange speech; but I now perceive the wisdom of it; for Pearson retired from it in utter disgust. Webber lost his life by it; and I do not believe that the chair, even now, feels, at all times, as if

¹ The Harvard Medical School, 1782-1906, p. 19.

stuffed with eider-down. Pearson predicted to me, & to others, that the ingrafting the botanical & natural history professorship on the University would operate the destruction of the institution. I every day see his prediction verifying. Two of their ablest teachers,¹ men who have studied & travelled in Europe have recently left them, & are about establishing a seminary for the instruction of lads, near Northampton. The Amherst college has lost, by sudden death, its Calvinistic President² but the institution is progressing, while 40 young men of spirit have left Harvard filled with resentment. The establishment is in no small distress for money, owing principally to following the advice of some of the very wisest men that ever trod the soil of Essex, who persuaded them to sell out their 6 pr. cent stock when it was down to 85! This was all owing to political blindness, & clerical ignorance. It is said, & I believe it, that the funds of the Natural history professorship is nearly all consumed wasted without honor or profit. If so, I think the history of Ahab, Naboth & Jezabel is about finished. If this be a true state of things, they have the bitter reflection, that it is all owing to the advice of *one* man, who accepted a seat in the Corporation on the express condition of *doing as he had a mind to*. I heartily wish the prosperity of this noble institution; but I am convinced, that one generation, with its rancorous polities, must pass away, before this college, and its adjunet, the Academy of Arts & Sciences, will be placed on a safe, honorable & prosperous footing. I wish never to have any thing to do with them. I have no more sons to listen to their instructions; and I think so little of them, that I wonder how I came to say so much of their affairs; for assuredly they very rarely occupy the thoughts of your old Leyden Friend

BENJ^N. WATERHOUSE.

Pres^t. Adams.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER read the following paper:

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF BENJAMIN
WATERHOUSE

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: When your Secretary was calling, one evening, I unwarily showed him this book, containing Dr. Waterhouse's Journal, and he asked me to

¹ Cogswell and Bancroft.

² Rev. Zephaniah Swift Moore, first president of Amherst College, 1821-1823.

read from it to the Society. It occurred to me then that by taking here and there passages, short or long, I might fill half an hour with the discourse of this venerable man, making it, so far as possible, a talk more or less garrulous, as if with the old gentleman himself.

Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse was born at Newport, R. I., in 1754. His father, Timothy Waterhouse, came from Portsmouth, N. H.; his mother, Hannah Proud,¹ and his mother's family from Yorkshire, England. They had intended to settle in Philadelphia, but they sailed in the autumn and their ship was blown into Newport, and they, with others on board, stayed in Newport and liked the place. There he was born and brought up, attending the school founded by Bishop Berkeley. Redwood, one of the local magnates, befriended him, and he had medical instruction from Dr. Halliburton, who afterwards went to Nova Scotia, and was the father of "Sam Slick." Waterhouse was evidently a youth of great promise, and about 1774 he received an invitation from his mother's cousin, Dr. John Fothergill, of London, one of the most eminent physicians in England, to go over and pursue his medical course there. Young Waterhouse sailed out of Boston in April, 1775, in the ship *Thomas*, the last American vessel that slipped through before the English blockaded the port. In England Dr. Fothergill took him into his own house and was more than a father to him. This diary is full of the most beautiful tributes of affection and gratitude to Dr. Fothergill, who sent him to Edinburgh and then to Dublin, and finally wrote for him to come back to London. He spent, in all, three years in Great Britain. From there he went to Leyden, where was the foremost university in the world for medicine. There he passed, as nearly as I can make out, parts of four years, studying not only medicine but other subjects. While he was there John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams, visited Leyden to try to persuade Holland to take the side of the Colonies in our Revolutionary War. During his vacations Waterhouse used to go on travels into Germany and up the Rhine. One summer he roamed the Dutch provinces inspecting prisons with Thomas Howard the philanthropist. Then he went to Paris, and fell in with Dr. Franklin, who took, apparently, a great fancy to him. From

¹ They were married in 1739.

Paris he journeyed down through France into Spain and took ship for the West Indies, but stopped off for two months at Teneriffe, where he climbed the mountain and studied botany. After reaching Cuba,—he was nearly drowned in the harbor of Havana, his ship tipped over,—he spent three months in the island, and got back to Newport in 1782, just at the close of the Revolution. He says somewhere in his Journal that when he signed his name on the college book at Leyden, he put down, "Benjamin Waterhouse, citizen of the free and independent United States," and that the college authorities wished to make him scratch that out. "But," he said, "that is what we are, and I will not."

When he reached Newport in the autumn of 1782, he was in doubt what to do, whether to stay there and pursue medicine or to go back to London, where Dr. Fothergill offered him a position. Dr. Fothergill's death shortly after decided him to stay in America; and then in the following spring he was invited by the Corporation of Harvard to come and be one of the first professors at the Medical School.

His quarrels at Harvard Mr. Lane has described. Exactly who was to blame I think no one now can decide, for it was a question of incompatibility. Dr. Waterhouse had a very irascible temperament. He was an outsider, coming from Newport; he was in competition with men who inherited, in a way, their Harvard position; and in a few years he fell out with them politically. He was a Democrat; they became Federalists—aristocrats, as he called them—so that his course was inevitably stormy. But so far as I can gather, he was the most many-sided man of his time in this country. If you trace the many great interests that go back to him, I think you are justified in saying that. Of course, his vital contribution to health in America, a contribution which every one of us in this room should be grateful for, was the introduction of vaccination. He had known Jenner in England, and as soon as Jenner sent him over news of his successful experiments in vaccination, Dr. Waterhouse vaccinated his own boy, Daniel Oliver Waterhouse, the first white person ever vaccinated in America, although the good people of Cambridge said it was equivalent to murdering his child. Then he vaccinated his other children, and they lived, and he was in correspondence with President Jefferson,

who had his negroes vaccinated at Monticello. It took seven years, the doctor says somewhere, to complete the introduction of vaccination; and now, he adds, "it is so universally adopted and has so completely put an end to the greatest pest that white society has ever had," [which is the fact,] "that if you see a person who has pock marks you may be sure he is a foreigner."

After his dismissal from the professorship at Harvard in 1812, the war came on, and Dr. Waterhouse received an appointment from the government as a medical inspector; and in one form or another I think he held that office until about 1827 or 1828. Then he returned to Cambridge, moved back about that time into his old home, the Waterhouse house, and lived on there until 1846. He died at ninety-two.

The earliest date in this diary, which has been chopped up — I don't know by whom, many pages have been ruthlessly taken out — is 1828. Then there is a jump until 1833. It is a journal in which he jots down his reminiscences, the events of the day, reflections and memoranda, and I have tried to pick out for to-night some of the Cambridge items which I thought might interest you, and also a few passages relating to Harvard, and a few relating to Waterhouse himself.

March 5, 1836: "This is my birth-day, being born March 5, 1754. It is somewhat remarkable that [at] eighty-two years of age, I can write from five to six hours a day, and go up and down stairs almost as quickly as ever, and sleep from six to seven hours, and have no other pain or aches, but now and then in my left foot. [Then he says:] The snow and thick solid ice still remains, and cubes of ice from 'Fresh Pond' incessantly, from before day-light to after sunset, pass in six-horse teams without an interval of half an hour. Numerous and huge wooden buildings are run up in Charlestown to be ready to be shipped off for the Southern States, even to Louisiana, the Bay of Mexico, the West India Islands and the East Indies! The quantity shipped is incredible, as there is as yet no tax upon it, the profit immense, compared with our laborious brickmakers. Besides this, which passes in front of my house, there are three other avenues to Boston through which this luxury is passing in quantities absolutely incredible. . . . The cubes being from 12 to 18 inches square incur but little diminution in the Dog-days."

I would say that the rhetoric of this Journal has never been corrected, so that there are many lapses. Dr. Waterhouse leaves out words here and there, and he says somewhere, "One of the few signs of old age I find is that I forget how to spell." In my extracts I have not transcribed literatim, but have tried to give what the Doctor meant to write.

This is a description of the little old home at No. 7 Waterhouse Street:

"When I look back on the past year [1835], I have to pronounce it not an unpleasant one. I have returned to my own pleasant house, to the centre of Cambridge where my six children were born, only two of whom are now living. . . . Within a few minutes walk of our spacious Library, and within more and less of four places of worship, the handsome enclosed Common or College-green in front, and about eight acres of good land in the rear. I have been enabled to raise every domestic vegetable from under the surface of the ground and above it for my table, and grain for a pair of horses and some domestic animals."

Some of the most interesting passages refer to the books he is reading. March 15, 1836, he is busy with the reprint of an essay on Napoleon Bonaparte, "written by the Rev. William Ellery Channing, son of William Channing, Esquire, late of Newport, R. I., and grandson of the Hon. William Ellery, an old and intimate friend of my Father. The Rev. Dr. Channing is a man of respectable standing for his learning, but not too diffident in his opinions. Throughout my defence of Bonaparte I never named Channing, although all knew whom I meant." Among the Doctor's favorites was Bonaparte. He also wrote a book on Junius which he thought would immortalize his name. In it he proved that Lord Chatham was Junius.

"My animadversions had the effect I contemplated," he continues, concerning Channing's Essay, "but never any personal difference or any diminution of apparent personal respect, so that we both spoke our opposite opinions of the greatest man of the age without destroying [our] mutual respect. To my surprise, however, the Rev. Dr. has republished his Review of Napoleon and encomium of Sir Walter Scott's Life of him, which determined me to prepare my new paper numbers for publication in a volume. . . . Channing is a respectable man, of a forward dis-

position, and his zeal sometimes overbalances his knowledge, as in the case of Napoleon ten years ago, and the *Slavery question* recently. What he says of slavery, in the abstract, coincides with my own judgment, but if pushed, *at this time*, may lay our Southern brethren under great embarrassments and cover their towns in blood and ashes. They in one sense exist by the Christian forbearance of New England spirit."

May 1, 1836. "Pleasant weather; thermometer at 66. Went to meeting. The Rev^d Wm. Newell preached an excellent sermon replete with good sense, sound morals and piety, and an improved delivery, but the few lines suggested to him from Pope's *Messiah* was a passage rather beyond his powers as yet. . . . It is to be lamented that our students of divinity in this University neglect so much pulpit oratory and the art of reading a Psalm or hymn properly. Mr. Newell is so good a young man, and so well-disposed that I have taken some pains to improve him in pronunciation, or rather enunciation, or what Demosthenes called '*Action*.' How stale, flat and unprofitable are some of the finest passages in the Bible for want of a proper delivery!"

Then here is an account of the two hundredth anniversary of Harvard. It was for that anniversary, as you remember, that Dr. Gilman wrote "Fair Harvard."

9th September, 1836. "Yesterday was celebrated in this place the second centennial or 200th year from the foundation of the college—a brilliant and imposing festival, whether we consider the great numbers present or the oral performances. A huge tent or pavilion containing 1200 people, where the alumni dined. I never saw so long a civic procession. The illuminations at night were beautiful and without any disagreeable accident. President Quincy in an address of two hours did not fatigue his audience. Everything was well arranged and fortunately conducted. We may say of the whole — *O factum bene!* We may make one remark that none of the present day will not wonder at: the toasts and extemporaneous speeches were all complimentary & flattering, and all calculated to please, or rather to hurt no one's feelings. It was all hail everybody, and during the whole I heard not a hiss from any goose or serpent whatever. Our fore-fathers were highly praised for their expressions of *liberality*, and no one even squeaked a malediction at any of their persecutions. They were all God's people, and therefore as good as Moses or Joshua or David or Solomon himself,—when not a mother's son was so free from vice, cruelty & injustice, as either of our Presidents, from Washington to Jackson inclusive." [This is by an

old man of over eighty, but still has a good deal of vigor.] "It appears from all quarters that the state of society and the love of loud methodistical preaching far transcends the calm, rational style of our Boston Unitarians. Excitement is relished and called for; in other words, there must be a bell-wether to every flock, or the sheep will leap the walls and riot on the barren commons."

"April 6th, 1837. This is *Fast-day*, as appointed and proclaimed by the Governor [His Excellency Edward Everett]. It has been a custom from the first settlement of Massachusetts to appoint and proclaim a Day of Fasting and Prayer in the spring and of *Thanksgiving* in the autumn, and our forefathers kept them as solemn festivals, especially Fast-day. But with the exception of going to meeting forenoon and afternoon in the spring, with something like an apology for fasting, it has now been very little regarded. I am doubtful if even our minister keeps a fast, or any of his hearers. On the contrary there is more riding out from Boston of the young men than on any other day, — yet no entertainments or inviting of company. It is a welcome holiday to the printers of newspapers, shopkeepers, journeymen & apprentices. There is nothing in it like the fasts of the ancient Jews and the primitive Christians. As the proclamation of the Chief Magistrate seems to exhort us to be serious, so that for a Thanksgiving in the Autumn encourages the People to be joyful if not merry. It is a period of feasting in family circles, the social meeting of children and grand-children with their grandparents, and a feast of good things. The Governor's proclamation means to say — '*Be merry and wise.*'

April 18, 1837. "Look into the newspapers of the day and every column is marked with the words 'money! money! money!' with notes of admiration, or rather, black marks!!! of gloom and distress, when in fact the country was never so full of money as during the latter end of Jackson's administration and the beginning of Van Buren's." [Jackson was one of his great admirations.]

May 16, 1837. "Bankruptcies daily occur, like the children's play with bricks, one brick knocking down the next one to it until the whole row is prostrate in one dismal scene of obliquity. I have foreseen this state of things seven years past. Merchants and traders have not only over-traded but over-lived with what would be called, in Great Britain, extravagant living, in luxurious tables, costly indulgence of children & number of domestics, and in horses and carriages, and above all, in rash and imprudent speculations. New York, that rich and extravagant city, now feels greater calamity than her destructive fire."

June 1, 1837. "This day I attended as usual the annual meeting on

Brattle Street, Boston, of the convention of Congregational Ministers, being the predominant religion of New England and of Connecticut. The sermon was by the Rev. Dr. Henry Ware, Jr., my son-in-law, he being Professor of Divinity in the Theological School in Cambridge. It was by far the largest assembly I have ever seen on this annual occasion. The discourse — malgré his illness, — for he rose from his bed to deliver it. I deprecated the risk & lamented the exposure; but H. Ware will die in the harness, and will never be allowed to roll. He, like John Quincy Adams, is called on without due consideration or mercy. Such is the fate of superior talents and high character as a man and Divine. The [emblem] of such an indefatigable man is a *Tree on fire* with the motto — ‘*While it enlightens others it consumes itself.*’”

June 4, 1837. “Died my valued and long-tried friend, the Rev. Abiel Holmes, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Society in this Town, and afterwards of the Second Church, aged seventy-three. When a majority of this church declared themselves to be in faith Unitarians, the learned and worthy Holmes avowed himself to be Orthodox,—that is, an advocate of the doctrines taught by John Calvin, somewhat modified, and therefore called a *liberal* Calvinist. His station was delicate, and offices at times unpleasant. He was inclined to be moderate & accommodating as far as a good conscience would allow. Finding he could not walk the middle path so as to please the majority, and at the same time satisfy his own conscience, he allowed the majority to chuse another minister, while he himself preached to his adherents in a new meeting-house, not far from the house he left. The infirmities of age came on him rather sooner than on most of his brethren; for Abiel Holmes was a hard student, and unremittingly faithful, and his relaxation from his ministerial duties was in writing history. His new society gave him a colleague, and they apparently laboured harmoniously, but after all it was not a garment without a seam. . . . Dr. Holmes received worse treatment from his Orthodox brethren than from the Unitarians who took the first steps to remove him. He had reason to pray — ‘Save me from my friends.’ When he preached in their new meeting-house, he was undermined by his false brethren. Deacon Wm. Hilliard, his putative friend, was the first person who spoke his discontent and the necessity of giving him a colleague. I thought it advisable, and a help his years and feeble health required; but I was averse to a high-toned Calvinist or a high-flown Unitarian. Holmes aimed at [being] a liberal but conscientious man, which he was. But he is dead, and has left behind a very respectable character. The Unitarians were his best friends. Abiel Holmes was really a righteous man. I feel grateful to him and to

his Father-in-law, Judge Wendell, for their steady friendship and noble stand when *my false brethren*, after working underground came out boldly to destroy me. I fought them three years; and though they effected [my downfall], as I always supposed they would, yet it was like Sampson when he pulled down the House which buried his enemies under the ruins."

This next quotation sounds as if it might have been written recently. Dr. Waterhouse has been speaking of his great indebtedness to Dr. Fothergill and his affection for Fothergill and also for Mr. Redwood of Newport, one of his earliest friends. He says (August 25, 1837):

" And as to Redwood, I have not only sounded his praises in my public discourses, but tried to erect a structure in imitation of the elegant Redwood Library in Newport, by our Law-school in Cambridge; but it is no more like that than I like Hercules. [This was old Dane Hall.] The genius of ugliness grinned horribly at the birth of every building belonging to Harvard College. Hitherto every one of their structures have been committee-spoilt. It is a mercy that the reverend and honorable sirs have not been able to disfigure the ground or alter the river. Cambridge is delightful in point of situation, soil, waters and healthy particulars, and happily placed for a large school. However, I am not disposed to carp or reflect on the present conductors of this Cambridge University. They never had a more liberal or faithful set of stewards. They had more learned Presidents than Josiah Quincy, but they never [had] a better one nor one so well qualified to manage to the best advantage that noble establishment. When their contemplated Library of granite¹ shall be completed, Mr. Quincy will probably retire from it, and will, if I mistake not, obtain the plaudit of 'good and faithful servant.'

" I admired his liberal conduct when President of the United States Andrew Jackson visited the University, and when in despite of a mean opposition, he publicly conferred the honor of LL.D. on the venerable and old soldier, and universally applauded chief magistrate of our nation. It was an untried and somewhat trying scene to the veteran general, yet he went through it without a boggle or the least embarrassment in the Academical ceremony as well as in the religious. When the hymn was sung, written by Judge Story for the occasion, in which a distant but handsome allusion was made to the hero, he noticed the civility in a

¹ Gore Hall.

manner that marked the man of sense and the gentleman. So when he was ushered into our splendid Library, where the splendid full-length picture of *John Adams, the elder*, filled a large [place] on the West end, and that of his son John Quincy Adams, he noticed them both with a gentlemanlike compliancy as the pride of Massachusetts, although it was well-known they were not the favorites of each other in their political views & feelings.

"President Jackson said to me on that day at the house of President Quincy that he wanted words to express his feelings and his sense of the honors conferred on him that day by the learned men of Massachusetts. 'You certainly,' said he, 'have all the means of a good education.' I myself was particularly gratified that Jackson should see proofs in the Library that we had distinguished John Adams, both father and his son, by their spacious pictures, above all the sons of old Harvard. On Jackson's return to Washington he said on all occasions that offered that he ever should bear in mind the honors of Massachusetts in general and of the University of Cambridge in particular. In all this view of things, I cannot but confess that Andrew Jackson, President of the U. S., is a very *extraordinary man*."

"This is the 9th of July, 1838,—extreme hot weather for Cambridge. All windows open day and night. Attended the club held at my son's, Henry Ware, with great pleasure and satisfaction; — a fine set of literary gentlemen; — one or two absent that I did n't regret. At this season its sitting was but a little over an hour. My next-door neighbor, Mr. Hodges, was my pilot there and home again."

Mr. Hodges, as you know, was the father of Mrs. Swan, one of our members. Mrs. Swan wrote me the other day that she remembered very well Dr. Waterhouse as walking up and down the street in his dressing-gown. One other member of our Society, Colonel Higginson, I talked with, and he said that he remembered going there once to see the Doctor, taking a petition to have the trees planted on the Common. His mother wished the Doctor to be the first signer, and he did sign. There are two or three references to the Common which we may come upon presently.

Commencement, August 29, 1838. [This was the Commencement at which James Russell Lowell was graduated, and also Judge Charles Devens, and W. W. Story, the sculptor and poet.] "Yesterday," he writes on the 30th, "was the annual Commencement of this Cambridge

University, and may perhaps be [my] last. I hesitated somewhat whether to attend. I only excused myself from the usual public dinner, not to take up the room and plate better disposed of to some stranger,—and, moreover, to be at liberty to invite some friends who may be uninvited by any one. As to the quantum of science and the comparative grade of it displayed, it seems rather higher than heretofore, or rather, it is more manlike, less attempts at wit,—and yet not surpassing what was exhibited last year at Providencee. [He had gone down the year before to the Commencement at Brown University, and had a great ovation. That was the high-water mark for him.] Yet the stream rises as high as the source. We need a President as learned, as zealous, as industrious as Cotton Mather was in his day. My friend John, who called on me yesterday, would, I think, make as good a President as we could find. [I don't know who John was.] Governor Everett would not, I think, accept the office after being the chief magistrate. He is able, learned and discreet, and does himself and the state honor,—I hope the state may act up to such a pattern. . . . That great, and what is still more honorable, that *good man*, John Quincy Adams, amidst his multiplied cares and duties, did not omit his accustomed visit to me this 30th of August . . . P. B. K. day. I relished his friendly visit with manlike and child-like feelings. I was not only pleased but delighted with this evidence of his steady friendship, which commenced as long ago as 1779."

Then he gives a long account of the stories told by John Quincy Adams of the Hamilton-Burr difficulty and duel.

April 24, 1839. "A kind of *Laodicean* weather, neither warm nor cold,—not enough to render a fire pleasant, and yet too chilly to sit comfortably without it. The mercury in the open air outdoors—between 50° and 55°,—a kind of a damp-shirt sensation between one's shoulders, just so as to feel snappish without rising up to the manly dignity of being angry."

Here is a bit relating to local building :

April 25, 1839. "To my great satisfaction my son-in-law, the Rev. William Ware, informed me yesterday he had determined on the location whereon to build his house here in Cambridge,—not far from his father's [I think his father then lived down on Kirkland Street] and yet nearer his brother Henry,—yet almost within hail of our own; so that the fathers, the brethren and grandfathers, and grand-

mothers, uncles and aunts, if not within hailing distance, may be within screaming distance of both male and female, if not of Demosthenical facility."

Two of Dr. Waterhouse's intimates were the two most eminent painters that America produced down to the present day. The first was Gilbert Stuart, born at about the same time with him ; they were boys together in Newport and then they went to London together. The other was Washington Allston, who graduated at Harvard in 1798. While in college he lived in the little Waterhouse house and he made a pastel of old Mrs. Waterhouse, the mother of the Doctor, when she was nearly ninety. This entry is dated May 3, 1839 :

" Washington Allston, in some sense my *élève*, is now exhibiting his paintings in Boston ; which, I apprehend, will add to his justly acquired reputation. I am sorry, however, to see in the newspapers laboured eulogiums on them. They speak for themselves and need no puffing by little trumpeters. He has considerately and properly sent us, as heretofore, tickets of admission."

June 27, 1839. " Pleasant weather; plentiful season. Went to see for the first time the giraffe, and relished the sight of that rare animal not a little."

Among his many innovations, because he was a come-outer, was his insistence on kindness to animals. He says, July 8, 1839 :

" We have, however," speaking of some of the virtues of our New England people,— " we have, however, great room for improvement as regards treatment of our horses and other beasts of labor. This distinguished town of Cambridge exhibits even on the Sabbath painful instances of violent and unfeeling usage of sumptuary horses by the young men from Boston, while those of the college are free from the reproach. . . . I never countenanced my own children in shooting of birds or catching of fish with the insidious bait and hook for amusement. I have never failed to inculcate humanity to all that lives on my children."

As he gets older many of his entries here are in regard to the books that he is reading and comments on them. August 31, 1839, he writes :

" In Northcote's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds we have an account of the *Grand style*, which resembles or seems like looking into an intense

fiery furnace, all blazing with heat, smoke, soot and cinders, and a heap of ashes. What cannot be made intelligible to common sense, is very like that non-entity which the People call Nonsense. To get some notion of it, read the 50 last pages of the first volume of Northcote's Life of Reynolds."

August 31, 1839. "This has been the best commencement I ever attended. [The only surviving member of that class at Harvard is Dr. Edward Everett Hale.] The precocity of the youth surprised me; far beyond my own youthful day. To me they seem as if they stood in the advancement of our American world, and all this obtained without severity. On the contrary the friends of manly gratitude and self-respect."

September 7, 1839. "Delightful weather, and a set of farmerlike men working on the *Common*, with our neighbor Pomeroy at their head, who will do no more benefit than a host of such numskulls as have piddled on it for years past."

Then at one time there are fires everywhere in Boston, and he inveighs against our American neglect of fires. This bit gives a little picture of how fires started:

September 10, 1839. "We have destructive fires burning families out of house and home, but they are from carelessness, want of prudence and bad management, — hot ashes and coals of fire put by in a half-bushel, or some other dry vessel; M^r or Judge or Parson or Madam Wisdom catching their curtains on fire by reading after they get into bed, or some equally prudent procedure."

This leads him to compare our fire system with the Dutch and English.

In October, 1839, there was a great fair in Boston :

October 1, 1839. "The present great object of all the world, — i. e., Boston and Cambridge, is the novelty of a Fair, which the Bostonians have hardly yet learnt how to manage, or which end to take hold of first. The gentry or *choice spirits* are afraid to commit themselves by being too forward in a matter too plebeian for the first in rank to be over officious; and yet wish to lead, so that they may have a long and showy bobb to their kite; & so they stand still. It is an awkward thing to attempt to lead until you know that the People, that is the Plebeians, will follow. If Stephen Higginson had lived he might have shown us."

Here is a little item which seemed to me interesting :

October 4, 1839. "The history of the Lombardy poplar, a beautiful tree, introduced into Cambridge from Italy about sixty years ago by Dr. B. Waterhouse, and first reared in his garden at the north side of Cambridge Common, and which thrives now in America better than in France or Italy."

On March 5, 1840, his eighty-sixth birthday, he records this historical anecdote :

" My situation in the very pleasant town of Cambridge is inferior to none. In the far-famed County of Middlesex, scene of splendid deeds of and after our declaration of independence, when General Washington first drew his sword in its glorious cause in 1775. From the front windows of my study I take in a view of the whole ground, and I yet converse with some who conversed with that illustrious man when he took command here and began his glorious career. A sensible and very respectable Lady [Madam Wendell, daughter to Brigadier General Brattle, a Royalist and refugee from his country] gave me the following anecdote :

" When Boston was occupied by the British there was some firing across Charles River between the British and our militia, which much alarmed our women and frightened our children. General Washington occupied the largest and best house in Cambridge. Directly opposite resided a widow lady, Mrs. Wendell, above-mentioned, who was filled with apprehension at the firing of cannon and bombs now and then between the shore of Boston and Cambridge. Mrs. Wendell's father was what is called a Tory or Royalist, or adherent to the cause of King George. She had apprehensions not only for her own safety, but that of her father in Boston. He [Washington] therefore stopped his horse before her window and said to her: ' Madam ! there is no reason for your apprehension of danger to your life here or to that of your father, from this noisy discharge of cannon and bombs. . . . You may rest in quiet repose, night and day, for aught I know to the contrary at present. Should danger approach you by night or day, you shall know in time, in common with your females, all to rest in safety.' And he never passed that lady's window without a bow of protection to both Whig and Tories. So that General Gage himself, had he come out of Boston to Cambridge, could not have said more to tranquilize the fears of the female part of the community than what Washington intimated to the numerous Tories of Cambridge."

May 10, 1841. " A few days past, died Mrs. Elizabeth Craigie, widow

of Andrew Craigie, whose father was usually called Captain Craigie; who commanded a ship for years between Boston and London."

Here is a bit of pre-revolutionary reminiscence when he was living in Newport:

August 18, 1841. "I distinctly remember when Peter Mumford was the travelling post-master between Boston and New York through Newport, Rhode Island, on horse-back. At length we could send to Boston for a *pound of green tea*; and when P. M. rode in a green chair some of our epicures, as my preceptor Dr. Halliburton coaxed Mumford to bring a salmon, when we made a feast for the Post-Master, who was then a *great man* and not a little courted. He wore a gold-laced hat, and was considered almost equal to the captain of a British sloop of war."

In June, 1842,—he is now eighty-eight years old,—he writes:

"Last night was perpetrated one of the most atrocious deeds ever known to be perpetrated in Harvard Colleges, nothing less than the explosion of a bomb-shell of the largest size, say thirteen inches, which tore and nearly spoilt three rooms,—and called it sport. Most of the inhabitants were aroused by [it]. It beats for atrocity anything I ever heard in England, Scotland, Ireland or in [any] part of America. Its baseness, meanness, and cowardice, its disgracefulness, is enough to dishonor the name of everything that partakes of the name of a college. The culprit richly merits a thick coat of tar and feathers and to be whipped at the cart's tail out of Cambridge; instead of the honors of College, nothing but dishonor and black disgrace should stick to him wherever he attempted to lurk."

October 12, 1842. "Very serene weather; and as yet I have seen no ice. Wind rather too high for a pleasant walk over the Common to the new and commodious reading room, formerly the bar-room of the tavern; now the resting or stopping place of the stage between Boston and Cambridge, or rather Watertown and Lancaster. Nothing can be finer than this weather. I miss my brother, the Rev. Dr. Ware, since his removal."

I will close by reading his last entry, which he made April 14, 1844, when he was just past ninety years old. Throughout the Journal from time to time he searches his life and his conscience and his heart, after the fashion of a man inherently religious. Now he says:

"All the seed whieh I myself have thrown broad-cast has not all *rotted* in the ground. Some of my feeble efforts must have prospered, even at this late hour of my day. Some very useful things would probably never have existed or been postponed to a late and chilling distance of time, but for my exertions. I cut the claws and wings of small pox, & in the venerable Dr. Sawyer's opinion uprooted if not destroyed several contagious disorders. . . . I am not, I hope, a boaster, but I have done my part. Perhaps the love of fame may have had its full share in [this]. . . . This passion must not be too severely condemned. It is the food, the *wholesome* food, of diffusing *blessings* throughout the land. The Bible teaches throughout the *Love of Praise*. Deprive men of it and you *hamstring* them. He who indulges honest industry is a Patriot, and a true patriot is a *Nobleman*, and ought to be honored. I wish we had more of them."

At the conclusion of Mr. Thayer's paper, the meeting was dissolved.

THE FIFTEENTH MEETING

THE FIFTEENTH MEETING of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the twenty-seventh day of April, nineteen hundred and nine, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the purpose of celebrating the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT presided.

The meeting was open to the public.

Among the invited guests were many persons prominent in literature, science, and public life, and about one hundred physicians who were graduated from the Harvard Medical School during the years eighteen hundred and forty-seven to eighteen hundred and seventy-two, when Dr. Holmes was a Professor in its faculty. There was also present Edward Jackson Holmes, Esquire, the only living grandchild of the poet.

The printed programme was as follows :

PROGRAMME.

Music by the Orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School.

OPENING REMARKS RICHARD HENRY DANA.

ADDRESS The Chairman, CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT.

ADDRESS THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

MUSIC THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB.

“Union and Liberty” *Francis Boott.*

Words by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

“Angel of Peace”

Words by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, for the National Peace Festival.

ADDRESS DAVID WILLIAMS CHEEVER.

ADDRESS	EDWARD WALDO EMERSON.
READING	CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND.
“The Last Leaf”	
“The Chambered Nautilus”	
ADDRESS	SAMUEL MCCORD CROTHERS.

A HOLMES CENTENARY EXHIBITION of rare editions, manuscripts, and other memorabilia will be open free to the public in the Cambridge Room of the Cambridge Public Library, Broadway, Cambridge, each day from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. of the week beginning April 28th, 1909.

REMARKS OF RICHARD HENRY DANA

MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND ITS GUESTS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: One hundred years ago there was what has since proved to have been a remarkable year, in that within its twelve months were born eight great men, Poe, Mendelssohn, Lincoln, Darwin, Chopin, Tennyson, Holmes, and Gladstone. Of these, the Cambridge Historical Society claims the duty and privilege of celebrating the centenary of Oliver Wendell Holmes; and the charter of this right is found in his own writings in the poem “Parson Turell’s Legacy”:

“Know old Cambridge? Hope you do.—
Born there? Don’t say so! I was, too.”

That this is our Cambridge, you can all readily see from the lines that follow the description of the gambrel-roof house, now no more, having given way to Harvard athletics:

“Nicest place that ever was seen,—
Colleges red and Common green,
Sidewalks brownish, with trees between;
Sweetest spot beneath the skies,
When the canker worms don’t rise,—
When the dust, that sometimes flies
Into your mouth and ears and eyes,
In a quiet slumber lies,
Not in the shape of unbaked pies
Such as barefoot children prize.”

The identification is complete, for the browntail and gypsy moths, unmentioned in the poem, are recent importations.

Not only was Mr. Holmes born in Cambridge, in what may be called its historical centre, but he loved the place. This love he showed in his writings and his talk. Mrs. Dana and I made a point of calling on him at least once a year, sometimes driving from Manchester-by-the-Sea to "Beverly-by-the-Depot," as Mr. Holmes called it, not to be outdone in names. I don't think, in any of those calls, he failed to bring up the topic of Cambridge,—the Cambridge of the past with all the common memories, and of the present, with inquiries of our common friends; and warming to the subject, he brought out his quaintest epigrams, his keenest wit, his most picturesque descriptions. I always wished I had concealed about my person some phonograph, or a stenographer behind the door. Though I have no records of those precious words, the impression of variety, charm, and exhilaration remains.

Having then demonstrated our right to this celebration, I, as President of the Cambridge Historical Society, am now to introduce to you the Chairman of the evening, though both the Society and I have much more need that he should introduce us than that I should introduce him. In presenting him to you, I will give the sentiment that Holmes gave on another occasion, almost exactly twenty years ago: "To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old." Ladies and Gentlemen, President Charles W. Eliot.

ADDRESS OF THE CHAIRMAN, CHARLES W. ELIOT

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: You appreciate already, I am sure, from what has just now been said, that we are going to have to-night a very cheerful and joyous

celebration. None other would be fit for Dr. Holmes. He was one of the most inspiriting persons that we any of us have met, as we have gone through life. He was cheerful, gay, free, animated, and animating. His career presents an extraordinary variety of interests and achievements, as I am sure you will be reminded by the different speakers of this evening, each of whom will, in all probability, present one side of his character and his career.

It was singularly appropriate that Dr. Holmes should be born in Cambridge, in the old house which was the headquarters of the American Army besieging Boston until Washington arrived in Cambridge. It was on the doorstep of that house that one of my predecessors in the office I hold offered prayer before the detachment of troops that was proceeding to the engagement, on the next day, at Bunker Hill. He was born in a house which represented the uttermost patriotic endeavor of that day. He was born and brought up in Cambridge, and Cambridge during his boyhood and youth was the centre of a great struggle in the religious denominations. His own father was a very important actor in that struggle, long minister of the First Church of Cambridge, continuing with the seceding section of that church, and leaving to the majority of the parish the possession of the meeting-house. He was brought up at a time when all the educated men of this neighborhood were struggling with intellectual and moral problems, the problems of theological belief and of religious practices and observances; and all his subsequent thought seems to have been impregnated with this spirit of free discussion, this intense interest in some of the highest themes of human thought, and some of the most precious of all the practices of liberty. Throughout his career he was a patriot in every sense. He loved not only Cambridge but his country. He taught patriotism not only in prose but in verse. It was almost his

dearest love — the love of freedom and of the institutions which permit men to be free.

The first speaker to-night is to be one who was born in the next house to that in which Dr. Holmes was born. He has been a neighbor and comrade of Dr. Holmes through a long lifetime. He is singularly fitted to speak to you of Dr. Holmes's essential quality as exhibited in his writings, in his speech, in his glad participation in festive literary occasions; and I believe it is one of those festive occasions of which you are first to hear. I have the honor of presenting to you Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

A DINNER WITH DR. HOLMES

IT is generally admitted, I believe, that there were two positions in which Dr. Holmes appeared to the greatest advantage, the medical lecture room and the literary club dinner. I have spoken somewhere else of a dinner once given by the Atlantic Club to Dr. and Mrs. Stowe under Dr. Holmes's guidance, which was well worth remembering; and I have lately fortified my own imperfect recollection of that occasion by some fuller testimony from two other guests. I will venture to offer to this audience the combined aid of two such observers, the oldest of these being Professor Longfellow and the youngest being Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, then Miss Prescott. Mr. Longfellow's memoranda, terse and expressive, as his always were, are to be found in the life of him by his brother. They stand as follows :

[July 9, 1859.] "Dined with the *Atlantic Club* at the Revere. Mrs. Stowe was there with a green wreath on her head, which I thought very becoming. Also Miss Prescott, who wrote the story 'In a Cellar.' The others were Mr. Stowe, with his patriarchal gray beard, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Underwood, Higginson, etc. One of the publishers of the Magazine is a good teller of funny stories."

This is all we have from Longfellow.

Mrs. Spofford, who was present as my guest, writes as follows :

March 10, 1909.

I am delighted if there is anything where I can be of use to you; but truly I am afraid there is very little of Dr. Holmes in my recollection of that dinner [she was then four and twenty]. I remember cutting and making my gown, since a new gown was the only wear for such a function, and then I remember no more till I found myself under my uncle Montague's convoy in a drawing-room of the Revere House, where a lady, rather lovely looking, I thought, was even earlier than I. She wore a black shawl over her black silk and lace, and flowers in her hair. For three quarters of an hour we sat there without speaking, on opposite sides of the room. At the end of a half hour, may be, she asked me if I knew what time it was, and I said I didn't; and then there was silence again till Mr. Lowell came in. I see him now in his nut-brown coat and I thought him beautiful, whether because of his blazing blue eyes or of his great kindness to me."

Mrs. Spofford does not here explain that the reception room for ladies was in a story above that for gentlemen, and that it was Dr. Holmes and myself who were sent upstairs to escort them down. I think she did not see Lowell till later. Dr. Holmes was the head of the entertainment, and I, as nearly or quite the youngest among the men, was perhaps the only one who knew Miss Prescott personally. I remember vividly that as we went upstairs the vivacious Autocrat said to me, "Can I venture it? Do you suppose that Mrs. Stowe disapproves of me *very much?*" he being then subject to severe criticism from the more conservative theologians. The lady was gracious, however, and seemed glad to be rescued at last from her wearisome waiting. She came downstairs wearing her green wreath which Professor Longfellow found so becoming.

It would appear from Mrs. Spofford's narrative that Mr. Lowell, as second in command, took Mrs. Stowe into the dining-room, and I remember that she went to the farther end of the table with him, while Miss Prescott found herself sitting at Dr. Holmes's right and my left.

"Opposite," she says, "were Mr. Whittier and Dr. Stowe with his vast white beard. I wonder if any of his ghostly familiars hung about him there. There were Edmund Quincy, E. P. Whipple, Frank Underwood, Mr. Wyman [John C.] and others of the magnificos, I forget whom; and at the other end were Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Longfellow. I

think Mr. Emerson was there, but am not sure. [He was not.] Mrs. Stowe had accepted the invitation on the condition that there should be no wine and Mr. Longfellow had quietly suggested that they should send to Miss Prescott's 'wine cellar' which would have been barmecidal. Mrs. Howe had been expected, but a death in her family kept her away, and Rose Terry had been asked, but did not come."

The table was very gay, as we all remembered afterwards.

"Dr. Holmes talked incessantly," Mrs. Spofford says, "not to me, for he saw it would disturb the very timid young woman beside him. Why can't I recall a word he said except the idiotic fact of his using the word *hypochondriasis*! But I suppose I was diverted from any act of memory by observation of the gesture with which he tossed back his head for his asparagus and the amazing celerity with which he ate his ice.

"Dr. Stowe was quite silent, but I heard Mr. Whittier say he wished every cathedral and every statue in the world were destroyed; but I think you and I agree that he had never perhaps seen a cathedral or, perhaps, a good statue."

Mrs. Spofford did not know the whole story of the evening in respect to the conditions placed on the guests, and here her tale must end and I must continue it myself. The thawing influence of wine was wanting at its earlier part when my neighbor on the right, Edmund Quincy, called a waiter mysteriously and giving him his glass of water waited tranquilly while it was being replenished. It came back suffused with a rosy hue. Some one else followed his example, and presently the "conscious water" was blushing at various points around the board; although I doubt whether Holmes, with water-drinkers two deep on each side of him, got really his share of the coveted beverage. If he had, it might have modified the course of his talk, for I remember that he devoted himself largely to demonstrating to Dr. Stowe that all swearing doubtless originated in the free use made by the pulpit of sacred words and phrases; while Lowell, at the other end of the table, was maintaining for Mrs. Stowe's benefit that Fielding's "Tom Jones" was the best novel ever written. This line of discussion may have been lively, but was not marked by eminent tact; and Whittier, indeed, told me afterwards that Dr. and Mrs. Stowe agreed in saying to him that while the company at the dinner was,

no doubt, distinguished, the conversation was not quite what they had been led to expect. Yet Dr. Stowe was of a kindly nature and perhaps was not seriously disturbed even when Holmes assured him that there were in Boston and Cambridge whole families not perceptibly affected by Adam's fall: as, for instance, the family of Ware.—And thus ends my story.

THE CHAIRMAN: I suppose that for most of us here present Dr. Holmes was an essayist, a writer of verses, a man who excelled in witty conversation, and who put much of this wit into his writings, both prose and poetry. He seemed to us one who entertained humanity and whose chief function in life was of that sort. Now, there was an altogether different side to Dr. Holmes. His main work, for many years of his life, was teaching anatomy and physiology in the Harvard Medical School. He himself told me that this seemed to him the principal work he had done during his life. For many years he lectured five times a week for more than four months, chiefly on anatomy, but later on physiology also. This was a very serious undertaking. It involved an exact knowledge of the anatomy of all parts of the human body. He was learned in all the world's lore on that subject. He was acquainted with all the medieval, as well as the modern, knowledge. He prepared himself carefully for every day's lecture, and he also directed with exactness, and sometimes with exactingness, the work of the young men who prepared the demonstrations for his lectures. We are next to hear from one of the young men who served Dr. Holmes as demonstrator. This service was a very arduous one; for Dr. Holmes insisted on the most careful, accurate, intelligible preparation of all the specimens on which he was to lecture. In intercourse with Dr. Holmes, I have found his reminiscences on this subject the most interesting of all his conversations. He regarded himself as a pioneer in the method of teaching many of the

medical subjects with which he had to deal; and I hope you are immediately to hear of some of this pioneering work. Dr. Holmes had great sagacity in perceiving the shortcomings of medical education and medical practice. He also was very keen to see the promise of improvement, and the directions in which improvement could be hoped for. He was the first medical teacher in this country, so far as I have been able to learn, to undertake to show a medical class how to use microscopes, and to indicate to them what medicine had to learn through the use of the microscope. He once took the trouble to show me, as president of the University, what his arrangements were for giving a chance to every student in his class to look through a simple microscope at specimens which he had caused to be prepared. He was a prophet in this respect — more than a pioneer, a prophet; for now a large portion of medical teaching is given through microscopes, and many — I had almost said most — of the great medical discoveries of the last twenty years have depended on the use of the microscope, and particularly of the immersion lens. I was anxious to bring home to you this side of Dr. Holmes's work, for it is known to comparatively few of his admirers, and yet he himself regarded his medical teaching as the core of his intellectual life, and a large part of his intellectual achievement.

The next speaker was for several years Dr. Holmes's demonstrator. I present to you Dr. David Williams Cheever.

ADDRESS OF DAVID WILLIAMS CHEEVER

MR. CHAIRMAN, THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MY FELLOW DEMONSTRATORS, MY FELLOW STUDENTS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It was the privilege of my youth and my generation — a privilege denied to our sons and their generation — to enter this College when it was so

small that, as a student, I was brought into contact with full professors, headmasters, and knew them all. Edward Everett, Andrew Peabody, James Walker, Jared Sparks, Agassiz, Jeffries Wyman, Gray the botanist, Channing the merciless critic, James Russell Lowell, Longfellow,—these men, distinguished above their fellows, inspired me, taught me, controlled my life. So in the Medical School and after my graduation, with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Doctor of Medicine, Professor of Anatomy, my much loved master, I was fortunate in being in daily intercourse for eight years, as his demonstrator.

He studied medicine both here and abroad. His letters from Paris show the keen enjoyment of youth, though united to a good deal of serious attention to his professional pursuits.

In 1836 he returned to Boston, well equipped for his life work as a doctor, and having the advantages of youth, ability, a good reputation and environment. Yet his progress in his profession was slow, and while he had all the pleasures of youth, he lacked the one prize, success. He built up a moderate practice, but probably was not over-strenuous in his calling.

An early appointment in the Massachusetts General Hospital must have much benefited him, but he kept it only three years. We may doubt whether he fully carried out the course he advised to medical students: "Do not linger by the enchanted streams of literature, nor dig in the far-off fields for the hidden waters of alien sciences. The great practitioners are generally those who concentrate all their powers on their business."

His mind was more academic than practical. A poet, a writer, a wit, the drudgery of medical practice could not appeal to him as his one pursuit in life. When he uttered the witticism of "small favors (fevers) gratefully received," it may be doubted whether those who had fevers would be attracted to him as their doctor. Then also he was too sensitive for the studied impassiveness imposed on the physician by the necessity of bearing other people's burdens without faltering, for he could not endure to see a rabbit chloroformed. And yet his nature was so kindly, his aspect and address so genial, that he must have been a welcome attendant in the sick-room, and a master in the newer science of psycho-therapeutics, or mind-cure. It was much later in life that he antagonized

certain classes of believers in infinitesimal doses and in phrenology by dubbing them pseudosciences; during his earlier years nothing stood against his success but his poetical and literary tastes.

What the community lost in a doctor the world gained in a witty *causeur*, a charming essayist, poet, and ballad writer. He won the Boylston prize for a medical essay; and "Intermittent Fever in New England" still has value as a careful analysis of the evidences of malaria. Later he wrote his epoch-making paper on "The Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever," which provoked a storm of acrid criticism, but struck the first keynote of asepsis. In reply to his critics these are his words: "I take no offence and attempt no retort. No man makes a quarrel with me over the counterpane that covers a mother with her new-born infant at her breast."

In 1838 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy at Dartmouth College. He lectured there three seasons, and it was a useful training-school for a wider field, for in 1847 he was appointed Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical School of Harvard University. He held this office for thirty-five years.

This was his life work professionally, for he no longer practised medicine. Henceforward Holmes the anatomist must be the chief subject of my remarks, and yet the poetic soul and scholarly nature of the man were so united with the professor that all these must be duly considered. How did he impress his demonstrator? Was he a hero to his assistant?

The year after his death I wrote my impressions. They were then so recent and so vivid that I cannot do better than quote from them as follows:

"It nears one o'clock, and the close work in the demonstrator's room in the old Medical School in North Grove Street becomes even more hurried and eager as the lecture hour in anatomy approaches. Four hours of busy dissection have unveiled a portion of the human frame, insensate and stark, on the demonstrating table. Muscles, nerves, and blood-vessels unfold themselves in unvarying harmony, if seeming disorder; and the 'subject' is nearly ready to illustrate the lecture. The room is thick with tobacco smoke. The winter light, snowy and dull, enters through one tall window, bare of curtain, and falls upon a lead floor. The surroundings are singularly barren of ornament or beauty, and there is naught to inspire the intellect or the imagination,

except the marvellous mechanism of the poor dead body which lies dissected before us, like some complex and delicate machinery, whose uses we seek to know.

"To such a scene enters the poet, the writer, the wit, Oliver Wendell Holmes. Few readers of his prose or poetry could dream of him, as here, in this charnel-house, in the presence of death. The very long, steep, and single flight of stairs leading up from the street below resounds with a double and labored tread; the door opens, and a small, gentle, smiling man appears, supported by the janitor, who often has been called on to help him up the stairs. Entering and giving a breathless greeting, he sinks upon a stool and strives to recover his asthmatic breath. Aon recovering, he brightens up and asks, 'What have you for me today?' and plunges, knife in hand, into the 'depths of his subject,'—a joke he might have uttered.

"Time flies, and a boisterous crowd of turbulent Bob Sawyers pours through the hall to his lecture-room, and begins a rhythmical stamping, one, two, three, and a shout, and pounding on his lecture-room doors. A rush takes place. Some collapse, some are thrown headlong, and three hundred raw students precipitate themselves into a bare and comfortless amphitheatre.

"Meanwhile the Professor has been running about, now as nimble as a cat, selecting plates, rummaging the dusty museum for specimens, arranging microscopes, and displaying bones.

"The subject is carried in on a board: no automatic appliances, no wheels with pneumatic tires, no elevators, no dumb-waiters in those days. The *cadaver* is decorously disposed on a revolving table in the small arena, and is always covered, at first, from curious eyes, by a clean white sheet. Respect for poor humanity is the first lesson, and the uppermost in the poet-lecturer's mind. He enters, and is greeted with a mighty shout and stamp of applause.

"Then silence, and there begins a charming hour of description, analogies, simile, anecdote, harmless pun, which clothes the dry bones with poetic imagery, enlivens a hard and fatiguing day with humor, and brightens to the tired listener the details of a difficult though interesting study. We say tired listener because the student is now hearing his fifth consecutive lecture that day, beginning at nine o'clock and ending at two; no pause, no rest, no recovery for the dazed senses, which have tried to absorb *materia medica*, chemistry, practice, obstetrics, and anatomy all in one morning, by five learned professors. One o'clock was always assigned to Dr. Holmes, because he alone could hold his exhausted audience's attention."

As a lecturer he was accurate, punctual, precise, unvarying in patience over detail; and, though not an original anatomist in the sense of a discoverer, yet a most exact descriptive lecturer; while the wealth of illustration, comparison, and simile used was unequalled. Hence his charm; you received information and you were amused at the same time. He was always simple and rudimentary in his instruction. His flights of fancy never shot over his hearers' heads. "Iteration and reiteration" was his favorite motto in teaching. "These, gentlemen," he said on one occasion, pointing out the lower portion of the pelvic bones, "are the tuberosities of the ischia, on which man was designed to sit and survey the works of creation." But if witty, he could also be serious and pathetic, and he possessed the high power of holding and controlling his rough audience.

And how he loved anatomy! as a mother her child. He was never tired, always fresh, always eager in learning and teaching it. In earnest himself, enthusiastic, and of a happy temperament, he shed the glow of his ardent spirit over his followers, and gave to me, his demonstrator and assistant, some of the most attractive and happy hours of my life.

He was very fond of old books. His folios of Albinus, Vesalius, Mascagni, with their wonderful steel engravings of dissections, were to him choice morsels, to be sparingly exhibited and closely guarded.

Next to Dr. Chadwick, our late librarian, Dr. Holmes was the promoter of our Boston Medical Library. He was for many years its president, and he bequeathed his anatomical library to it, besides aiding it by memorable addresses.

Before his great success as a writer for the "Atlantic Monthly," he eked out a living by giving lyceum lectures all over New England, and he brought back a fresh attack of his hereditary enemy, asthma, from every cold bedroom he occupied. The emoluments of his professorship were moderate, and feeling that he needed them, he was timid about any change which might reduce the class and his necessary fees.

Yet he was heartily in sympathy with all progress, and he ultimately indorsed every new movement. In the vexed question of the admission of women to the Medical School he deprecated co-

education, and, above all, co-education in anatomy ; and he insisted that if he taught women it should be in "lectures to women only," and never to the two sexes in one class.

He was a great sceptic of the effects of medicine ; so were Sir John Forbes, Jacob Bigelow, and Cotting, his contemporaries. It was the spirit of the times, what I call the era of "therapeutic nihilism,"—of expectant medicine, which waited on nature, but sometimes waited too long. Medicine was not then the science it is now becoming by discoveries in microscopy, pathology, and by animal experimentation. And as surgery had not yet cleared my vision, as a young practitioner, I was floundering in a sea of doubts as to the benefits of any medical treatment of disease, and was almost tempted to throw up my profession.

Yet Dr. Holmes was no mean microscopist. He used the instrument in his lectures, relied on it, and made some mechanical improvements in it and some discoveries.

He was patriotic at a personal sacrifice ; and that quality, kindled by a righteous wrath against oppression, led him to be a fervent Northern Union man in our Civil War.

How analyze such a character and personality ? First of all, and above all, a poetic temperament ; verse, rhythm, musical sequence, sympathy, tenderness, pathos were enlivened by wit, geniality, personal charm. He was a *raconteur* and conversationalist, most welcome in any social gathering.

His facility of expression and ease of style made his prose writings attractive and his novels readable. But it was in his printed Talks that he found the largest audience of admirers. A lyric poet resembling Burns, Whittier, and Wordsworth, if not to be classed with the great poets of history, he yet will live in many of his charming verses.

Are there no flaws in the crystal ? Yes, but pardonable ones. He had a fair share of self-esteem, but I conceive that quality to be not only endurable, but even praiseworthy, if based on real ability. He was sometimes possessed by the tyranny of monologue. He wanted the field of conversation to himself. He filled it better than others, but sometimes excluded others. He was witty, but rarely sarcastic. The arrows of his wit were not poisoned ; they left no fatal sting.

A short time before his death I went to see him, and he fell to talking of his bodily condition. He said he was short-breathed, somewhat hard of hearing, but his sight was good, and added, "When Nature is ready to shut up shop, she kindly puts up the shutters, one by one."

The medical profession is indebted to Dr. Holmes for many outspoken public utterances in its behalf. He was our poet-doctor; witty over our failings, but whole-souled in sympathy with our trials. He appreciated the almost sacred character of our duties; witness these four verses from his poem:

"As Life's unending column pours,
Two marshalled hosts are seen;
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

"One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll
'Our glory is to slay.'

"One moves in silence by the stream
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

"Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
'Our duty is to save.'"

THE CHAIRMAN: Dr. Cheever has set before us this serious, incessant labor of Dr. Holmes's life. He has told you how Dr. Holmes contended for years against ridicule, against eager denunciation from doctors of high standing, when he maintained that puerperal fever was carried from patient to patient by the visiting physician. It is a great happiness for us all that Dr. Holmes lived to see his teaching absolutely proved through the progress of bacteriology and the general advancement of our knowledge of contagion and the means of resisting the transmission of disease. He lived

to see these life-saving teachings of his middle life proved absolutely correct.

I was reading, a few days ago, an address by Dr. Holmes before the graduating medical class more than forty years ago, and in that paper I observed another instance of Dr. Holmes's penetration and foresight with regard to what was coming in the treatment of disease. He mentioned with approbation a remark of a distinguished English physician that one of the chief causes of the terrible mortality of tuberculosis was sleeping in foul air, and disregarding the need of fresh air for the diseased person. There was an indication in this citation of the present treatment of tuberculosis, and Dr. Holmes had perceived the force of this indication, and pressed it in this address given more than forty years ago.

But we must not dwell too much upon this most serious and laborious side of Dr. Holmes's career. It was to him, as I have said, the core of his service, the core of his intellectual life. But he illumined that, as Dr. Cheever has shown, with many brilliant touches of poetry, humor, and wit, and I think our next speaker is going to carry us on to this bright side of Dr. Holmes's work.

Dr. Emerson was a pupil of Dr. Holmes. He had the privilege of seeing him as medical students saw him. And, moreover, Dr. Emerson had an hereditary knowledge of the remarkable group of poets and literary men with whom Dr. Holmes associated for many years of his long life. Dr. Cheever alluded, just now, to a certain quality of Dr. Holmes which some people were disposed to smile at, to a certain satisfaction with his own conversation,—to a certain pleasure he had in listening to his own discourse. I have seen him giving a graduating address to a Dental Class, when, as he looked ahead on his manuscript, and saw a joke coming, he was so delighted with the joke he had not uttered

that he laughed so that he could not read on. Then the audience knew there was something good coming. One afternoon at the Saturday Club I was sitting beside Dr. Holmes, and mentioned to him that an English gentleman had been at my house that morning who had said that Dr. Holmes was more read in England than any other American author. Dr. Holmes didn't quite hear what I said, — he was already a little hard of hearing, — and he stooped forward to me and said, "What was that? What did you say? Repeat that. You know I like it laid on thick." There was something charming about these very qualities in Dr. Holmes; they were so frank, so simple, so merry. I present to you our next speaker, Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson.

ADDRESS OF EDWARD WALDO EMERSON

MR. CHAIRMAN, MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Dr. Cheever has admirably told of Dr. Holmes as physician, as professor, and as writer on medical subjects. In all these functions he was his esteemed colleague. I had the fortune to be one of the throng that sat on the benches of the old Medical School during the latter years of his teaching, and, later, the honor of meeting him as inherited friend at the Saturday Club, and once or twice at his home. My best service will be to give some recollections and quotations, but it is not easy to marshal in order due my short procession.

From sixty-two to twenty-seven years ago, both staircases leading to the anatomical lecture-room of the old Harvard Medical School were daily packed with struggling youths, and when the bolts were drawn it was as if a dam had burst and a torrent poured down the steep amphitheatre and flooded its seats. Such a sight was seen at no other lecture. It was not only due to Dr. Holmes's exact technical knowledge and thorough demonstration of the dissection of the day, for the idlest and rudest students eagerly attended.

To his title, "Professor of Anatomy and Physiology," might well

have been added "and the Humanities." He divested the cast-off human chrysalis of all gruesome associations, treated it reverently, summoned the old Masters of Anatomy, Albinus, and the rest, and its martyr too, Vesalius, to counsel, but never forgot to praise the good work of his assistant and the young prosecutors. His illustrations were poetic, his similes most fortunate, and the lecture, though conversational, was a rhetorical masterpiece.

And the word passed among the young barbarians that this man had written a book, "The Autoocrat of the Breakfast Table," which they presently got, and read, and lent,—very likely their first improving book,—a liberal education in itself, betraying them by its sparkling shallows into deeper basins wherein perchance they learned to swim, or could flounder through till they felt firm bottom again.

Dr. Holmes was Professor of Physiology, too, the last to teach in the didactic way—he welcomed the laboratory method, when it came in younger hands, always provided that experiments were done under anesthetics—but none the less the instruction was valuable, and always civilizing. Ancient and modern literature, mechanics, optics (he was one of the first apostles of the microscope with its beautiful and helpful revelations), psychology, behavior, humanity, religion, found place in his instruction, yet he had a sense of proportion and subordinated them. He knew, too, when to resign his professorship in the Medical School.

No question could remain in any student's mind whether the Doctor loved his teaching. We could see how he enjoyed the perfect service of his faithful hand-maiden, Memory, secure in her prompting as to the complicated branches of each artery and the wonderful district-service of the nerves, and the Latin names of each. He never had notes to help him. We were narcotized with bad air, but he made it his business to make learning so entertaining, and startle flagging attention by some surprising remark, that one could n't go to sleep. Though with amusing lapses from professional dignity, he never lost the respect of his audience. Dr. Dwight, his successor, says that Dr. Holmes chose to speak rather to the lower half of his class, humanely feeling that it was better to help them, as most in need. It was a lift to their character as well as their knowledge of structure.

The grafting of medicine on to a Puritan clerical stock, the repotting into the conservatory of Paris, the transplantation after several years of vigorous culture back to the native soil, gave a wonderfully successful hybrid,—a small, hardy perennial, not notably medicinal, yet a good test of medicine, blossoming singularly and sometimes beautifully, and bearing sweet, wholesome, and spicy fruit.

Miss Mitford's description of Dr. Holmes in 1851 is good :

"A small, compact little man, the delight and ornament of every society he enters, buzzing about like a bee, or fluttering like a humming bird, exceedingly difficult to catch, unless he be really wanted for some kind act — *then you are sure of him.*"

The Hub was world enough for him, as London was for Johnson, and Concord for Thoreau, and he did it justice and justified it. Partly because of his utter love for it, partly because his asthma made it unsafe for him to sleep away from home, he almost never roamed. I think he never saw nor had any conception of the great West, with its new ambitions, cravings for vast elbow-room, and its aversion, having set its hand to the prairie-plough, to look back to the sweet associations of the Past.

Those not born on the banks of the Charles, and who find that their preceding generations will not fulfil the numerical conditions that the good Doctor requires for recognition as belonging to the Brahmin Caste, may naturally chafe or laugh at his limitations, but if they read his book through they will easily pardon them, "because he loved much," and learn to love him. They may have heard the rumor that even Saint Peter is reported to have said aside to a good Boston man as he passed him in to Heaven, "You won't like it!"

Well, seated on the Hub then, — he might have had a worse chair, — this charming and frankly avowed egotist — the reproach of the name being neutralized by the size of his heart and the humanity and culture of his mind — proceeded on a university-extension and home-culture plan as Autocrat, Professor, and Poet, to ameliorate the world. He accomplished much.

I have said that Dr. Holmes knew when it was time for him to resign his place at the Medical School when the lift of a new gen-

cration was beginning to transform it, yet opportunities for wider use had been opened to him; called to help out a literary venture, he created there a chair, with thousands in America and Europe on the benches.

When pestered beyond his usual courteous tolerance by a lady correspondent from California, he wrote to a friend, "If she doesn't jump into the Pacific, I shall have to leap into the Atlantic — I mean the original damp spot so called." Perhaps not thus driven, but lured in by his friend Lowell's persuasion, Dr. Holmes soon found himself indeed suddenly immersed in the Atlantic — the Monthly this time — and no one can doubt that he enjoyed it, and alike his sport and his stout swimming delighted the on-looking multitude.

"If a man loves the city, so will his writings love the city, and if a man loves sweet fern and roams much in the pastures, his writings will smell of it," said another poet. I once submitted to Dr. Holmes various fragments of verse left by my father, questioning whether to include them in a posthumous edition of the Poems. His want of response to lines that showed happily close observation of nature was curious, and his awakened interest in any classical allusion or form recalling Pope or Dryden. Later, while he was writing the Memoir, it was pleasing to see his daily increasing interest in the verses, with which he had evidently not been familiar before, and one of his best chapters dealt with the poet. Yet Dr. Holmes, throwing off classical bonds, has dealt with flowers as freshly as anybody, as in the "Two Armies":

"For them the blossom-sprinkled turf
Which floods the lonely grave,
When spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery-foaming waves."

Dr. Holmes was ingenuous as a child, soft-hearted and singularly impressionable. I remember well his telling of the haunting terror which followed him as a child after reading "Pilgrim's Progress," and the horror he expressed at the putting such books into the hands of imaginative children. Chivalrous and sympathetic with regard to women, he everywhere recognizes the delicacy of their organization, and cautions the coarser sex, in the words of

the French toymakers, “*Il faut ne pas brutalizer la machine.*” He bade the doctor (or nurse), impatient of neurotic men or hysterical women, remember George Herbert’s ideal man,

“Who, when he hath to deal
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that and keeps his constant way;
Whom others’ faults do not defeat,
But, though men fail him, yet his part doth play.”

Mercury, a patron of physicians, bore a magic caduceus; Æsculapius, a spear with a healing butt. Dr. Holmes carried both weapons, tested with the one, and, as stoutly as St. George himself, thrust his spear—a ray of science and humanity—into cruelty and hypocrisy wherever it appeared, though clothed with the priest’s or doctor’s robe. Mock miracles, inhuman doctrines, he loathed, as the philosopher and poet should, and he was both.

As he did not spare his own profession, so he allowed no “benefit of clergy” to shield the doctor of the soul from his formidable wit or wrath, if, in intelligence or virtue, he did shame to his cloth. His delightful simile of the spirited persecution by the little kingbird of the black-robed crow well described his own course. Especially did he deride the violent and vain struggle of the narrow clergy to blind themselves and their flocks against the light of Science. What could be neater than this parable?

“As feeble seabirds, blinded by the storms,
On some tall lighthouse dash their little forms,
And the rude granite smashes for their pains
Those small deposits that were meant for brains,
Yet the proud fabric in the morning sun
Stands all unconscious of the mischief done;
Gleams from afar, all heedless of the fleet
Of gulls and boobies brainless at its feet.

I tell their fate, yet courtesy disclaims
To call mankind by such ungentle names;
Yet when to emulate their course ye dare,
Think of their doom, ye simple, and *beware!*”

I think it was in connection with the shock that the clergy experienced when Darwin’s doctrine of evolution was first announced that Dr. Holmes most happily utilized the story told in

the Acts of the Apostles of the letting down from Heaven before the startled Peter, in a vision, of a sheet gathered at the corners, in which he saw beasts of all kinds, clean and unclean, and the divine bidding came to him, "Kill and eat." The shocked Apostle drew back, exclaiming, "Not so, Lord, for nothing common or unclean hath at any time entered into my mouth." But the voice of the great Creator came, sternly superseding the Mosaic Law, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."

The Doctor's wit was admirable, and he seldom let it run away with him. His singular skill in running over the thin ice of subjects not usually allowed in general conversation was temptation to him, but he usually accomplished it brilliantly. His literary armory was full of shining weapons wrought by him from physiological and even pathological material. May I be pardoned, for its wit's sake, for recalling some of his extraordinary rhetoric in the lectures?

What could be happier as a simile than, when enumerating the advances in medical science, he speaks of the value of Pathological Anatomy, and admits that the individual examined is not benefited thereby, adding, "But, after all, it is a good deal like inspecting what remains of the fireworks on the 5th of July." When describing the regulation of the circulation of the skin through the action of the vaso-motor nerves on the arterioles in sudden fear, constricting them, and producing pallor, or, through inhibitory action, suddenly relaxing, and filling the surface capillaries with red blood, he cheerfully added, "That pleasing phenomenon which some of you may witness on the cheek of that young person whom you expect to visit this evening."

Alluding to the shortening of the face in age by the loss of teeth and absorption of their sockets, he said, "You have, no doubt, noticed the extraordinary way in which elderly people will suddenly shut up their faces like an accordion"; and, praising the modern dentists for their skilful repairing of the ravages of time, he said, "Had your art been thus perfected in the last century, we should not see the Father of his Country, in Stuart's portrait, with attention divided between the cares of State and the sustaining his uppers in position."

His poems often show, what he would have delighted to demon-

strate, that the facial muscles with which we laugh and cry lie side by side.

Once on a college occasion — could it have been here? — some one praised the address. Dr. Holmes answered: “Yes, the speech was good, but the speaker such an unpleasant person! He’s just one of those fungi that always grow upon universities.”

The doctor’s wit lightened the hour, but it fixed the point illustrated in the student’s mind. But there was another side. He was a poet-anatomist, a poet-physiologist, and a poet-microscopist. To the success in making the microscope achromatic, the victories of modern histology are due. Hear how the Doctor presents the matter: “Up to the time of the living generation, Nature had kept over all her inner workshops the forbidding inscription, NO ADMITTANCE. If any prying observer ventured to spy through his magnifying tubes into the mysteries of her glands and canals and fluids, she covered up her work in blinding mists and bewildering haloes, as the deities of old concealed their favored heroes in the moment of danger.” See in what follows how, even in inspection of the organs of perished mortality, he follows the Creator’s mandate to Peter and makes a poem of Creation out of the poor dust: “Cells pave the great highways of the interior system. . . . The soul itself sits on a throne of nucleated cells and flashes its mandates through skeins of glassy filaments which once were simple chains of vesicles.”

But he was ever able to look macroscopically as well. He recalled to proud man the limitations of his knowledge thus: “But beyond the mechanical facts, all is mystery in the movements of organization as profound as the fall of a stone, or the formation of a crystal.”

Dr. Holmes was naturally the Autocrat, but was quite aware of the humor of the situation. His egotism was guileless and offset by a charming humility at times. His candor was like that of an innocent child. “I am intensely interested in my own personality,” he said to Mrs. Fields; “but we are all interesting to ourselves, or ought to be. I *know* I am, and I see why. We take, as it were, a mould of our own thoughts. Now let us compare it with the mould of another man on the same subject. His mould is either too large or too small, or the veins and reticulation are

altogether different. No one mould fits another man's thought. It is our own, and as such has especial interest and value."

"I have talked too much," he often said with sincere penitence, as he rose from the table; "I wanted to hear what our guest had to say." The guest, I think, was usually quite content. The Doctor did not absolutely hold the floor, he wanted *conversation that contributed to his thought*. "Talk," said Holmes to Mr. Leslie Stephen, "is to me only spading up the ground for crops of thought." Meeting Hawthorne, who had lately been induced to join the Saturday Club, at Mr. Fields's house one day at lunch, the Doctor said, "I wish you would come to Club oftener." "I should like to," said Hawthorne, "but I can't drink." "Neither can I." "Well, but I can't eat." "Nevertheless, we should like to see you." "But I can't talk, either." "You can listen, though," said Dr. Holmes, "and I wish you would come." Of course he wanted an audience. It was his right to have one.

It has been said by a friend that he was not altruistic. True, but in his own ways he was an active helper of mankind, civilizing, then advancing the knowledge of hearers and readers, in a brilliant, cheery way — making them remember.

How happily his literary gift gilded and spiced the pills which he rather enjoyed giving to the profession — because they would do them good; and they worked as good tonics.

But one great service must by no means be forgotten. How many a young mother has been saved to her husband and children because of the courage, the determination and ability with which the young Dr. Holmes insisted, in the face of fierce opposition by the learned doctors and eminent professors, that the deadly poison of child-bed fever can be carried by the physician to new cases. And we of the older generation cannot forget how, in the dark disappointments of the second year of the Civil War, — a war which struck into his own home, — his appeal stirred the young men whose sacrifice is commemorated in this hall to flock to the threatened standard.

"Listen, young heroes, your Country is calling!

Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!

Now, while the bravest are fighting and falling,

Fill up the ranks which have opened for you!

“Never or now! cries the blood of a nation,
Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom;
Now is the day and the hour of Salvation.
Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!

“Never or now! roars the hoarse-throated cannon
Through the black canopy blotting the skies;
Never or now! flaps the shell-blasted pennon
O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies!

“From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,
Aliens and foes in the land of their birth,—
From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying,
Pleading in vain for a handful of earth,

“From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,
Furrowed and ridged by the battlefield's plough,
Comes the loud summons; too long ye have slumbered,
Hear the last Angel-trump. — Never or now!”

Dr. Holmes, still young in spirit, but gentler, took the coming on of old age with sweetness and with a physiological interest. At a dinner of the Saturday Club not long after the death of his wife, Dr. Holmes, then President, sat at the head of the long table, and Judge Hoar at the other end. As the company broke up, the Judge came to speak with the Doctor, who called him to account as not having properly acknowledged a glass of champagne that he had sent to him. The Judge maintained that he had duly gone through all the forms, and Dr. Holmes was obliged to admit failing sight. He then spoke pleasantly to the Judge about his Golden Wedding, just celebrated, becoming much moved as he said, “I had hoped that that pleasure would come to me — to live with my wife until then — *that sets the seal*,” and his voice trembled.

Cambridge, Harvard, Boston, our Country, the civilized world shall long and gratefully remember him, — helpful doctor, versatile, ingenious writer, brilliant, with a wit keen but sweet-tempered, — good, sincere, human man.

THE CHAIRMAN: The last address of the evening will dwell upon some of Dr. Holmes's most effective and most admirable prose. I present to you a brother essayist, Mr. Crothers.

ADDRESS OF SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

MR. CHAIRMAN, MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Most occasions like this become too solemn, from our thought of the passage of time. But we can't think in that way anything connected with Dr. Holmes. His whimsical fancy was always going into the future, picturing what was to happen then, and thinking somewhat as to whether people would remember it. Years ago he wrote about the possibility of return to scenes he loved so well, finding out what was going on. And there were certain questions which he asked, — "what is the prevalent religion of the civilization, — do men fly yet, — has the universal language come in, — is the Daily Advertiser still published, and the Evening Transcript." These matters being satisfactorily settled, he asks more modestly the further question, "— is there much inquiry now for the works of a writer of the nineteenth century by the name of, — whose works was I going to question him about, — oh, the writings of a friend of mine much esteemed by his relations. But, after all, it is of no consequence. I think he says he does n't care for posthumous reputation."

Whether Dr. Holmes cared for such reputation or not, it has certainly come, and it is likely to be lasting. I shall confine myself simply to Dr. Holmes as the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, for it is thus that he is most likely to be remembered. There are several things which make the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table memorable in our American literature. For one thing, it is distinctly American, and it has the good fortune to portray a very definite type of American life. Irving's Geoffrey Crayon was only the English Mr. Spectator translated and transplanted to America. The leisurely comment of an elderly man about town was more adapted to London than to the New York of that period, and the whole conception was distinctly imitative. But Dr. Holmes hit upon an original idea. He hit upon a situation and a character distinctly American. Let Philosophy come down from the heights and take up her abode, — and where, pray, but in a Boston boarding-house? Let there be a nervous landlady, and an opinionated old gentleman ready to be displeased, — and a timid school-mistress,

— and a divinity student who wants to know, — and a poet, — and an angular female in black bombazine, — and let there be a young fellow called John, who cares for none of these things. Then let joy be unconfined. So manage that these free-born American citizens shall be talked at by one of their fellow boarders who has usurped the authority of speech. The philosophical historian of the future may well picture the New England of the nineteenth century under the symbolism of the Autoocrat and his boarding-house. You can't understand one without the other. In Europe different streams of culture flow side by side without mingling. One man belongs to the world of art; another to the world of politics; another to the world of business. And each sphere has its well-recognized boundaries and its respective conventions. Matthew Arnold advises the inherited ideal, — it is that of one who, in the society which he has chosen, is not compelled to note all the fever of some differing soul. Now in America, to note the fever of some differing soul is part of the fun. We like to use the clinical thermometer and take each other's temperature. We don't think of ourselves as belonging to an intellectual realm where every man's house is his castle. We are all boarders together. There are no gradations of rank. Nobody sits below the salt. Nobody thinks it proper to be seen and not heard. We all sit down together and have it out. We listen to the Autoocrat as long as we think he talks sense. And then, when he gets beyond our depth, we push back our chairs somewhat noisily and go about our business. And the young fellow named John is one of the most important persons at the table. The Autoocrat would think it his greatest triumph if he could, by all his wisdom, make the slightest impression on that imperturbable individual.

The first sentence of the Autoocrat strikes the keynote of it all. "I was just going to say when I was interrupted." There you have the American philosopher at his best. Here you see the American philosopher exercising his trade under the conditions which he is allowed in the republic. He is allowed to dispense wisdom and is graciously permitted to discourse to his fellow citizens on the good, the true, and the beautiful, but he must be mighty quick about it.

We must remember, in order to get the full humor of Dr. Holmes, and the picture which he gives of the time, that the "Chambered

"Nautilus" was read to the clatter of the dishes, and always we hear the side comment of the lady in black bombazine. She, and the young fellow named John, are very important people to the philosopher. And it is one of the things by which the "Autoocrat of the Breakfast Table" will be remembered for its historic value, that it lets us into that state of mind which was Boston. We must remember that in the middle of the nineteenth century it would have been flat treason to have declared that Boston is not the finest city in the world. Dr. Holmes, with pleasant and kindly satire,—satire mixed, as all the best satire should be, with real admiration,—pictures the Boston of his time,—not the great, cosmopolitan Boston with which we are beginning to be familiar, but the Boston which was the lineal descendant of the early Puritans who sought these shores. That state of mind was described before these people came to this country, at the time when the first settlers of Massachusetts were just beginning to come from England. A Scotch Presbyterian named Bailey studied them at home, and he said of the Puritans, who were just about to sail to the westward, "They are a people inclinable to singularities. They love to differ from all the world, and shortly, from themselves. No people," said Bailey, "has more need of a presbytery." It was in these singularities, the finer and the less fine singularities, which Dr. Holmes delighted. "I value a man," said the Autoocrat of the Breakfast Table, "mainly for his primary relation with truth, as I understand truth." Such an assertion of independent judgment could not fail to awaken other independent boarders to strenuous opposition. "The old gentleman who sits opposite got his hand up, as a pointer lifts his forefoot, at the expression,—'his relation with truth, as I understand truth,' and when I had done, sniffed audibly, and said that I talked like a transcendentalist. For his part, common sense was good enough for him. Precisely so," I replied; "common sense as you understand common sense." Here we are let into that discussion which had gone on without intermission since the days when old Blackstone settled on the rocky peninsula on the mouth of the Charles in order to get into primary relation with truth, as he understood it, and had his peace disturbed by the influx of certain persons from Salem who came over to the same place with the purpose of getting into primary relation with truth as they understood it. In Sunday

preachments, on Thursday lectures, in councils, in town meetings, in lecture halls and drawing-rooms, that discussion has gone on ever since. Mistress Ann Hutchinson on that spot got into primary relations with truth as she understood it. So did Margaret Fuller, and so has Mrs. Eddy. Never has any one who has done this lacked followers in the good old town, and never has any such a one lacked candid critics. So long as there is the delight in the keen give and take, the thrust and counterthrust of opinion, that state of mind which is Boston will be recognized, and if it should ever fail, men can find it in its perfection by turning back to the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. Dr. Holmes delighted in it himself. Speaking of one of the opinionated boarders, he says that he liked him because he has good, solid, old prejudices that one can rub up against. And so one can get up a superficial intellectual irritation, just as the cattle rub their backs against a rail.

But the "*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*," including therein all that belong to it, the poet and the professor, will always have another reason for being read and being loved. The "*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*" is easy reading. But it was n't easy writing. It was the distilled wisdom and insight of a mature mind. And there are sentences there which go to the very quick,—which touch the very truth which men have sought long and painfully. It was n't easy writing. Easy writing does n't live long. The best warning, it seems to me, to the fluent writer is that which he will find in the directions upon his fountain pen,—“If the pen flows too freely, it is because it is nearly empty and should be filled.” In many an analogy, in many a swift, keen sentence, Dr. Holmes justifies that old definition of wit, which has been given,—wit is quick wisdom.

And lastly, it seems to me that the "*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*" will live long because, after all, there is serious meaning and serious purpose behind it. Said Heine, “I do not wish to be remembered as a poet, but as a soldier in the great war for the liberation of humanity.”

Such was Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes,—not given very much to political discussion,—not yet in the thick of our modern social problems. He did fight as a soldier in the battle for the liberation

of humanity. He would liberate religion from bigotry. He would liberate scholarship from pedantry. And I think, in the educated world particularly, he will thus be remembered as a prophet of the future, as setting up an ideal of the educated man which more and more must be seen to be the true ideal. He lived at a time when old classical education, with its insistence on the humanities, was giving way to the new scientific ideal of education. And Dr. Holmes mediated between the two. He stood on the one side as a man of science, for the virtues of the new scientific order. He saw very clearly the possibility of a new pedantry of science, just as there was an old pedantry of the classics. *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* is a treatise on education. The two characters there are the narrow specialist who sees nothing beyond his specialty, and the master, the man who knows not only how to specialize but how to generalize. Dr. Holmes's theory of the intellectual life is summed up by showing that there are three kinds of intellectual men. There is the one-story intellect, the two-story intellect, and the three-story intellect with a skylight. All fact collectors, who have no aim beyond their facts, are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of the fact collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict, and their best illumination comes from above, through a skylight. Dr. Holmes stands in that great army of men who saw the possibility of a full and perfect union of the scientific and humanistic culture. It was the same which Wordsworth before his day prophesied,—the time that shall come in fuller culture when

Science then
Shall be a precious visitant; and then,
And only then, be worthy of her name,
For then her heart shall kindle, her dull eye,
Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
Chained to its object in brute slavery;
But taught with patient interest to watch
The processes of things, and serve the cause
Of order and distinctness, not for this
Shall it forget that its most noble use,
Its most illustrious province, must be found
In furnishing clear guidance a support
Not treacherous to the mind's excursive power.

Dr. Holmes blended in his own mind these things,—a man of scientific training, of scientific ardor, who used his science to heighten and to brighten the excursive powers of the human mind.

THE CHAIRMAN: Our commemoration of Dr. Holmes has been thoroughly cheerful, hopeful, and expectant of a great future for this dear friend of ours. Once at the Saturday Club, whose meetings he loved so dearly, Dr. Holmes said to me, "One of the greatest pleasures in life, as I have experienced life, is frequent contact with men of intellectual force who have a cheerful and hopeful spirit and some power of expression." Now we all realize that many generations of reading and thinking people are to have just this pleasure from intellectual contact with the writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Cambridge Historical Society's commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of his birth is ended.

THE SIXTEENTH MEETING
BEING THE FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING

THE SIXTEENTH MEETING, being the Fifth Annual Meeting, of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the Twenty-sixth day of October, nineteen hundred and nine, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presided.

The following persons were chosen a committee to consider and report a list of nominations for the offices of the Society for the ensuing year: HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY, FRANKLIN PERRIN, and STEPHEN PASCHALL SHARPLES.

On behalf of the Council, MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI submitted its Annual Report, as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

OUR By-Laws require that the Council should make a report at the Annual Meeting. By an unwritten law this report is made by the members of the Council in rotation. This is why I come before you to-night, not from any choice of my own; the honor has been thrust upon me most unexpectedly, for I really thought that the representation of this body was a masculine prerogative.

The Council has held five meetings at 44 Garden Street, the house of the Secretary, and one at the Latin School.

The Society has held three meetings: the first at the Latin School, on October 27, 1908, when a paper was read, written by Miss Ellen S. Bulfinch from documents in her possession, describing most vividly the old Tudor House, that once stood near Fresh Pond. Hollis R. Bailey, Esq., also read a paper entitled "Gleanings

from the Record of the First Church in Cambridge." At the regular Winter meeting, January 26, 1909, also held in the Latin School, two documents belonging to Miss Susanna Willard were read,—one a letter, written in 1728, to the Rev. Nathaniel Gilman, of Exeter, New Hampshire, by Rev. John Seccomb, then studying divinity here; the other an agreement made by the town and church of Concord, Massachusetts, in 1653, to give yearly five pounds sterling for the use of the College at Cambridge.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to one of the old-time physicians of Cambridge, Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse. Mr. William Coolidge Lane spoke of Dr. Waterhouse especially in connection with Harvard, and read letters, now in the College library, written by him to the Corporation and others, throwing light on his character. Mr. William Roscoe Thayer gave a brief account of the early life of Dr. Waterhouse and read from the doctor's diary comments on Cambridge, the College, and the prominent men of the early part of the nineteenth century.

Our Spring meeting took the form of a centenary celebration once more, this time in honor of our Cambridge-born poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D. On April 27, 1909, Sanders Theatre was filled to overflowing by an attentive audience, many of whom stood during the entire evening.

The chairman of the meeting, President Charles William Eliot, was introduced in a few happy words by our President, Richard H. Dana, Esq. On the platform, besides the members of the Council, and the professors of the University, there were seated one hundred doctors, from Boston and the neighborhood, graduates of the Harvard Medical School during the time that Dr. Holmes was professor there. They followed the speakers with the keenest interest, often nodding their approval or applauding, as some familiar trait of their old teacher was alluded to; the grandson of the poet, Edward Jackson Holmes, was also present.

The first speaker, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, gave anecdotes illustrating the social side of Dr. Holmes's character. Two songs, the words of which were written by Dr. Holmes, "Union and Liberty" and "The Angel of Peace," were sung by the Harvard Glee Club. The instrumental music was furnished by the orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School.

Professor David Williams Cheever, both student and assistant under Dr. Holmes, gave a vivid word picture of the professor as he appeared in the lecture room. He was followed by Edward Waldo Emerson, M.D., a personal friend of the poet, who spoke of his recollections of his father's friend and his teacher. Charles Townsend Copeland read "The Last Leaf" and "The Chambered Nautilus."

The meeting closed with the address of Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers, who brought before us in a masterly manner the humorist and Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. In connection with the centenary an exhibition was held in the Cambridge Public Library under the charge of our curator, Mr. Clarence W. Ayer. Here were shown many personal relics of Dr. Holmes and a large number of books which displayed the versatility of the man,—poet, humorist, physician, teacher, and inventor.

We all know how much Professor Charles Eliot Norton thought of the giving of the Longfellow medal to the schoolchildren of Cambridge, and the Council would suggest that the attention of children eligible to this competition should be called to the conditions just before the Christmas holidays. The time of the children is so much occupied during school terms that it is almost impossible for them to do any outside work, but in vacation days they might find time for, at least, the necessary research.

The Society has lost by death three regular members: Mr. Leander Moody Hannum, Miss Carrie Frances Abbott, and Mr. Legh Richmond Pearson, who after he had severed his connection with the Social Union, where he had so faithfully served for many years as librarian, and had removed to North Reading, never failed to be present at our meetings. One Associate member, Miss Charlotte Alice Baker, of Boston and Deerfield, Massachusetts, has also been called away. Miss Baker was interested in all things connected with the past; she formerly lived on the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Holmes Place.

We have at present on our roll 13 Associate, 3 Honorary, and 187 regular members.

The Council feels deeply the loss which the retirement of Frank Gaylord Cook, Esq., from the office of Secretary entails. He has held the office from the beginning of our work, and it has been

largely owing to his unflagging devotion to the best interests of the Society that the three centenary celebrations were so successfully carried through. He has been ever fertile in suggestions of subjects for the regular meetings, and most happy in the choice of speakers, whom he could make accept his invitation in spite of themselves. The Council regrets that he feels obliged to withdraw from the place he has so acceptably filled, and hopes that it may still have his valuable advice and assistance.

Once more we feel called upon to speak of the needs of the Society. We have as yet no fund for the publication of original documents, a matter whose importance was brought before you two years ago. We are still without a local habitation. Our ideal would be one of the old pre-revolutionary houses, with a fireproof brick building in the rear for our records, or else a fine brick or stone building situated in an open space, with hall attached,—a standing need in this community. Before our eyes is a vision of a spacious room, in which are gathered the relics of the past, a library where historians and genealogists may find all they need, rooms and halls where the work of the Society may be carried on; in fact, an Historical Society home of which Cambridge would not be ashamed. Alas! all this lies in the future, how far off we know not, nor do we know the names of the generous donor or donors who will make our fair vision a reality. But let us have the vision and strive for its realization. Let us collect all the relics of bygone days that we can, in the faith that some day they will be suitably housed. Let us make records, while there is still time, of those worthy men and women who have trodden these streets where we now tread; let us keep their memories green and, in the fulness of time, some one, seeing our faith and our diligence, will come forward and give us all we need.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

PERHAPS the most conspicuous and certainly the most exacting duty of the Secretary the past year was in connection with the celebration of the Centenary of the Birth of Dr. Holmes, on the 27th of April last.

This was the fourth public celebration in Sanders Theatre by the Society since its foundation. The first occurred December 21, 1905, on the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Cambridge, and is reported in our Publications I.; the second, February 27, 1907, upon the one hundredth anniversary of Longfellow's birth, and the third, May 27, 1907, on the similar anniversary of Agassiz's birth, are both reported in our Publications II.

While all these meetings aroused great interest and fulfilled public expectation, the fourth may better be compared with the second in some respects. Both the Longfellow and the Holmes meetings crowded Sanders Theatre as have no other meetings held there in recent years. In each meeting the attention of the great audience was held with unflagging interest and to a late hour; and the addresses were of great value, not alone for their literary finish, force, and charm, but also for their singular fitness and their personal quality. It is interesting to note that at all four meetings the majority of the speakers were Cambridge men. Indeed it would seem that the Society was started just in time to employ our distinguished home talent upon these great but rare occasions. The result has been fortunate and valuable. In these meetings the Society has found unusual opportunities and has discovered its own capacity and usefulness; the community has been educated and entertained; and the interesting origin of Cambridge and the memory of several of her distinguished sons have been justly exalted.

The future, however, offers a different, although on the whole a no less interesting, field. Important centenaries, though frequent of late, are about exhausted, at least for the present; and a work, larger, more varied, and fully as important, lies before us, and demands much more attention than it has thus far received. And that is the patient, systematic study and publication of the development, characteristics, and influence of the life, social, political, educational, and commercial, of our community, and the steady collection of books, manuscripts, and other memorabilia pertaining to the same as an instrument for the education of its youth and as a means of the preservation of the history and treasures of its past.

But not only is this work laid out for us. We have also the

men and women to do it; and we have in our annual Publication and in our long list of valuable exchanges a suitable channel for the publication and preservation of this work. The immediate need is that our special standing committees be constituted with much care and be kept steadily at work. Through them, supplemented by the interest and contributions of individuals, must this work be done. If this work be done, the Society will be of great service and of constantly increasing influence.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CURATOR

WITHIN the past year the Society is fortunate in being able to show a considerable increase in the number of books, pamphlets, and other material of special interest which have been received, and a list of which will appear, each under the name of its donor, in the forthcoming volume of Proceedings.

The growing collection of the Society has been kept in the Cambridge Public Library. It is there placed in locked drawers of the inner Cambridge room and on shelves in a small room directly over the main entrance which is closed to the public, alongside of the collection of the Hannah Winthrop chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. As the Cambridge room collection of the Public Library has already taken nearly all the available space, the collection of the Society will soon have to be placed entirely in the closed room above, in which there is still ample accommodation. This will always be at the disposal of the Society until it may have other housing for its collection, and, it is to be hoped, a building of its own, either in close connection with the Public Library on the same ground, or distinct from it in some other part of the city.

Under these conditions the collection of the Society has not been easily accessible to such members as might have cared to make use of it. Up to this time, moreover, it has consisted entirely of gifts, and their only record is the list contained in each volume of the Proceedings under the head of the donor rather than of the author, title, or subject. It will be a new experience for the Society to *buy* its first book, and it is to be hoped that a

special fund will be forthcoming which will make possible the purchase of all matter of local interest and association which is not likely to come to the Society by gift.

The Society's collection has now become so considerable that it ought at once to be made available for convenient use. All books and all pamphlets of sufficient size and importance should be separately bound, and all pamphlets of a few leaves and matter on single leaves, all photographs, and other similar matter should be placed in paper holders, stiff envelopes, or clipping sheets, such as are in use so advantageously in the Harvard College Library under the supervision of its librarian, Mr. William C. Lane. For the safe registry of each gift a dater stamp is necessary. After the various forms of gift have been suitably protected by covers of some kind, a system of numbering should be employed, simplified and adapted from the best now in use, which might lead to classification and cataloguing along recognized lines, with desirable modifications of special details. The first expenditure under this head should be made for adequate binding or covering of all the items of the collection, rather than for cataloguing, as some might assume. Under the latter head will follow obviously a considerable task, which will require further expenditure for its completion.

At the winter session of the Council of the Society it was voted to expend the sum of twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) for the purpose of making the collection available for its members, and Mr. Lane and the Curator were appointed a committee of two to consider the proper scope of the Society's collection and methods of making it most serviceable and valuable to its users. This Committee has met and examined the whole collection, and with the consent and approval of its other member, Mr. Lane, the Curator presents, as being also in substance its report to the Council, the following classes of works as outlining the proper scope and necessary limitations of this Society's collection:

1. Books, pamphlets, manuscripts, etc. by or about Cambridge people.
2. Books, pamphlets, manuscripts, etc. relating to, or illustrative of Cambridge historical and local associations.
3. Publications of historical societies received in exchange or by purchase.

4. A limited collection of reference books relating to American history, including local history of neighboring towns, or towns with which Cambridge has been associated.
5. Early Cambridge imprints.
6. Portraits, photographs, etc. of Cambridge people.
7. Views of Cambridge.
8. Objects of historical interest or association with Cambridge life.

The Committee also recommends that duplicates and other matter received as gifts and not thought advisable to keep should be disposed of as might seem for the best interests of the Society, either to be given to the Cambridge Public Library or to other institutions. If the plan outlined above is consistently carried out, the collection of the Cambridge Historical Society will, it is assured, make its best possible development, and it will gain especially in compactness and individuality by its exclusion of considerable extraneous matter which is inevitably received by all historical societies, but which it has been so often thought necessary to include in their collections.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

CASH ACCOUNT

IN obedience to the requirements of the By-Laws the Treasurer herewith presents his Annual Report of the Receipts and Disbursements for the year 1908-1909.

RECEIPTS

Balance, 26 October, 1908	\$228.61
Admission Fees	\$56.00
Annual Assessments: Regular Members . . .	\$570.00
Associate Members . . .	26.00
Interest	6.85
Society's Publications sold	12.15
	<u>671 00</u>
	<u>\$899.61</u>

DISBURSEMENTS

University Press, printing Publications III	\$384.91
Bureau of Printing and Engraving, printing notices, envelopes, postal cards, etc.	33.10
A. W. Elson and Company, relief plate of Plan of Harvard College Yard	13.00
The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, paper for Publications	39.28
James W. Mudge, stenography	10.00
Thomas F. Cahir, janitor service	5.00
Thomas Groom and Company, blanks, envelopes and India ink	5.00
Carter, Rice and Company, envelopes	1.15
Walter K. Monroe, services	2.00
Harriet L. Horne, clerical services rendered the Treasurer	25.00
Edna M. Bullard, stenography and typewriting	65.45
Sarah L. Patrick, typewriting	13.00
M. E. Hughes, typewriting70
Postage and collection fees	<u>43.10</u>
	\$640.69
Holmes Celebration :	
C. C. Lilly, distributing programmes	\$2.00
Samuel Usher, badges	3.50
Cambridge Coach Company	2.00
Cambridge Latin School Orchestra, transportation . .	1.60
George H. Kent, blank book85
Caustic-Claflin Company, programmes and posters .	19.00
S. M. Farnum and Company, engraved plate of invitation and printing	18.90
Empire Ticket Company, tickets	2.50
Suffolk Engraving and Electrotyping Company, vignette of Dr. Holmes	3.00
William H. Eveleth, taking tickets	3.00
John Feeny, transporting Holmes relics	2.00
Briggs & Briggs, musical scores	5.25
Typewriting and stenography :	
James W. Mudge	\$10.75
E. M. Bullard	<u>13.74</u>
	24.49
	<u>\$728.78</u>
Balance on deposit, 26 October, 1909	<u>170.83</u>
	<u><u>\$899.61</u></u>

HENRY H. EDES,

CAMBRIDGE, 26 October, 1909.

Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE AUDITOR

I HEREBY certify that I have examined the Accounts of the Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society for the year ending this day and find them to have been correctly kept and to be properly vouched. I have also verified the Cash Balance.

ANDREW McF. DAVIS,

Auditor.

CAMBRIDGE, 26 October, 1909.

The report of the Committee on Nominations was read and accepted and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were elected by ballot for the ensuing year:

The Council

CLARENCE WALTER AYER,
HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY,
FRANCIS HILL BIGELOW,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,
ANDREW McFARLAND DAVIS,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,

EDWARD HENRY HALL,
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE,
WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE,
ALICE MARY LONGFELLOW,
WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

<i>President</i>	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	{ THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, ANDREW McFARLAND DAVIS, ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE.
<i>Secretary</i>	FRANCIS HILL BIGELOW.
<i>Treasurer</i>	HENRY HERBERT EDES.
<i>Curator</i>	CLARENCE WALTER AYER.

The SECRETARY-ELECT was duly sworn.

STEPHEN PASCHALL SHARPLES read the following paper:

THE LAWRENCE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL

IN 1848 Mr. Abbott Lawrence sent to the Treasurer of Harvard University a remarkable letter. At the time of the inauguration of his grandson Abbott Lawrence Lowell, Bishop William Lawrence had this letter printed and presented a copy of it to each person who was present at the dinner given by the Alumni of the School, on Tuesday evening the 4th of October, to the scientific delegates to the inauguration. I call this a remarkable letter, for it was one of the first of its kind ever written in this country and marked the beginning of a new era in education.

At this time only sixty years ago what is now known as the laboratory method of instruction was almost unknown except in a few schools in Europe. The College was still jogging along in the old scholastic ruts. That which was good enough for the fathers was good enough for the sons.

Persons preparing for the learned professions, as they were called, might study Hebrew, Greek, and Latin grammar, dabble in history, as it was written, and learn a little logic and mathematics, in all but little more than is now required to graduate from a good high school. As to any study of these subjects beyond the mere textbook, that was not even thought of by the Faculty, much less by the students.

The letter of Mr. Lawrence, which I understand was written with the assistance of Mr. Storror, must have fallen like a bomb-shell into the pastures where the professors were wont to wander mid the flowers of ancient learning. Indeed I have heard it intimated that one professor, who was rather fond of investigations on his own account, was warned that the College did not employ investigators but teachers.

But the prize of \$50,000 thus dropping from the sky was too large to be ignored, and was therefore gratefully accepted and acknowledged as a most munificent gift; it was up to that time the largest gift that the College had ever received. As showing the ideas prevailing at the time, I quote from the letter the following sentence; "The buildings I have supposed, without having made estimates, could be erected, including an extensive

laboratory, for about thirty thousand dollars." Although Mr. Lawrence was mistaken in regard to the sum necessary to endow the school, he was not mistaken in the necessity for such a school.

At that time the only technical school in America was the one at Troy, which was mainly devoted, as it still is, to teaching Engineering.

No college in the land had conceived the idea that chemistry, physics, and natural history were live studies, that must be taught by living teachers and not by the study of text-books and recitations on their contents, supplemented at times by a course of lectures by the professor, who too frequently told his students that the experiment should have succeeded, but that for some unknown reason it had not. As for a student experimenting for himself, that was not to be thought of for a moment, as apparatus was expensive and it might be broken. The only chance he ever had to experiment for himself was to obtain an appointment as an assistant to the professor. This often was very convenient for the professor, for if things did not go as they should, it was easy to lay the failure to his assistant. The poor assistant had no redress.

This was all changed by Mr. Lawrence's donation. Students were admitted to the School, and actually furnished with apparatus which they could break and pay for, and they learned in chemistry how easy it was to blow up a hydrogen generator or to burn themselves with nitric or sulphuric acid. The engineering students were put at work making actual surveys and planning bridges and railroads and such other mercenary work. The professor of natural history no longer showed a few dried specimens, but expected the students to furnish fresh specimens and study them afterwards.

The School existed under these conditions from the time it was founded until about forty years ago. It was primarily a school for advanced students or students who wished to do advanced work and not for beginners. There were few required studies, the courses being almost all elective. The men who came to the School came because they had a special object in so doing.

It was during the first twenty years of its life that the School had its greatest teachers and turned out its most noted graduates. At that time there seemed to be a great indifference in regard to

taking a degree, and many men who afterwards made a mark in the world left without obtaining a degree.

The greatest influence in the start of the new School was the fact that Louis Agassiz came to America about the time it was founded. His coming marked a new era in science. Joined to a great love for his own studies, he had an equally great love for imparting his knowledge to others. Those who knew him could not resist the charm of his manner. As a lecturer he always drew a crowded house, composed in many instances of those who understood but little of what he said, but who were attracted by his enthusiastic manner, and who cared but little about what he was saying so long as they could hear him talk. It was my good fortune to see him almost daily for some years, and he always came in with a cheery good morning and some pleasant words. One of my most cherished possessions is a letter he gave me at a time I was applying for a professorship.

While with most of you Agassiz is but a name, with those of us who met him personally, it was far more than the name of a professor, it was the name of one who always made you feel that he had a warm personal interest in what you were doing.

Associated with Agassiz from the first until 1863 was another professor who had also a strong personality and was able to instil into his students a love for his profession.

Eben Norton Horsford at the time he came to the School was fresh from the teachings of the famous chemist Justus Liebig, who only a few years before at Giessen had founded the first laboratory for the practical teaching of chemistry. Horsford was a great admirer of his teacher, and it is said that when he was about to leave Giessen the other students hunted up an old pair of Liebig's shoes and placed them on his desk. When he inquired about the shoes they told him that the Herr Professor had sent them to him as the only one of his students that was worthy to stand in them.

But with a growing family he was unable to live on the meagre income of his professorship, and so was forced to resign his position. This was probably fortunate for him, as he entered into mercantile pursuits and became wealthy. But he was an investigator all his life, having a private laboratory in his house, in which I spent some pleasant hours listening to his explanations

of work that he was engaged upon. Among his students who afterwards became noted, I will mention George C. Caldwell, who graduated in 1855, under whom I commenced the study of chemistry in 1864 at the Agricultural College of Pennsylvania, and who for many years was the honored professor of Agricultural Chemistry at Cornell; Professor Francis H. Storer, for many years Dean of the Bussey Institute; Cyrus M. Warren, who was Professor of Organic Chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and early became noted for his studies on the mineral oils; James M. Crafts, who also was a professor at the Institute of Technology and at one time President; John Williams Langley, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Michigan; Professor Charles F. Chandler, of Columbia College, New York, who was practically the founder of the School of Mines connected with that institution.

Many of the earlier students of chemistry went to Europe to finish their studies, but they were initiated into the science by Professor Horsford.

I have said less in regard to Professor Agassiz's students than of those of Professor Horsford, since Professor Agassiz's students or those who studied under his students are scattered over the world, —to-day some of them still teaching; others having passed over the great divide. One of the most noted of them, Professor Shaler, was known to you all. Professors Putnam and Niles are still with us, and Professor Morse has not yet found the way to Mars. But the list is too long to notice more of them.

Professor Horsford was succeeded by Dr. Wolcott Gibbs. Dr. Gibbs was not a popular lecturer and was but little known outside of his laboratory in Cambridge. In regard to his teaching I quote from Professor Clarke's notice of him in the "Journal of the London Chemical Society": "Gibbs apparently believed, although his belief was not stated in set terms, that a good teacher who kept in touch with his pupils should know perfectly well where they stood, and no examination could tell him anything more." He never gave any examinations, except the final one for a degree, and this was a mere formality that had to be observed to conform to the regulations of the School. I well remember my own examination. It was mainly verbal, largely free translations from French and German text-books and some pleasant talk about

work that I had been engaged upon. My thesis was ready for publication, for this was a point on which he insisted that some original work must have been done. In my case it was the translating and editing and extending Hoffmann's Chemical Tables. But my degree by no means ended my work in the School. I was invited to come back and spend another term as his private assistant. This was followed by three delightful years as his assistant in the School,—years in which, while nominally an assistant, I was a student as well, working in lines that he suggested.

Our course of study, if it could be called a course, would be regarded by many modern teachers as entirely lacking in all the essentials of a regular study. We had but one text-book in use; that was Fresenius' "Qualitative Analysis." One rule was thoroughly enforced: no student was to take up a new subject till he had mastered the old.

I remember keeping one student who has since done much work of a high grade a whole year on qualitative analysis,—a study that he should have finished in six months; but he knew it when he got through, and his course in life has since been distinguished by the same slow, painstaking study, until now he stands at the head of his profession in his chosen branch of study.

Dr. Gibbs had during his active teaching only four assistants; they have all since held professorships. He afterwards had three or four more assistants; two of these at present hold full professorships, and a third is engaged in research work of a high grade under the government at Washington.

Most of the doctor's students have done credit to his teaching. One of them was President of the Colorado School of Mines for many years. Another is chief chemist of the Geological Survey at Washington; another is Professor of Chemistry and Dean of the School of Graduate Studies in Columbian University and government expert on high explosives.

Professor Eustis was appointed Professor of Engineering in 1849 and held the office until his death in 1885. His department had the most students, and the men who graduated from it were generally at once put to work. As an instance the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad had a standing order for two students

a year. Professors Pickering and Trowbridge both graduated from this department.

The most noted student that the school produced was perhaps Simon Newcomb, who has recently passed away, full of honors.

Dr. Gray had a few special students who have occupied high positions.

To Dr. Jeffries Wyman must be given the credit of introducing the laboratory method into the study of anatomy, and his students have won for themselves a high position in the science of medicine. Of these I need only mention Drs. Walcott, Bowditch, and Carmalt, who has long been a professor at Yale.

At the time the franchise was bestowed on the graduates of the School, President Eliot, congratulating us on having won a long fight (we were over twenty years endeavoring to be put on the same standing as the graduates of the academic department) said to us, "For your numbers you have more distinguished graduates among you than any other department of the University."

The School has practically ceased to exist. The University now grants the S.B. degree to students in the academic department, giving the student the choice of an A.B. or S.B. degree, and the Alumni no longer make any distinction between the degrees.

But the work so well inaugurated by the old School will still go forward on even a higher plane in the Graduate School, assisted by the funds of the McKay bequest, and students will still have the chance to pursue in the University the studies which the School was founded to promote, with the great advantage that they will be much better fitted by previous training to take advantage of the opportunities offered. They will still have the advantages that we had, that they can devote their entire time to the study of their chosen vocation. But they will have the still further advantage of abundant material to work with, while many times we had to either abandon our experiments or devise apparatus and methods by which we could carry them on in a primitive manner. Where a student can now obtain almost anything he wishes in a few hours, we often had to wait weeks for supplies. This may have been a disadvantage, but on the other hand it had certain advantages. We were forced to devise the means to accomplish our ends. If we wanted oxygen, we had to make it; now we can buy it by the

gallon ready for use. We had no supply of electricity; we had illuminating gas, but we did not know how to use it as we do to-day. The first gas furnaces in the School were put there after I graduated, and at that time we were still using charcoal to make combustions. The first assay furnace in the School was built by Mr. Pettee in 1868 in order to instruct the students in assaying. Filtering with the vacuum pump was introduced about 1869, and the first determinations of nitrogen ever made by use of a sprengel pump were made in 1867. In order to confirm the results of these experiments I had to build my own pump in 1868. The outfit of the School, even as late as 1870, was no better than the ordinary high school possesses. The entire outfit furnished each student, with the exception of the balances, did not exceed twenty dollars; he furnished his own platinum crucible. But with this limited amount of material research work was carried on which has stood the test of time.

The influence of the School on education in this country is hardly to be estimated. Its methods have revolutionized the University, and it has been well said that, instead of the University absorbing the School, the School has absorbed the University. For now the methods that were introduced in the School are used all through the University, and every professor uses to a greater or less extent the laboratory method, teaching his students how to use his material, rather than to memorize text-books. Many think that the system has been carried too far, and that a student should be better grounded in the elements of education before entering into advanced studies of his own choosing. And in this view they are undoubtedly right. A man cannot be too well trained in his preliminary studies before he undertakes his life work. On the other hand, a certain latitude is permissible in these preliminary studies; they should many of them be chosen with a certain end in view. As an illustration for a student of chemistry or engineering, it is almost indispensable that he should have a good reading knowledge of French, German, and English, and if he intends to make mining his specialty he should also understand Spanish. In this connection I will mention what we did in our course of German in the school, and in this we rather had the advantage of the teacher. We took the matter into our own hands and required

him to use a German chemical work. Here we had the advantage that we understood the text much better than he did, and we soon learned to translate this work with comparative ease, whereas, had we taken a course in literary German, we should have been no better off at the end of the course than at the beginning.

The great trouble in the new facilities for advanced studies will be, as President Lowell has ably said, that it will tend to build up a generation of teachers who are well learned in all that has been done before, but who will lack the initiative to go ahead and do things for themselves. The education that we received from the old School was not so much the study of what had been done, but the power to think and reason on what we were doing, and to initiate new work. Those of us who afterwards taught taught not so much because we had been educated to teach as because we had found out something that we felt we must impart to others. Each of us imbibed something of the enthusiasm of our masters and tried to hand it on to our students.

ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE read the following letters from Willard Phillips to Octavius Pickering :

BOSTON, October 1, '48.

MY DEAR PICKERING

. . . It is Sunday, as you will see by the date, and Madame and I out of respect to my code have been entertaining ourselves with Battle of Buena Vista written by Capt. Carleton, who was in it. There is something exceedingly chivalrous and romantic to me in this whole episode of the Mexican War which we have just finished. One of our neighbors, a mason, had a son out there who was orderly to Gen. Pillow and has just returned, who furnishes his father with innumerable incidents and anecdotes to relate to me to my great entertainment.

If Wm. Prescott would collect the materials, he might write another Conquest as dramatic as the first. There is surely something taking in this military rushing, crushing and smashing; we shall follow the examples of the beasts awhile yet; the Peace Societies will not abolish set-toes in our time entirely. Love and war, that's the "humor on 't," in Pistol's phrase. . . .

Dexter [Franklin] is giving lectures once a week in the Law School on Constitutional Law and as I understand with good success. Par-

sons started as successor of Greenleaf with much éclat and will really be quite an acquisition to our society in Cambridge.

I always persuade myself that when H. is old enough for College you will take a place here and besides a little patch of Mt. Auburn for yourself and your's in the neighborhood of our's. I do not go entirely with the Southerner who visited the place the other day and said he should be willing to die tomorrow if he could be buried there, but the thought of an everlasting home for one's dust in a beautiful spot near to one's friends on a final rallying point for one's posterity, presents the dark future with rather a pleasing aspect, especially if one tinatures himself with the sentiments of Bryant's *Thanatopsis*.

BOSTON, February 4, 1849.

MY DEAR PICKERING

The lady on my left has not failed to remind me divers times to acknowledge the writing desk received by Rosset [*sic*] of which she is sufficiently proud on account both of its beauty and its donor and is at no pains to coneal either the article or her own satisfaction from our friends.

Sparks, who is now president as you know, except the ceremony of inauguration, reminded me the other evening of a tract I wrote for President Kirkland in 1815, 33 years ago, on the arrangement of the college studies which he copied for President K. and desired to recover now for his own use, if any he can make of it, which put me upon my old papers where to my surprise I found the same, though I had forgotten the thing myself. The search brought me back to college.—Aureus Ramus Essays, some forensics to Mr. Hedge, one or two exhibition parts and Commencement—Journal now and then—Memoranda or reading — reflections — projects — new views videlicet — things begun and half finished, all which was very much like visiting this world long after death, for it was a resurrection of these old and to me dead things [Judge Phillips in his latest years was a spiritualist].

Among the rest I recovered a character of Strong¹ which I wrote for some paper, I know not what one, the memory of whom is both sorrowful and delightful to me. I do not remember how intimate you and he were. You certainly must have loved him. I could sincerely repeat for him David's lament for Jonathan. Sparks will commence very auspiciously and if he can bring in with himself sufficient authority, his administration will be likely to go off with éclat, for his election is very

¹ Edward Strong (Harvard 1810), died 1813.

popular with the college and the public and he is precisely fitted for the place if he has enough of firmness and skill in discipline.

We are all afloat here in Shakespeare with Fanny Butler,¹ as you will see by the papers. Her tickets are all taken before they are put on sale and her readings are certainly the finest treats. We have had her for a long while. But in Shylock one remembers old Cooke² and nobody can read against that. And then we have had superlative concerts and oratorios, Madame Anna Bishop,³ Laborde, a German Band, &c. &c. We are revelling in sweet sounds. Pray let us take you along with us.

March 23

. . . The reason is I am partly busy and partly lazy. I work mornings in materials for a new edition of my insurance by and by. Go to Boston at 10 A.M., read or rather hear the news from 4 to 5 or 6, except when asleep and hear some book till I fall asleep unless something offers abroad.

This is my journal for the whole year except Sundays and occasional digressions — One of my exceptions is the first Tuesday evening of the month when the American Academy holds social meetings at the house of some member, last month at F. C. Lowell's, February at John A. Lowell's, April to be at C. G. Loring's and May probably at Abbott Lawrence's, at whose house we were to have met in March, but he was called to Washington to be offered a place in President Taylor's cabinet, and declined it as the newspapers all show you. These meetings are really very pleasant as well as useful by way of instruction, and commonly have more matters prepared than can be disposed of. Last meeting Everett read the correspondence concerning the award of the King of Prussia's Court medal to Miss Mitchell of Nantucket, whose father was present at the meeting.

Professor Pierce presented the calculations of the young prodigy of mathematics at school here, now 11 or 12 years old, of the orbit of the late Comet, whose period he made 800,000 years, if I remember right, on a piece of paper about between eight and ten feet in length, the width of half a sheet of letter paper, taking the boy he thought fifteen hours to do, in doing which he made some condensations and short cuts which the old mathematicians arrived at only through immense study

¹ Fanny Kemble Butler, born in London, 1809; died in London, Jan. 13, 1893.

² George Frederick Cooke, born April 17, 1756; died in New York, Sept. 26, 1811.

³ Born in 1814; died in New York, March 18, 1884.

and training and this he does without being conscious of doing anything extraordinary. He is employed mostly on the usual studies, language, geography, grammar — usually taking a little mathematics of Pierce as above occasionally; and finally after some other matters that I forget, Dr. Warren¹ introduced the question whether ether or chloroform is to be preferred, he for ether and Dr. Channing² comes out for chloroform, but the discussion is broken off by ten o'clock until next month, when we shall have enough of it, for the doctors you know are always very brisk in these encounters. — I was at the chapel today, Sparks being in the President's pew. All acquiesce in his election very cheerfully. Theophilus Parsons is here now and makes quite an accession to Cambridge society. He and Treadwell are both going to build this season next Dixwell on the street leading up to the Botanic Garden, so that we shall have a very strong neighborhood. Dexter is lecturing on International Law, as you know, at the law school. Prof. Judge Parker tells me that his lectures are very good, and Parsons began very well indeed and holds on, so I believe. I have given myself to dissipation somewhat this winter, having heard Mrs. Fanny Butler eight times. I think out of thirteen, twice with Madam, twice with Quincy and most of the other times with Mrs. Farrar, and tomorrow I am going with a young divine and the two boys, wind and weather permitting, to the opera. So we go. I begin to think I must make the most of my time as often as I look at our table of expectations of life and so I am sharp to improve such temptations as come in the way. We are all prodigiously delighted with our president as you see. You can hardly conceive of the relief and satisfaction we feel without coming over to participate.

I have a pretty little collection of books to show when you come over again, more than I shall ever read, I am afraid, small as it is, unless they send out fewer new ones, most of which come round in our book club, and I must read but need not remember longer than a month or two when they are forgotten. I have on the table here now, just come in, Miss Connor's immense octavo History of China and India, but I guess I shall cut it, not the leaves but the book.

Remember me to Mrs. P. and Master Henry. Pray bring them over here. Mrs. Phillips sends her regards to yourself and them.

Yours affectionately,

WILLARD PHILLIPS.

¹ John Collins Warren (Harvard 1797), died 1856.

² Walter Channing (Harvard 1808), died 1876.

ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE also read the following extracts from the Journal of Eliza Susan Quincy:

June 3, 1825. During the years Mr. Quincy was arranging the affairs of the city, as Mayor of Boston, Mr. Bowditch was equally active in . . . those of Harvard College as one of the Corporation. . . . Ebenezer Francis, an eminent financier, had been elected Treasurer, and Dr. Bowditch was earnestly seeking an available candidate for the President. And when on the 16th of December, 1828, Mr. Quincy published a letter, stating that he would never stand again for the Mayoralty, Mrs. Bowditch immediately said to him, "There's a President for you." Dr. Bowditch approved of the nomination, and took measures accordingly. He had several interviews with Mr. Quincy and informed him that the Corporation wished to elect him President of Harvard College if he would accept the appointment. Mr. Quincy was favorably inclined, but to Mrs. Quincy a proposition that she should leave both her homes, in Boston and Quincy, and take her family, comprising her mother of 90 and her daughter of 17, and take up her residence in the College grounds at Cambridge, was a most formidable enterprise.

But Dr. Bowditch came and gave us an account of all he had done, suffered and accomplished . . . and evinced such independence, energy, and disinterestedness that it was impossible not to comply with his wishes. "There has," said Dr. Bowditch, "a great deal been wasted and lost at Cambridge, but there is a noble property left. Mr. Francis and I have put the finances in order, and if you ladies will only let Mr. Quincy go there, the Corporation will do everything for you. You may begin at the ridge pole of the President's House and do what you choose with it and if Mr. Francis does not do everything you request, we will turn him out, and elect another Treasurer." (This was amusing, for Mr. Francis was just as anxious to send us to Cambridge as Dr. Bowditch was himself.) "I think the ladies of the President's family have an important place, and I wish you to take it."

Dr. Bowditch prevailed, and on the 15th of January, 1829, Mr. Quincy was unanimously elected by the Corporation, President of Harvard College, and on the 29th of January carriages and numer-

ous people tending to the State House showed that business of importance was pending, and at two o'clock N. I. Bowditch, Jr. came to Hamilton Place to inform us that the Overseers of the College had confirmed the election of Mr. Quincy as President. And was soon followed by a Committee of Overseers, with the official notice.

At 4 o'clock Mr. Francis came in his carriage and took Mr. Quincy to Cambridge to look at the President's house. He invited me to accompany them, but I declined. On that evening Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Otis had a splendid party at their residence in Beacon Street, the first they had given since they had attained the Mayoralty—and at which we were congratulated on Mr. Quincy's election as President of Harvard. It was a remarkable and very pleasant occasion.

On the 30th of January we met Mr. Francis, by appointment, at the President's house. It was a dark, cold winter morning, the snow on the ground, the house uninhabited for several years, and very much out of repair. Some one had wound up a large old clock, a gift to the Presidents, and its ticking seemed to make the silence and desertion of the apartments more apparent. However we were not discouraged, and my father said, "We are not responsible for the house, and we will make it lively enough." Mrs. Quincy only requested plain dark marble mantle pieces, in the dining and drawing rooms, and a general clean surface of paint, paper, and whitewash. But though these were moderate requests, the Corporation had to expend about \$3,000 to make the house, stable, and grounds, neat and comfortable for us, and our horses. Dr. Bowditch came in the evening to ask how we liked the house, and was pleased we gave a favorable view of its capacity of improvement. He paid us frequent visits, and on the 25th of May, when the furniture wagons were at the door of Hamilton Place, came in to rejoice to see us so well employed and actually on the move.

We were soon established in our new abode, and were cordially received by the authorities of the College, the students and the general society of Cambridge. On the 2nd of June 1829, the day of the Inauguration, Mr. Quincy appeared to great advantage in the gown and cap of a President, and Dr. Bowditch as one of the

Corporation, and Mr. Francis with the Charter, seal and keys of the College, as Treasurer, held places of importance in the Church, which was crowded with a distinguished and brilliant audience. And a crowded levee at the President's house and a beautiful illumination of the College grounds closed a day which was aptly termed a day of enthusiasm.

ROBERT SWAIN MORISON read the following letter written by Edward Everett Hale¹ in Worcester, Massachusetts, to George J. Abbot in Washington, District of Columbia :

Nov. 22, 1845.

I supposed you would be interested in the New England Society, when I saw the account of its formation. If I read Washington rightly, it was and is fast becoming a Northern city. The influx of Northern mechanics is far more worth than the influx of Southern gentles and spending men. This country over, I take it, such relics of aristocracy as the revolution spared, are vanishing before the principles of our constitution and the times, and the aristocracy of office, though all Virginia should back it up, will not tell anywhere, in contrast with the influence of shoemakers, and glaziers, and printers and writers, and thinkers and ministers or other teachers. So go ahead, Yankees! and help down the Southern influence and notions as quickly and as gently as you may.

My uncle has accepted the Presidency. My love for the college, and my love for him divided me in my hopes about it. All things considered, I think he has the best chance of resuscitating it and galvanizing it of any man we have, but it is a thankless, hard-working, despondent, sad dog's life office. You need a literary man there;—but there is little chance to give him literary employment. You need a man of the world, who knows the world; yet you must seclude him from the world. You need a man of practical views,—yet his employment is to separate him from all active life. You need a man of energy, and yet his whole energy is to be spent in waking up, every hour, thirty

¹ Mr. Hale, though six years out of college, was at this time only twenty-three years old. Mr. Abbot then had a boys' school in Washington; during most of his life he was connected in different ways with the State Department. In Dr. Hale's "Memories of a Hundred Years" he refers several times to the friendship between him and Mr. Abbot, to whom, he says, it was due that he preached in the Washington Unitarian church for five months in the fall and winter preceding the time this letter was written.

sleepy professors, and treading on the toes of six hundred rebellious boys. You need a firm, fervent, devoted Christian, — but if it prove that on any controverted question of Christian faith he has any opinion, there are a dozen newspapers ready to call him false, a swindler, and an infidel. If they had offered me the office I would have taken it now; — but if I were fifty two years of age, with property and a family of children, and willing to use the rest of my life in such permanent labor as should tell through all time, — and then the office had been proffered me at a time when every man's hand was raised against the college, — why then — if I had seen my way clear that I should do great good in it I hope I should have taken it; — but I do not think I should. As it is, as I say, I am very glad that Mr. E. has accepted. And I *chuckle* daily and hourly to think how amazed . . . [certain professors] . . . and the rest of the sleepy, soulless dilettanti will be to find somebody near them who is awake, and knows their business better than they do themselves. The on dit is that the Divinity School is to be separated from the College. I have no faith in throwing such tubs to such whales. The whale who is spouting over and over again a frothy stream of talk about the sectarianism of the college does not wish to hold his peace, and will not be tempted to; — and as for the School, for such purpose or any, it is nearer the pill-box standard — than the tub.

When the foregoing letter had been read the meeting was dissolved.

GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY

October 27, 1908 — October 26, 1909

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
ADAMS, CHARLES FRANCIS	"Col. John Quiney of Mount Wollaston, 1689-1767," by Daniel Munroe Wilson in collaboration with Charles Francis Adams
AMERICAN - IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Journal, Vol. VIII, 1908-1909
AUBIN, HELEN W.	Wood from tree planted by Daniel Webster in Exeter, N. H., in 1796.
BATCHELDER, ISABEL	Photograph of Dr. Charles Follen
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY	Report of the Library Syndicate for year ending Dec. 31, 1908
CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Annual Report, 1908
COLORADO, THE STATE HISTORICAL AND NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY OF	Biennial Report, 1907-1908
CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Annual Report, May, 1909
FITCHBURG HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Proceedings, Vol. IV, 1908
GREEN, SAMUEL ABBOTT	John Foster, Earliest American Engraver, and First Boston Printer, 1909
ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY	Collections, Vol. IV, Executive Series, Vol. I, Governor's Letter Books, 1818-1834
ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Journal, Vol. I, No. 2, July, 1908; No. 3, Oct., 1908; No. 4, Jan., 1909; Vol. II, No. 1, Apr., 1909; No. 2, July, 1909

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
LANCASTER COUNTY (PA.) HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Papers read. Oct. 2, 1908, Vol. XII, No. 8; Nov. 13, 1908, No. 9; Dec. 4, 1908, No. 10; Jan. 8, 1909, Vol. XIII, No. 1; Feb. 5, 1909, No. 2; Mar. 5, 1909, No. 3; Apr. 2, 1909, No. 4; May 7, 1909, No. 5; June 4, 1909, No. 6; Sept. 3, No. 7
MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Proceedings, Jan. 23 to Dec. 10 1908
MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Index to Proceedings, 2nd Series, 1884-1907
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Historical Register, Vol. XII, No. 1, Jan., 1909; No. 2, Apr., 1909; No. 3, July, 1909; No. 4, Oct., 1909.
MIDDLESEX COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Pamphlet, No. 7, May, 1909
MISSOURI, STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF	Missouri Historical Review, Vol. III, No. 2, Jan., 1909; No. 3, Apr., 1909
NEW JERSEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Proceedings, Third Series, Vol. V, No. 3, July to Oct., 1908; Vol. VI, No. 1, Jan. to Apr., 1909; No. 2, July, 1909
NEW MEXICO, HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF	Personal Narratives of the Battles of the Rebellion
NOBLE, WILLIAM M.	History of Newton from 1639 to 1800 by Francis Jackson
NORTON, MARGARET	Photograph of Francis Boott Copy of Programme of Memorial Service to same, Appleton Chapel, May 8, 1904, and engraving Photograph of Massachusetts Hall Photograph of Francis J. Child

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
NORTON, MARGARET (<i>continued</i>)	Programmes:
	(1) Memorial Day Service, Sanders Theatre, May 30, 1900
	(2) Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert, Sanders Theatre, in memory of Francis J. Childs and Josiah D. Whitney, Oct. 29, 1896
	(3) Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert, Sanders Theatre, in memory of Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Nov. 14, 1907
	(4) Ceremonies at unveiling of monument to Col. Robert Gould Shaw, Music Hall, Boston, May 31, 1897
	(5) Commencement Radcliffe College, Sanders Theatre, June 26, 1900
	(6) Service of Music in Commemoration of birthday of James Russell Lowell, February 22, 1892
	Address on Spanish War, by Charles Eliot Norton, before Men's Club of Prospect St. Congregational Church, clipping from Transcript, June 8, 1898
	Address on Lowell Memorial, by Leslie Stephen, Westminster Abbey, from Harper's Weekly, Jan. 6, 1894
	"Professor Child," by Grace Norton, reprint from New York Nation, Sept. 17, 1896
	Engravings of William Lowell Putnam, Charles Follen, and Eliza Lee Follen
	Roll of Students of Harvard College in Army and Navy in the War of the Rebellion

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
OKLAHOMA HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Digest or Statutes and Ordinances of Massachusetts relating to Public Health, 1873
	Historia, Vol. I, No. 1, Sept. 15, 1909
	Manual for use of Board of Health of Massachusetts, 1882
OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Quarterly, Vol. IX, No. 3, Sept., 1908; No. 4, Dec., 1908; Vol. X, No. 1, March, 1909
PEABODY HISTORICAL SOCIETY	"Capt. Samuel Flint and William Flint," 13th Annual Report, 1908-1909
PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY (NEW YORK)	Year Book, 1909
READ, CHARLES F.	Proceedings, Brookline Historical Society, Jan. 26, 1909
SCHENECTADY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Year Book, 1906-1908
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON	University of Toronto Studies. Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada, Vol. XI, 1906; Vol. XII, 1907; Vol. XIII, 1908
SOCIETY FOR THE HISTORY OF THE GERMANS IN MARYLAND	History of the German Society in Maryland, 1909
SYRACUSE PUBLIC LIBRARY	Annual Report, Dec. 31, 1908
VERMONT, UNIVERSITY OF	The Vermont Bulletin, Catalogue Number, 1908-1909
VINELAND (N. J.) HISTORICAL AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY	Annual Report, 1908
VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Virginia Magazine, Vol. XVII, No. 2, Apr., 1909; No. 3, July, 1909; No. 4, Oct., 1909
WHITTEMORE, WILLIAM R.	Dunster Memorial, dedication of Dunster Memorial Tablet, Nov. 24, 1907, First Baptist Church in Boston

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
WILLARD, SUSANNA	Framed silhouette portrait of Rev. Joseph Willard, S.D.T., President of Harvard College
	Address to members of the Bar, Worcester County, Mass., Oct. 2, 1829, by Joseph Willard
	Address in Commemoration of the 200th Anniversary of the incorporation of Lancaster, Mass., by Joseph Willard, 1853
	Memoir of Joseph Willard from Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society for 1866-1867
	Tribute to Major Sidney Willard, in the West Church, Dec. 21, 1862, Forefathers' Day.
	Copy of letter of Rev. John Secombe, H. U. 1728, written Mar. 30, 1729, to Nicholas Gilman of Exeter
WISCONSIN ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY	Wisconsin Archaeologist, Vol. VII, No. 4, October to December, 1908; Vol. VIII, No. 2, April to July, 1909
WYOMING HISTORICAL AND GEN- EALOGICAL SOCIETY	Proceedings and collections, Vol. X Bronze medal struck at Centennial of first use of Wyoming coal, Feb. 11, 1908

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1909-1910

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1909-1910

On the Early Roads and Topography of Cambridge.

STEPHEN PASCHALL SHARPLES, EDWARD JOHN BRANDON,
EDWARD RUSSELL COGSWELL.

On the Collection of Autograph Letters of Distinguished Citizens of Cambridge.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE,
HENRY HERBERT EDES.

On Sketches of Noted Citizens of Cambridge.

WILLIAM EBEN STONE, JAMES ATKINS NOYES,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI.

On the Collection and Preservation of Printed and Manuscript Material.

WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE, CLARENCE WALTER AYER,
EDWIN BLAISDELL HALE.

On Publication.

FRANCIS HILL BICELOW, WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE,
HENRY HERBERT EDES.

On Memoirs of Deceased Members.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER, HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY.

On the Collection of Oral Tradition and Early Letters and other Documents of Citizens of Cambridge.

MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,
MARGARET JONES BRADBURY, GRACE OWEN SCUDDER,
ELIZABETH ELLERY DANA, GEORGE GRIER WRIGHT,
MARY HELEN DEANE, SUSANNA WILLARD.

On Auditing the Accounts of the Treasurer.

ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS.

On the Longfellow Centenary Medal Prize.

JOSEPH HENRY BEALE, CLARENCE WALTER AYER.

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BRADBURY, WILLIAM FROTHINGHAM
 BRANDON, EDWARD JOHN
 BROCK, ADAH LEILA CONE
 BROOKS, ARTHUR HENDRICKS
 *BROOKS, LIZZIE EDNA
 *BROWN, JOHN GREENWOOD
 BULFINCH, ELLEN SUSAN
 CARRUTH, CHARLES THEODORE
 CARY, EMMA FORBES
 §CHAMPLIN, KATHARINE ELIZA
 CLARK, ELIZABETH HODGES
 §CLARKE, ELLEN DUDLEY
 §CLARKE, GEORGE KUHN
 COES, MARY
 COGSWELL, EDWARD RUSSELL
 §COGSWELL, FRANCIS
 COOK, FRANK GAYLORD
 CORNE, WILLIAM FREDERICK
 COX, GEORGE HOWLAND
 §CROCKER, JOHN MYRICK
 CROTHERS, SAMUEL McCORD
 CUTTER, WATSON GRANT
 DALLINGER, WILLIAM WILBERFORCE
 DANA, EDITH LONGFELLOW
 DANA, ELIZABETH ELLERY
 DANA, HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
 DANA, RICHARD HENRY
 DAVIS, ANDREW McFARLAND
 DAVIS, ELEANOR WHITNEY
 DEANE, GEORGE CLEMENT

* Deceased.

DEANE, MARY HELEN
 DEANE, WALTER
 DODGE, EDWARD SHERMAN
 §DRESSER, CELINA LOUISA
 DURANT, WILLIAM BULLARD
 DURRELL, HAROLD CLARKE

 EDES, GRACE WILLIAMSON
 EDES, HENRY HERBERT
 EDMANDS, JOHN RAYNER
 ELIOT, CHARLES WILLIAM
 ELIOT, GRACE HOPKINSON
 ELIOT, SAMUEL ATKINS
 ELLIS, HELEN PEIRCE
 EMERTON, EPHRAIM
 EVARTS, PRESCOTT

 FARLOW, LILIAN HORSFORD
 FENN, WILLIAM WALLACE
 FESSENDEN, MARION BROWN
 FISKE, ETHEL
 FOOTE, MARY BRADFORD
 FORBES, EDWARD WALDO
 FORD, LILIAN FISK
 FOSTER, FRANCIS APTHORP
 FOX, JABEZ
 FOXCROFT, FRANK
 §FREESE, JOHN WESLEY

 GAMWELL, EDWARD FRANCIS
 GOODWIN, AMELIA MACKAY
 GOZZALDI, MARY ISABELLA
 GRAY, ANNA LYMAN
 GRAY, JOHN CHIPMAN

 HALE, EDWIN BLAISDELL
 HALL, EDWARD HENRY
 *HANNUM, LEANDER MOODY
 §HARRIS, CHARLES
 HARRIS, ELIZABETH
 §HARRIS, SARAH ELIZABETH
 HART, ALBERT BUSHNELL

§ Resigned.

§HASKINS, DAVID GREENE, JR.
 §HIGGINSON, MARY THACHER
 HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH
 HILDRETH, JOHN LEWIS
 HILL, FREDERIC STANHOPE
 HODGES, GEORGE
 §HOOPES, WILFORD LAWRENCE
 HOPPIN, ELIZA MASON
 HORSFORD, KATHARINE
 HOUGHTON, ALBERTA MANNING
 HOUGHTON, ELIZABETH HARRIS
 HOUGHTON, ROSENHYSS GILMAN
 HOWE, ARCHIBALD MURRAY
 HOWE, ARRIA SARGENT DIXWELL
 HOWE, CLARA
 HUBBARD, PHINEAS
 §HULING, RAY GREENE

 IRWIN, AGNES

 JACKSON, ROBERT TRACY
 §JAGGAR, THOMAS AUGUSTUS

 KELLNER, MAXIMILIAN LINDSAY
 KENDALL, GEORGE FREDERICK
 §KERSHAW, FRANCIS STEWART
 KERSHAW, JUSTINE HOUGHTON
 KIERNAN, THOMAS J

 LAMB, HARRIET FARBEY
 LANE, WILLIAM COOLIDGE
 §LANSING, MARION FLORENCE
 LEAVITT, ERASMUS DARWIN
 LONGFELLOW, ALICE MARY
 LONGFELLOW, WILLIAM PITTS
 PREBLE

 MARCOU, PHILIPPE BELKNAP
 §MATHER, WINIFRED
 McDUFFIE, JOHN
 MCINTIRE, CHARLES JOHN
 MCKENZIE, ALEXANDER

* Deceased.

- MELLEDGE, ROBERT JOB
 MERRIMAN, DOROTHEA FOOTE
 MERRIMAN, ROGER BIGELOW
 MITCHELL, EMMA MARIA
 MORISON, ANNE THERESA
 MORISON, ROBERT SWAIN
 MYERS, JAMES JEFFERSON
- NICHOLS, JOHN TAYLOR GILMAN
 *NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT
 NORTON, GRACE
 NORTON, MARGARET
 NOYES, JAMES ATKINS
- PAINES, JAMES LEONARD
 PAINES, MARY WOOLSON
 §PARKE, HERVEY COKE, JR.
 PARKER, HENRY AINSWORTH
 PARSONS, CAROLINE LOUISA
 PEABODY, CAROLINE EUSTIS
 *PEARSON, LEGH RICHMOND
 *PEIRCE, JAMES MILLS
 PERRIN, FRANKLIN
 PERRIN, LOUISA CHARLOTTE
 PICKERING, ANNA ATWOOD
 PICKERING, EDWARD CHARLES
 *PICKERING, LIZZIE SPARKS
 PIPER, WILLIAM TAGGARD
 §POPE, CHARLES HENRY
 POTTER, ALFRED CLAGHORN
 §PULSFORD, ARTHUR
- RAND, HARRY SEATON
 *READ, ANNA MARIA
 READ, ELISE WELCH
 READ, JOHN
 READ, WILLIAM
 REARDON, EDMUND
 REID, WILLIAM BERNARD
 ROBINSON, FRED NORRIS
 §ROCKWELL, ALICE TUFTS
 §ROCKWELL, JOHN ARNOLD
 ROLFE, WILLIAM JAMES
- ROPES, JAMES HARDY
 RUSSELL, ETTA LOIS
- SAUNDERS, CARRIE HUNTINGTON
 *SAUNDERS, GEORGE SAVIL
 SAUNDERS, HERBERT ALDEN
 SAWYER, DORA WENTWORTH
 SAWYER, GEORGE AUGUSTUS
 SAWYER, GEORGE CARLETON
 SCUDDER, GRACE OWEN
 SEAGRAVE, CHARLES BURNSIDE
 §SEVER, MARTHA
 §SEVER, MARY CAROLINE
 SHARPLES, STEPHEN PASCHALL
 §SHEA, JAMES EDWARD
 §SHEFFIELD, MARY GERTRUDE
 §SIBLEY, BERTHA
 §SIBLEY, HENRY CLARK
 SMITH, EMMA GRISCOM
 SORTWELL, ALVIN FOYE
 STEARNS, GENEVIEVE
 STONE, WILLIAM EBEN
 STORER, SARAH FRANCIS
 SWAN, SARAH HODGES
- §TAFT, CHARLES HUTCHINS
 §TAFT, EMILY HINCKLEY
 TAYLOR, FREDERIC WESTON
 THAYER, WILLIAM ROSCOE
 THORP, JOSEPH GILBERT
 TICKNOR, FLORENCE
 TICKNOR, THOMAS BALDWIN
 TILLINGHAST, WILLIAM HOPKINS
 TINDELL, MARTHA WILLSON
 NOYES
 TOPPAN, SARAH MOODY
 *TOWER, CHARLES BATES
- VAUGHAN, ANNA HARRIET
 VAUGHAN, BENJAMIN
- WALCOTT, ANNA MORRILL
 WALCOTT, ROBERT

§ Resigned.

* Deceased.

WAMBAUGH, SARAH	WILLARD, SUSANNA
WARE, THORNTON MARSHALL	WILLIAMS, OLIVE SWAN
WENTWORTH, ANNIE LOUISE LOCKE	WINLOCK, MARY PEYTON
§ WENTWORTH, WILLIAM HALL	§ WINSOR, CAROLINE TUFTS
WESSELHOEFT, MARY LEAVITT	WORCESTER, SARAH ALICE
WESSELHOEFT, WALTER	WRIGHT, GEORGE GRIER
§ WESTON, ANSTIS	WRIGHT, PAMELIA KEITH
§ WESTON, ROBERT DICKSON	*WRIGHT, THEODORE FRANCIS
WHITE, EMMA ELIZA	§ WYMAN, CAROLINE KING
WHITE, MOSES PERKINS	§ WYMAN, MARGARET CURRY
WHITTEMORE, ISABELLA STEWART	WYMAN, MARY MORRILL
WHITTEMORE, WILLIAM RICHARD- SON	YERXA, HENRY DETRICK

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

AGASSIZ, ALEXANDER	JACOBS, ALLEN
*BAKER, CHARLOTTE ALICE	LEVERETT, GEORGE VASMER
BARKER, JOHN HERBERT	LOVERING, ERNEST
CARTER, CHARLES MORLAND	NICHOLS, JOHN WHITE TREAD- WELL
DAVENPORT, BENNET FRANKLIN	FELTON, EUNICE WHITNEY FARLEY
GILMAN, ARTHUR	NILES, WILLIAM HARMON
GOODWIN, ELLIOT HERSEY	*WILLARD, JOSEPH
	WADHAMS, CAROLINE REED

HONORARY MEMBERS

CHOATE, JOSEPH HODGES	HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN
RHODES, JAMES FORD	

§ Resigned.

* Deceased.

BY-LAWS

I. CORPORATE NAME.

THE name of this corporation shall be "THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY."

II. OBJECT.

The corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

III. REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

Any resident of the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible for regular membership in this Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Persons so elected shall become members upon signing the By-Laws and paying the fees therein prescribed.

IV. LIMIT OF REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

The regular membership of this Society shall be limited to two hundred.

V. HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

Any person, nominated by the Council, may be elected an honorary member at any meeting of the Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Honorary members shall be exempt from paying any fees, shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VI. ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Any person not a resident, but either a native, or formerly a resident for at least five years, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible to

associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of two dollars each, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VII. SEAL.

The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1905, a shield bearing a representation of the Daye Printing Press and crest of two books surmounted by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting-house of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister, and, underneath, a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent.*

VIII. OFFICERS.

The officers of this corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary with the powers of Clerk, a Treasurer, and a Curator, elected out of the Council by the Society. All the above officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

IX. DUTY OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-Presidents, respectively, in the order of their election.

X. DUTY OF SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give to each member of the Society written notice of its meetings. He shall also present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XI. DUTY OF TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the accounts, of the corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it, and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of its funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society a bond, in amount and with sureties satisfactory to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited prior to the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

XII. DUTY OF CURATOR.

The Curator shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

XIII. DUTY OF COUNCIL.

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall arrange for its meetings, and shall present for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XIV. MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesdays of January, and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.

XV. QUORUM.

At meetings of the Society ten members, and at meetings of the Council five members, shall constitute a quorum.

XVI. FEES.

The fee of initiation shall be two dollars. There shall also be an annual assessment of three dollars, payable in advance at the Annual

Meeting; but any Regular Member shall be exempted from the annual payment if at any time after his admission he shall pay into the Treasury Fifty Dollars in addition to his previous payments; and any Associate Member shall be similarly exempted on payment of Twenty-five Dollars. All commutations shall be and remain permanently funded, the interest only to be used for current expenses.

XVII. RESIGNATION OF MEMBERSHIP.

All resignations of membership must be in writing, provided, however, that failure to pay the annual assessment within six months after the Annual Meeting may, in the discretion of the Council, be considered a resignation of membership.

XVIII. AMENDMENT OF BY-LAWS.

These By-Laws may be amended at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting, provided that the substance of the proposed amendment shall have been inserted in the call for such meeting.

The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

V



PROCEEDINGS

JANUARY 25 — OCTOBER 25, 1910

The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

V

PROCEEDINGS

JANUARY 25—OCTOBER 25, 1910



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Published by the Society

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PROCEEDINGS
OF
THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE SEVENTEENTH MEETING

THE SEVENTEENTH MEETING of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the twenty-fifth day of January, nineteen hundred and ten, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presided.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Upon the subject for the meeting WORTHINGTON CHAUNCEY FORD read the following paper:

CERTAIN DEFECTS IN THE PUBLICATIONS OF
HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

IT was with deliberation that I selected my subject for this evening. The virtues of historical societies require no description or catalogue; it is the fault of the society if they are not apparent and known. Advertising consists in exposing the good points of the article advertised; and whether it be in the form of a car panel, a bill-board, or a volume of proceedings, the best is intended to be shown. But the defects we are all busy in trying to cover — perhaps to obviate. Having the honor to represent the oldest historical society in this country, the society with the widest experience, it will not be charged that I have no business to lift the edge of the curtain, and expose some of those heaps of rubbish which have

accumulated in a century, and which are too often copied by younger societies in the belief that the dust, cobwebs, and scrap constitute the best part of the society — the cause of its existence and the excuse for its activity. So I propose to speak of the defects — assuming the virtues to be great, numerous, and potent.

1. Have you ever dropped off at a city — a capital of a State — on history bent, to find that the historical society rooms are opened only on rare occasions; but the librarian and key can be found some miles out of the city, and can be reached by driving, no trolley lines running in that direction? This situation becomes more interesting if you are invited in midwinter.

2. Have you ever travelled a hundred miles or more on a Monday, to find that the historical society rooms are open only on Fridays, between the hours of two and four in the afternoon? Any Monday will do.

3. Have you ever taken a night's journey to consult some book or manuscript, to find that the thing desired can be seen only on a card from a member of the society — you being a veritable Ishmael to the place — more so after than before the visit?

4. Have you ever been greeted cordially by the custodian of the society's treasures, but only to be told, on stating generally your wishes, that under the rules you must indicate the particular paper you wish to see? To assist you in this operation there is no catalogue or even a general description of the collection, the custodian knows nothing about manuscripts, and there is no one connected with the society who "does" manuscripts.

5. Have you ever penetrated into the inner rooms of the treasure house, to learn that the card catalogue is not open to the public?

6. Have you ever had the object of your search before you, memorandum pad at your elbow, and pencil in hand, only to be told that no note or notes can be taken without first applying to the board, council or directors of the institution? If it is in early summer, so much the better, as the council holds no meeting till the fall, and by that time you will have forgotten all about your request, and can receive with philosophic calm the negative that comes from the council through the custodian.

7. Have you ever found six or seven letters in a collection, of little or no importance to the collection, but of good value to your

particular purpose, only to be informed that copies cannot be taken, as the society hopes to print the collection? In your heart you know that the society, if it ever does publish, will be forced to make selections out of it, and among the first to be passed over will be the letters you have selected. If you live long enough, you will see that this comes true.

Here are seven mortal sins in the management of historical societies, and I have encountered as many as five of them in a single society and in a single day. In a career of more than twenty-five years I have met them in many forms and disguises, but always as hindrances, discouragements, and personal selfishness. They were applied in the Department of State of the United States as well as in the humblest collection in the land, and invariably originated in that good old comfortable prejudice that the collections were to be treated as the personal possessions of the custodian—to be used or not according to his whim. It was with keen pleasure that I received the aid of my then chief, Mr. Thomas F. Bayard, who had an interest in things historical, in breaking down the restrictions in the Department of State; and it was with as keen pleasure that I had the countenance of my chief in the Library of Congress, Mr. Herbert Putnam, in making a national bureau of archives—free to any historical investigator—without any restrictions or red-tape methods. In securing accessibility to material lies the corrective to nearly every one of the seven mortal sins I have detailed.

But outside of the federal government as represented in the Library of Congress, and a very few institutions which could be named, reigns Cimmerian darkness, more or less impenetrable, according to the charm you carry—a name of weight, a letter of introduction, a personal acquaintance with the custodian. The questions are ever present: what are the true functions of an historical society, and how far does this particular institution fulfill these functions? In nine out of ten cases the defects do not lie in the organization and by-laws, for the organization is practically the same in all, as are the by-laws, which are made to protect against abuse and against destruction. The errors lie at the door of the custodian, whose business it is to enforce or release the by-laws according to circumstance, but to lean on the side of liberality. Even though maintained by private subscriptions, an historical

society has quasi-public functions. Otherwise it becomes a tomb for the final and complete burial of material ; and this process of entombing is greatly assisted by a rule which gives the use only to members of the society. I could form a small library of volumes in each one of which could be read the effects of this narrow policy — resulting in incomplete histories through lack of material on the one hand, and in incomplete histories through lack of ability on the other. The parable of the talents applies here with peculiar force. It is only necessary to name such institutions as the Pennsylvania Historical Society or the State Historical Society of Wisconsin to indicate two of the best conducted in the land, advanced, liberal and generous to all ; and both have gained by their open-handedness.

For every sin of management there are a dozen sins of use in publishing historical material. It is one thing to collect, and quite another to publish. The necessity for collecting printed matter has been much restricted in recent years by the growth of the public library. The necessary tools of workers and the rare or unusual are proper objects of a collecting society. Yet even here there are limitations. Why, for example, should the Massachusetts Historical Society, or this Society, seek to obtain the rarities of New England history by purchase, when copies are available in the Boston Public, in Harvard University, in the John Carter Brown and in the American Antiquarian Society libraries ? These rarities cost from \$50 to \$1000, and no one short of a millionaire can hope to gather even a small number of them in a lifetime of ardent collecting. The Massachusetts Historical Society has directed its means towards publishing, and wisely ; for many a society has been burdened with a few very good pieces, buried in eccentrically geographical situations, where they cannot be seen and their very existence is almost unknown ; and many a one has been crippled at the outset by this ambition to have and to hold costly rarities. The mere possession and its cost have reduced them to a condition of helplessness in publishing.

Nor is this helplessness an unmixed evil. The older conditions were so restful. Once in three or four years a leading society would issue a volume. It would contain some set addresses, some original documents, and no index. The entire annual output of all historical societies could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The general run differed but little,—some documentary material, more or less inaccurately transcribed and printed, some reprints of rare issues of the past, some crude facsimiles, more or less misleading, and some chats by members upon subjects of tremendously personal interest, but of no possible value to any one else. The meetings were more of a social gathering, more informal than the conditions of to-day have imposed, less critical of what was presented, and really enjoying intelligently and enthusiastically the novelties as they were offered. And the field of history was much less a cultivated ground than at present. It was all so simple. In meeting the librarian announced that he had another volume of collections ready for the printer. Thereupon the president gracefully responded to the unspoken suggestion, and remarked that he would be happy to pay the cost of printing and distributing the volume. With such a machinery why raise any question as to the contents of the volume, or the manner of presenting the material? The librarian was sole judge of value and form; the president paid the cost. It was a one-man influence. Unconsciously we think not so much of the X Historical Society as of Mr. A. B. C. who pays the bills, who is supposed to have the greatest interest in the welfare of the society, and who is in reality the mainspring of the institution. We look upon him as an historical scholar, even though his interest in history is limited to his own name; he is treated reverentially by his colleagues; he becomes the honorary member of sister societies, the recipient of degrees from his college because of these publications, and so on—a little circle of activity that runs its course mechanically, until the great man passes away, and a new name and individuality takes his place, and by a well-recognized formula deflects the line of direction by a trifle, and announcing progress, asks leave, alas, to sit again.

This personal element favored sitting still, but it also favored defective publications. Editors were few, and gave their time and service voluntarily; they were not trained in historical methods, and their enthusiasm and knowledge could make up for only a part of their weakness. In the United States history as a study is only a matter of some thirty years in age. The older workers in societies had to encourage contributions, essays, and lucubrations upon the infinitesimally small. They were obliged to recognize the

weaknesses of their neighbors as well as of their members by paying too great an attention to personal, family, and local matters. How many of us can afford (to use a bookseller's term) to keep in stock a file of the issues of more than a very few of the many societies printing their material.

The mere mass is appalling, and the attempt has been made to measure it. We have a notably heavy volume, of equally heavy contents, giving a list of the papers printed by the historical societies of the United States. It is not complete, but it is issued upon a scale possible only with the national government. The volume contains a thousand odd closely printed pages, and an index of one third that number of pages. It is as cheerful reading as a cemetery list, and it chiefly marks burials, quite as complete as what is printed by the daily newspapers. Is it possible to trace from this formidable list the trend of such printing activity in historical lines? There could be found the variations I have just noted, periods of great activity and well-directed action alternating with periods of quiescence and perfunctory performance. Here they are, all jumbled together, historical, genealogical, and patriotic societies; one man, one cause, one locality societies; personal, family, and town societies; and all apparently having but one object in view, to print something, regularly or occasionally, once or often. The confusion is the greater when we examine the contents of the publications of a single society. What is the measure of interest, the principle of exclusion (if any), or the standard of judgment? Is there evidence of intelligent selection or careful preparation? Do the younger societies afford any proof of benefiting by the errors of their elders? If the truth were to be told, the saddest mistakes would be discovered in the most recent issues of the youngest societies. All past experience seems to have been for nothing. This tremendous catalogue of historical publications is all a maze, a puzzle; but it is instinctively felt that here may be found a very long chapter of horrible examples, things to be avoided; and with it a very much shorter chapter of things worthy of praise and imitation. The great fault is that the material is not only misleading in itself, but is used in a misleading manner, and often with an intent to mislead. A partial truth is dangerously near a complete lie, and becomes one when framed by interest, whether ignorant

or not. It is amazing to see how much time and ingenuity are expended in pulling down what others have set up, or in strengthening the tottering foundations of a possible tradition, an impossible history. A striking instance is the attempt to trace back to blooded stock on the other side of the water. Let me read a few sentences from one who was not a trained genealogist, but was blessed with sufficient humor to know what a trained genealogist should be.

"Perhaps in this place the history may pause to congratulate itself upon the enormous amount of bravery, wisdom, eloquence, virtue, gentle birth, and true nobility, that appears to have come into England with the Norman Invasion: an amount which the genealogy of every ancient family lends its aid to swell, and which would beyond all question have been found to be just as great, and to the full as prolific in giving birth to long lives of chivalrous descendants, boastful of their origin, even though William the Conqueror had been William the Conquered; a change of circumstances which, it is quite certain, would have made no manner of difference in this respect."¹

Cannot this be read in hundreds of genealogies or local histories?

Another good instance is the attempt to bolster up the so-called Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, peculiarly a local irruption in that county of North Carolina. Not one bit of good evidence has been produced to support the contention of the Declarationers, every historical point is against them. Yet there are a monument, brass plates, and a presidential visit; there are periodic explosions of supposedly new evidence, and much personality and abuse of those who question the tradition. The whole monument rests upon a false foundation—a desire to gain local and family renown; and starting with a possibility, its backers have refused to recognize the cumulative evidence against it, and treat it not as a question of history, but as a plank in a party platform—a good enough Morgan until after election.

It was said in the seventeenth century that a man who went in search of the philosopher's stone and dabbled in alchemy usually ended by being committed to the Gatehouse or prison as a coiner. This course is not confined to alchemy. It is so much easier and more pleasant to make a supposition that will meet the desired

¹ Martin Chuzzlewit, Ch. I.

condition than to dig out the facts and, possibly, find that they will not support your theory.

The tendency of historical writing is to become monographic, the study of a single incident, a short period of time, or an individual in a narrow field of action. The larger part of historical publication lies in printing source material, the documentary evidence in full, with more or less extensive notes. The archivist supplies the essayist with his material, and the essayist offers to the general historian his portion of partially digested history. There are few who have the means, inclination, and leisure to devote themselves to a great historical writing; but there are many who can turn out a monograph and do it well. The co-operative history is a development of this monographic idea, and the results are seen by comparing such works as those of Bancroft, or Hildreth, or Von Holst with Hart's "*American Nation*." The personality of the writer is diminished, but in its place we have a wider view, a more consistent plan, and a better arrangement of material.

This points out the proper sphere of activity of an historical society. It would be absurd for one to undertake a general history of the United States; it would be equally absurd for one in Massachusetts to undertake the history of South Dakota or a Mexican State. It would be going too far afield, when there is an abundance of good material lying at our very doors. For the material is abundant,—the more so because the very obvious has, as is not unusual, been passed over. We mourn the absence of reliable economic records, the bare facts which may serve as a basis of a great economic history of a land which has an economic history worthy of study. Have we a good sketch of the manner in which Massachusetts became settled, how and why population took certain lines, and what has been the effect in producing that great outward movement of population to the westward, evidences of which may be seen in nearly every State in the Union outside of the slaveholding States? Have we a good history of a village common, and what it meant then and means now to the cluster of houses of which it was the center? Have we the beginnings of the political history of any town, in its great changes from a few cottages to an important city? Have we a full history of a factory town, with its vital alterations in every part of its economy? Can you name a

satisfactory study of a frontier town, of the settlement of a State or region, or of any one line of development which may serve as a history of many, and give the economic historian a foundation from which to generalize?

Instances can be named of notable studies. There is a gentleman of this city who has made the study of the provincial paper money of Massachusetts his own, and by long, patient, detailed accumulation and treatment of material has given a history invaluable to one who would understand the social experience of the eighteenth century in the American colonies. For the results apply to any colony that experimented with its currency in the hope of being able to cancel a debt without an equivalent. In one of the volumes of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics are to be found tables of prices of commodities from the seventeenth century, taken from merchants' books — dry, fragmentary, and horribly unrelated, yet capable of being interpreted in a manner that will explain many a local revolution, many a migration, and many a social disturbance. That collection of disjointed items is far more valuable to history than the costly and useless compilation of names of those who served from Massachusetts in the War of Independence or in the Civil War. Costly it has been beyond question; useless it will be, as the United States government proposes to issue a similar list for the whole country, and has a force of four hundred compilers against the four or five that the State offers. A part of the same money expended in printing the Council Minutes, or the Journals of the House of Representatives, or the State Archives, would bring in much better and more permanent results.

Local history is not to be despised when the material offers. Salem witchcraft contributed to the world's experience in delusion. Is Harvard University an asset of Cambridge or of the entire country? Is Plymouth a spot on a pink map, or is it by inheritance a conviction, a moral influence? In naming Concord is it a locality that first comes to our minds?

Fortunately here we have some good models of treatment. The town of Quincy, Mass., was not a very promising subject for a history, yet it has in Charles Francis Adams's "Three Episodes of Massachusetts History" a work almost unique. This is not because it is a local history, but because it is sketched on such broad lines as

to be at once a history of the first years of the Bay settlement and the connection of a New England town with the current of the nation's history. It is thus much more than Quincy that is rated; it is the development of a town in certain of its activities, from the first grant until it became a city, and is in its main lines a contribution to the history of the people of any New England settlement. I set aside the fact that the writer possessed an unusual combination of qualities for such a work,—an antiquarian and historical spirit, tempered by a good sense of humor, and a strongly marked critical faculty. We may not agree with him in all his judgments, but it is difficult to question his facts or deny the skill with which he has used them, lifting the unpromising and as a rule forbidding subject of local history on to a plane where it becomes a necessary part of a people's history. The result is a very readable and vitalizing book. It is a great work when brought into comparison with the ordinary run of local histories.

It will be said it presents an exceptional instance, a writer unusual in equipment. True, but the best lessons may be learned from extreme instances. The very success achieved in that case emphasizes the necessity of inviting trained ability for preparing such histories, and just as good ability for editing original or source material. Look at the publications of the Camden or of the Selden Society, and there are found such names as Pollock, Maitland, Gardner, Gairdner, and Gross as editors, names which stand pre-eminent in the studies they made so distinctively their own. They did not consider it beneath their dignity to prepare these often fragmentary records, and by their labors they made the material valuable and accessible. That huge collection of genealogical facts—the publications of the Harleian Society—belongs to a somewhat different category, but stands just as high in its field. It is not the laudation of one or a number of families, but it is a great collection of facts useful and necessary to all kinds of historical writing. The nearest approach in this country to such societies is the Prince Society of Massachusetts, and it is unnecessary to make any comment upon the value to history of its publications.

The fault lies in this, that the work is left or entrusted to those whose general knowledge cannot compensate the defects produced by their enthusiasm. As Clarence King once said of the young,

partially trained, and quite inexperienced geologists coming under his charge, "they are all the time rediscovering America." Certain great facts of history may be assumed with the same certainty as a mathematical axiom,—a date, a place, and an individual. Other so-called facts are subject to continual readjustment, not necessarily because they have become untrue or misleading, but because they are seen in new relations and with altered possibilities. All history is mosaic, a lot of separate and many-colored facts brought together. The resulting picture depends upon the skill and imagination of the writer. He frames the outlines, and arranges his facts. It would be very simple to do this were history a science. We could then compare the writing of history to the figures of the kaleidoscope,—a number of colored beads carelessly thrown into a box, where an arrangement of mirrors produces a series of beautifully correct pictures, and all mechanically. Fortunately history is not a science. We can now view with comparative complacency the attempts to turn saints into sinners and devils into angels. Under skillful hands a Borgia deals out health foods and not poisons, a Medici in France drank milk, not blood, a Nero was a wise administrator sacrificing his own comfort to the good of his people, and a Judas was a public benefactor in that he established a public cemetery. In our own history Benedict Arnold becomes a lovable drunkard, with a somewhat hasty temper; Thomas Paine or Pelatiah Webster challenges the authorship of the Declaration of Independence with Thomas Jefferson; Alexander Hamilton is made a *debauchee*, that Jefferson (as black to others) may shine; and after twenty years a city erects a monument to the boss whom it drove with curses from its limits. Time takes its revenge, and in the long run brings justice.

This tendency to question history again and again is a wholesome one, and does more good than harm. Contemporary judgments are notoriously harsh, and the charge lies against us as a people that the hero of to-day is the despised of to-morrow. The early history of Massachusetts Bay turned largely upon the clergy,—not that any real question of religious belief was at stake, but the position and consequent power of the clergy were dominant. At the time there was only one opinion, that the safety of the State depended upon the maintenance of this influence of the elders. Those who

questioned their power or decisions were the pariahs of the community, to be hounded out and even killed,—pests to be eliminated. For two centuries this remained the general opinion, and few convictions are so deeply entrenched as inherited convictions. Can you name any clerical writer of Massachusetts history who seriously questioned the attitude of the magistrates and elders in the seventeenth century? Can you name any lay writer who could take a fair-minded view of the leading actors of that century? It required a sort of explosion to awaken this self-satisfied condition. It came in Brooks Adams' "*Emancipation of Massachusetts*," and since then no one would dare write of the elders as did our fathers or our grandfathers.

To yield the best results the personal or interested element must be eliminated, and the means supplied of questioning from time to time the conceptions of history we have inherited, imbibed from imperfect sources, or accepted because of a weighty name. This is, fortunately, not a question of money. It is hopeless to expect to obtain a profit from the publications of any society, however good they may be. The membership is as a rule small, and buying libraries are few. Just as good work was done in the early days of the older societies, when their funds were extremely limited, as later, when they began to use adequate publishing funds. Nor is the chance of profit increased by multiplying the publications—reprints of rare pamphlets, first printing of manuscript collections, proceedings of meetings, or quarterly magazines. The proceedings and magazines must be more or less scrappy, consisting of unrelated parts and of such documents as cannot be made into a connected series. It is less expensive in the long run to issue a volume of good material than to issue many of scraps. The labor of consulting the magazines is already a burden, as the consolidated index is an almost unknown factor. One half of what has been published by societies could be wiped out without much loss to history; one half of what remained could be presented in a form very different from that in which it exists, and with great advantage to the student; and one half of that part could be so condensed as to offer a series of volumes, by no means occupying as much as five feet of shelving, in which could be found all of the essentials of New England history—and more too.

So I come to what I should regard as the proper field of historical societies — to present under careful direction the great wealth of raw material that is at hand, but under limitations presently to be named.

There is a volume in the publications of the American Antiquarian Society called Thomas Lechford's Note Book — the work of a lawyer-trained bird of passage who was in Boston for a short term, less than four years. It is a collection of dry, formal documents in the law language of the day, with a few, a very few, letters and memoranda interspersed. Not at all a book to read, but one capable of affording much to the student. The description of a lot of land, the form of a lease, a contract for the hire or building of a fishing boat, — it is on its face of little importance. Yet we get the dimensions of a fishing boat of that time, and the pinnace, the shallop, and the pink played an important part in extending the sphere of Massachusetts influence. We get light upon the religious controversies of the day, and more than that we get the side-lights which often prove to be the best of illuminations. The sales of land by the Hutchisons after Ann Hutchinson had been formally handed to the Devil and driven from Boston, are pathetic evidence of the extent to which the rancor of hate was carried. There is no collection of colonial material equal in historical interest to the Winthrop Papers, — a veritable mine to one who approaches that period of our history. To come home, the two volumes of records published by the city offer a rich mine to be worked by many.¹

In the earliest volumes of the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society will be found a series of sketches of different towns and counties. The sketches are very brief, imperfect, and unscientific, yet made by a person competent to gather information of such a character as to give the matter a permanent value. The Cape Cod region was undertaken by James Freeman.² The sub-

¹ I refer to the "Proprietors' Records" (1896) and "The Records of the Town of Cambridge" (1901), two excellent examples of a good publication of source material.

² Rev. James Freeman, D.D. (1759-1835), wrote sketches of the Cape Cod towns in the early volumes of the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Rev. Frederick Freeman (1800-1883), Presbyterian, afterwards Episcopal minister, was author of "the two weighty volumes of the History of Cape Cod" (Boston, 1860-1864).

jects treated were those given in a fair gazetteer, but in a more full manner, with an attempt to sketch the history of the locality. It is surprising to see how much those descriptions are still used, and how serviceable they have proved in recording what so rapidly passes from the memory, or becomes distorted by oral testimony from one generation to another. They offer a further interest in this, that the most modern effort in local history—I refer to the Victoria History of the Counties of England, now in process of publication—pursues the same method, but on a much larger and more scientific scale. Look at the first volume of the history of Nottinghamshire. The chapter headings are natural history, which includes geology, palaeontology, botany, and zoology. Then follow sections on early man, Anglo-Saxon remains, the county in Domesday, ancient earthworks, and political history. This completes the first volume. There yet remain to be treated, in three other volumes, the subjects of architecture, ecclesiastical history, topographical accounts of parishes and manors, agriculture, the social and economic history,—schools, arts, industries, and commerce,—and finally ancient and modern sports.

There is a suggestion for ourselves in this definite purpose and method. We have no ancient ruins, but we have a choice assortment of modern remains; we have little older than a century and a half, but that period is more than enough to make history. We have a social organism before us that is ever changing, and yet leaving little to remind us of its past history; and we have a machinery of government, also ever changing, yet retaining a full record of its accomplishments and as full a record of its legal actions. Or, to pass to more local matters:

The panoramic changes in a city or town are always interesting, but rarely recorded. The newspaper and magazine can never give what we want, for they select on narrow lines and leave aside what are the most important features. The rarity of early views of Boston—or indeed of any city—is a cause for regret. There is an early sketch of Tremont Street along the Common, and it looks an impossibility. Equally unreliable is the appearance of the same street in the early days of photography. Its aspect as we know it will in less than fifty years be so changed that our great-grandchildren will scoff at the pictures of to-day. So many of the village

houses having historic associations or architectural features have passed away that the one is drawn from the memories of the oldest living and the other is studied by architects in stately volumes, giving every detail of frame and fittings. Is there any excuse for permitting the memory of a street or house to pass away with the absurdly cheap appliances of the modern time? With a Kodak, and the picture is capable of any enlargement, a whole street can be taken at a very small expense and the films stored for future reference; and this offers what no city survey or fire insurance map can give,—houses, trees, and relations of objects to one another. Once in ten years such a survey could be made, and would yield a most eloquent picture of the changes in localities and point to the social changes that have accompanied them. There is no limit to such a record.

Thus there can be, and I believe there will be, differentiation in the activities of historical societies. The real effect of military and patriotic societies upon the writing of history is yet to be measured; but there is a growing belief that such societies are doing greater harm than good. For they dwell upon only one item of interest, and unduly magnify its importance. There is the same tendency to be found in local or family history,—the oldest building, the oldest inhabitant, the leading family, the town traditions,—material good enough in itself, but needing judicious treatment to be made sufferable beyond a very small circle. It is generally left to the tender mercies of the profligate imagination of the genealogist, and the results are deplorable. The true historical society must be raised out of this round of petty subjects treated in a petty manner, and I admit this is a most difficult problem to be met. The true solution lies in closer co-operation among the societies. In the Western States the State founds and supports an historical society. The plan has its disadvantages, but it does offer this distinct advantage. As local societies are formed, the State society can exercise an advisory power, a control more or less effective, and in consultation divide the territory to be covered. A development upon this line is a possibility of the future and deserves careful consideration. As it is with us, the river overflows its banks and moves sluggishly over vast shallows. Confine it to its proper course and some use can be made of its motive force. This would

permit also a distribution of publishing activity, the general being reserved for the leading or central, the local for the local society. In this State such a graded series would be of advantage, and would at least prevent duplication of publication and the appearance in an occasional and very remote issue of material of really national importance. Organization and co-operation, mutual service, and a trained responsible editor will go far to remove the reproach so often uttered against the publications of our historical societies.

At the conclusion of the above paper, and as a result of questions asked by the President and others, Mr. Ford expressed the opinion that it would be of great advantage if the historical societies of the different States would supply a central society with lists of their original documents.

The meeting was then dissolved.

THE EIGHTEENTH MEETING

THE EIGHTEENTH MEETING of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the twenty-sixth day of April, nineteen hundred and ten, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presided.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

For the first topic of the meeting ELIZABETH ELLERY DANA read the following paper:

LIEUTENANT JAMES DANA AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

AMONG the men from Connecticut who marched to Cambridge for the relief of Boston, early in June, 1775, was a lieutenant in General Israel Putnam's regiment, to whom it must have seemed almost like coming home, for his father was a Cambridge boy, born and brought up here. The father had removed early to Windham County, Connecticut, settling first in Pomfret and then in Ashford. The son was one of the one hundred and twenty picked men from that county who, on the night of June 16, went under Captain Thomas Knowlton to Bunker Hill, worked hard all night, and fought next day at the famous rail fence. This man was James Dana,¹ great-grandson of the Richard Dana who settled in Cambridge soon after 1640.

Professor Edward Channing, in his "The United States of America, 1765–1865," tells us that "though the younger men among the colonists knew little of actual warfare, yet everywhere there were veterans of the French wars, who soon infused a knowledge of

¹ James 4 (Jedidiah 3, Benjamin 2, Richard 1,) Dana was born at Ashford, Connecticut, Oct. 9, 1735.

military methods into the masses of raw recruits." James Dana was one of these veterans. He had begun his military career in early youth, among the provincial troops under Sir William Johnson, twenty years before the Revolution. He had assisted in building Fort William Henry, at Lake George, in 1755, and was at Crown Point when Johnson was severely wounded and Baron Dieskau defeated and killed. After this Dana had returned home, had married and settled in Mansfield, Connecticut, which, like his birthplace, Ashford, was in Windham County.¹

A large part of Windham County, which borders on our Worcester County, was originally included in Massachusetts and was settled by Massachusetts men, and many were the disputes between the Colonies over the boundary line. In 1686 twelve men from Roxbury bought land in Windham County, but it was not until eight years afterwards, in 1694, that surveys having been made, the shares were delivered to the proprietors. By this time the rights of one of them, John Pierpont, had been bought out by three Cambridge brothers, Jacob, Benjamin, and Daniel Dana, none of whom went to Connecticut in person, but some of their sons removed there and settled in different towns in Windham County. These settlements were included in Suffolk County, Massachusetts, so that all their land deeds had to be recorded, and wills probated, in Boston, where, strange to say, they still remain.

Windham County had begun very early to show its patriotic zeal, and claims the honor of originating the system of Committees of Correspondence which proved so effective in promoting the Revolution, and which has been ascribed to Samuel Adams and other notable persons.² As early as December, 1767, at a full meeting of the inhabitants of Windham Town to consider a letter from the Selectmen of Boston, a committee was appointed to correspond with committees from the several towns in the county.

In the summer of 1774 many of these towns had shown their enthusiasm by sending flocks of fine sheep as presents to Boston. The first of these was apparently the first gift to arrive there,

¹ Mansfield is now in Tolland County.

² Samuel Adams laid his plan before a Boston town-meeting in 1772. Mercy Warren makes the claim that her husband had suggested it before that. But in Windham County towns it had already been in force for some years.

and these expressions of sympathy were very cheering and comforting to our people. Windham County, though of the same Connecticut Freemen whom Chief Justice Marshall calls "that cautious people," was full of martial fire, and Israel Putnam and bodies of men from all its towns had set out the September before for Boston, but had turned back on learning that their assistance was not yet needed. A convention of delegates from Windham and New London Counties was held at once and recommended that the selectmen should supply every town with ammunition and military stores, and that every troop and military company should arm and equip themselves as soon as possible and should have regimental reviews and artillery exercises. In October the General Assembly enacted that the quantity of ammunition required to be provided should be doubled, and that every military company should be called and exercised in the use of arms twelve half-days between then and May, and new regiments were formed. And the farmers knew what they were fighting for, for at this time, when money was so scarce and books so rarely purchased, more than one hundred and twenty copies of John Carter's "English Liberties, or the Free-born Subjects' Inheritance," were ordered, from Windham County alone.

When the actual breaking out of the Revolution came, James Dana was a volunteer — not this time from the enthusiasm of youth or love of adventure, for he was now about forty years old, a married man with a family of children — and his name is on the Connecticut list of men who marched on the Lexington alarm. The authorized "Record of Services of Connecticut Men in the War of the Revolution" says: "The response [of Connecticut] to the alarm was not the official action of the Colony, nor, on the other hand, an impromptu movement of individuals without previous organization. An 'uprising' of armed men might have partaken of a mob character, and the militia regiments as such could only be called out by the governor or legislature. It was rather a movement of the townsmen marching under their militia organizations. The gathering thus became orderly as well as spontaneous. It appears from the records that in some cases the companies or train-bands collected and marched off under their officers without further orders; in other cases, the colonels, taking the lead, called

out a certain number of men . . . ; in a few cases volunteer companies were organized for the special service; in addition, many individuals, not belonging to the militia, joined in the march, either providing for themselves or going with the companies."

At ten o'clock on the morning of that fateful Wednesday, April 19, 1775, a post had been despatched by the Committee of Safety at Watertown, the bearer, Israel Bissel, being charged to alarm the people as far as the Connecticut line "that the British have landed two brigades, have already killed six men and wounded four others, and are on their way into the country. All persons are desired to furnish him with horses as they may be needed." A copy of this despatch was forwarded by the town clerk of Worcester to Daniel Tyler, Jr. (son-in-law of Israel Putnam), at Brooklyn, Connecticut, who received it at eight o'clock Thursday morning and sent it on to Norwich, while messengers on horseback, with beating drums, carried the news in all directions about Windham County. Friday was spent in active preparation. Officers rode rapidly about in every direction with warnings, bullets were run, accoutrements and rations provided, and powder furnished to the volunteers. Over a thousand men from Windham County were ready to meet the summons. The Committee of Correspondence wrote: "The ardour of our people is such that they can't be kept back."

Early on Saturday, April 22, Lieutenant-Colonel Experience Storrs, of Dana's town of Mansfield, led "sundry of ye troop" to Windham Green, where selected companies from Mansfield and two other towns were already on the ground ready to march. After prayers in the meeting-house, it was nearly sunset before they set out for Pomfret. On Sunday the officers found themselves much embarrassed by the numbers that presented themselves, and after prayer by Rev. Mr. Putnam, they held a council and agreed to select one fifth of the men out of the ten companies, the rest to return home. Meanwhile, a letter had been received from Concord, from General Putnam, saying that the Committee of the Provincial Congress begged "they would be at Cambridge as speedily as possible with Conveniences, together with provisions, and a Sufficiency of Ammunition." "The elect fifth, selected probably in consideration of their special fitness for military service, set out on the march at about 5 P. M." on Sunday, through Woodstock and

Dudley for Cambridge. "Their orderly and soldierly bearing attracted great attention on their march, and they were received at Cambridge with special distinction, as the first trained companies that had come from abroad to the aid of Massachusetts." Fortunately this section of the country was favored in the way of public roads, a new route to Boston having been established only the year before, and taverns were numerous on every road, many new ones having been opened.

After twenty-seven days' service as private, Dana at once on his return enlisted again, this time as first lieutenant in Putnam's regiment, the Third Connecticut, in Lieutenant-Colonel Storrs's company. His commission as lieutenant is dated May 1, 1775. Many of those who had been on to Cambridge had no time even to visit their families before starting off again. If he was one of these, it may have been just as well, for his wife, Elizabeth Whittemore, who is said to have been a handsome, blue-eyed little woman, was a British sympathizer and much opposed to his going into the army. Lieutenant-Colonel Storrs, who, as I have said, was from Dana's town of Mansfield, had been devoting himself with energy to enlisting men, impressing blankets and arms, and securing and storing a quantity of powder for Mansfield. Storrs kept a diary, in which after describing the second march to Cambridge, by way of Ashford, Dudley, Westboro, and Framingham, when his men appeared to be in high spirits, he says that he left the companies in Waltham for the night (June 2) under the care of Lieutenant Gray; and adds: "Proceeded with Lieut. Dana to Cambridge, at Col. Lee's house, where we expected to have tarried; found 3 companies." Apparently there was no room for them, for he continues: "Went to headquarters¹ to Gen. Putnam, he came with us to our proposed quarters, looked for accommodations for my companies. Conclude to march in tomorrow. Came out to Watertown with Lieut. Dana; tarried there. 3d. Towards noon, the companies arrived [from Waltham]. Sat off with them to Cambridge; met Gen. Putnam on the road. Came to the house of Mr. Fairweather,² where we make our quar-

¹ Not the Inman house, as is often stated, but the Apthorp-Borland house familiarly called "the Bishop's Palace."

² The Wells-Newell house, No. 175 Brattle Street, where years after, James Russell Lowell, William W. Story, Richard H. Dana, Jr., and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson went to school.

ters; after dinner went up to headquarters to shew ourselves to the General; he recommends our being immediately provided for action. . . . 8. Mr. Fairweather came home last night out of humor as they tell me. No wonder, his house filled up with soldiers, and perhaps his interest suffers as it really must. Sent for me, yet appears to act the part of a gentleman. . . . 9. Went to Gen. Putnam to make return of my companies to draw soap, beer, &c., out of the Connecticut store; he declines coming to a settlement about it. My company uneasy for want of beer, and soap for washing. . . . 16. Expecting an engagement soon, P.M. Orders came for drafting 31 men from my company, and the same from all companies belonging to Connecticut. Sent off Lieut. Dana,¹ Sergt. Fuller, Corporal Webb and 28 privates. Who at 8 o'clock went down to Bunker's Hill together, with a large detachment of the troops of this province, where they flung up an entrenchment." A stone tablet at the side of the Harvard Gymnasium marks the place where they assembled, for prayers by President Langdon of Harvard, before starting. These one hundred and twenty men from Israel Putnam's regiment, under the command of Captain Knowlton, with thirty-one other Connecticut men quartered in Christ Church, which had then been erected about fourteen years, were the first to strike the spade into the ground for the redoubt.

After toiling unceasingly all night, Captain Knowlton and his men, at nine in the morning, exhausted from hunger, fatigue, and want of sleep, were ordered to take possession of the unguarded pass, where a low stone wall and the famous post-and-rail fence already stood. It is discouraging and yet interesting to see how the accounts of the battle vary and how little one can trust to tradition. In the case of Lieutenant Dana, it is the aim of this paper not to state anything as a *fact* that is not pretty well proved. The "History of Windham County" gives several anecdotes of the men from there, among them, of course, the familiar one of its hero, General Putnam, calling out as he rode past, "Boys, do you remember my orders at Ticonderoga?" "You told us not to fire

¹ In an account of the battle given in Heath's Memoirs and elsewhere, the four officers under Knowlton are stated to have been John Keyes, Thomas Grosvenor, Esquire Hills, and, perhaps, Huntington. It is now established beyond a doubt that the fourth was James Dana. Hill's first name should be Squier.

until we could see the whites of the enemy's eyes." "Well, I give the same order now." And it adds, as does another local history, that Dana, who was second in command of the detachment, was posted in the centre of the rail fence and that an order was given "death to any man who fired before Capt. [Lieut.?] Dana." "Tough old 'Bijah Fuller, Dana's orderly sergeant," is said to have helped Gridley draw the lines of the fortification. His captain, Knowlton, with coat off, walked to and fro before the unique breast-work, cheering his men and discharging his own faithful musket till it was bent double by a cannon ball. Dana was the first to detect and give notice of the enemy's flank movement and is said to have been the first to fire. Of this, Captain John Chester, in command of the Wethersfield Company quartered in Christ Church, writes, June 22: "The men that went to intrenching over night were in the warmest of the battle and by all accounts they fought most manfully. They got hardened to the noise of the cannon . . . they tarried and fought till the retreat." "Lieut. Dana tells me he was the first man that fired and that he did it singly and with a view to draw the enemy's fire and he obtained his end fully, without any danger to our party."

One statement made is that on Lieutenants Dana and Grosvenor and Sergeant Fuller firing at a given signal, the head of the advancing British column, supposed to be Major Pitcairn, fell. I believe it has been proved that he was killed by a negro soldier, Peter Salem, but Hudson's article in defence of Pitcairn says that he was wounded twice, the first time at the head of his column. Both accounts therefore may be true. During the battle, a cannon shot struck the fence and forced a rail against Dana's breast, but he regained his feet and kept his ground until the line was ordered off, when he drew off his men and aided in covering the retreat, but on arriving at his quarters, he was confined to his room and unable to dress or undress himself for several days. Knowlton's men had double the number of cartridges of the other troops, having brought them from Connecticut. They were the last to leave the conflict and, retiring slowly, formed the rear-guard of the Americans in the retreat, during which a bullet lodged in Dana's canteen.

Holmes's "Annals of America" says: "The conduct of the Connecticut troops under Knowlton was much applauded." And

Judge Prescott wrote what he had heard from his father, Colonel Prescott: "Never were men in a worse condition for action—exhausted by watching, fatigue and hunger, and never did old soldiers behave better." Frothingham's "Siege of Boston" says: "The conduct of the Connecticut troops is mentioned in terms of high commendation in the private letters and journals of the time. Major Durkee, Captains Knowlton, Chester, and Coit, Lieutenants Dana, Hide, Grosvenor, Webb, Bingham, and Keyes are specially named as deserving of credit." Simms's "History of Schoharie County" (N. Y.) states that Washington on his arrival was so struck with these accounts that in his first general order he gave out the countersign as "Knowlton" and parole "Dana." I have examined the orders all through July and do not find exactly that, but I do find that before Washington's arrival, in general orders for June 27, given out, I take it, by General Ward, the countersign was "Prescott" and parole "Dana," and on June 20 the countersign was "Windham." Knowlton and Dana were rewarded by promotion as soon as it was practicable, Knowlton being commissioned major and presented by a Boston admirer with a gold-laced hat, a sash, and gold breastplate, the latter still in the possession of his descendants, and Dana being commissioned captain the next September. It is related that with his usual diffidence he had at first refused promotion.

On the 18th of July there was a patriotic demonstration, on the occasion of the reading of the manifesto issued by Congress setting forth the reasons for taking up arms, and General Putnam's division was paraded in full force at Prospect Hill, the Declaration of Congress read, and a solemn and pathetic address made to the soldiers by Rev. Abiel Leonard, Chaplain to Dana's regiment, succeeded by a prayer. Then on a signal from General Putnam, the soldiers gave three cheers as an Amen, followed by the firing of a cannon from the fort, and the standard sent by Connecticut to General Putnam was exhibited. I quote now from the "History of Windham County": "Capt. Dana was ordered to receive and display the flag, but warned that in so doing he must not let the colors fall, as that would be deemed ominous of the fall of America. The great six-foot captain, who could face a hostile army without flinching, shrank like a child from this display and fain would

have declined the honor, but Putnam cheered him on by a friendly clap on the shoulder and ‘Cuth it, Dana! You look like a white man; take the colors and clear away;’ whereupon Capt. Dana advanced and received the colors from Washington’s aid and carried it three times around the interior circle of the parade amid the rapturous applause of the delighted soldiers. It was one of six flags ordered by Connecticut for her first six regiments. The ground of this was scarlet. ‘An Appeal to Heaven’ [then the motto of Massachusetts] was inscribed in golden letters on one side; Connecticut’s armorial seal upon the other — three detached vines and the trustful legend, ‘*Qui transtulit sustinet.*’”

In July Dana’s regiment was adopted as Continental. It was stationed, during the siege, in Putnam’s Centre Division at Cambridge, till the expiration of its term of service in December. The long period of inaction was a sore trial to the Connecticut soldiers. Bad fare, scant pay, misapprehension of their leaders’ plans and of the true state of affairs so exasperated them, that many declined re-enlistment, subjecting Washington and his associates to most serious anxiety and peril. Even men in the Windham County regiment were infected with this spirit and some of them marched off home when their time had expired, without waiting for a formal discharge, but a majority of the regiment remained, and Dana, who was discharged December 16, at once re-entered the service and was here in Colonel John Douglas’s regiment till March, when the seat of war was transferred to New York. During this time of inaction he must have had opportunities to meet his Massachusetts relatives, many of whom were living in Cambridge and Brookline. One of these, Lucy Dana, his first cousin, married, the next year, Jonas White of Watertown, and was the grandmother of Maria White, the lovely and talented poetess, wife of James Russell Lowell. But Francis Dana,¹ his second cousin (for whom Dana Hill and Dana Street are named), had gone to England to ascertain the state of feeling and the probable measures of the British Government, and so cannot have met him. Though Garden Street was not then laid out, James Dana must often have passed the old burial ground and seen the graves of his grandfather, Benjamin Dana, his uncles and

¹ Afterwards delegate to Congress, Minister to Russia, and Chief-Justice of Massachusetts.

other relatives. The gravestone of this Benjamin Dana, who was born in 1660, is still in good condition, near the street and just half-way between the "Sentinel and the Nun."

On the 9th of January, on which day the countersign was "Charlestowm" and parole "Knowlton," Washington expressed his thanks to Knowlton and the officers and soldiers under his command for their spirit, conduct, and resolution on the occasion of the burning of the houses near the enemy's works on Bunker Hill the day before. We may hope Dana was one of these, but we have no proof of it. We next hear of him in Colonel Andrew Ward's First Connecticut Regiment, from May, 1776, to May, 1777, which joined Washington's army at New York and was stationed, at first, near Fort Lee. Marching to White Plains and afterward into New Jersey, it took part in the battles of Trenton, December 26, 1776, and of Princeton, January 3, 1777, and encamped with Washington at Morristown till May. In June he was recommissioned captain, and heads the list in Colonel John Ely's Connecticut State Regiment. He and his brother, William Dana, were at Valley Forge through that terrible winter of 1777-1778. He spent his own money in the care of his men and his is said to have been the only company there that had shoes. On one occasion, when they were encamped in the woods and he was looking for wood or game, he heard a voice and found that it was Washington praying for the soldiers and the patriot cause. At another time he is said to have saved Washington from capture, when or where is not stated. He was out reconnoitring, and, going up a hill through a wood, came to a bend in the road, where he descried some British soldiers coming towards him on horseback. He turned his horse and dashed down the hill, the British after him. As he was flying for his life, he met Washington riding towards the enemy; he shouted a warning to Washington, who thereupon galloped back to headquarters. But for this Washington might have become a prisoner to Sir Henry Clinton.¹

In 1781 Dana had a company in Brigadier General Waterbury's State Brigade, which was raised that March for the defence of the Connecticut seacoast, and in July joined Washington at Phillipsburg near Dobbs Ferry, and for some time after was under Heath

¹ J. R. Simms: History of Schoharie County, N. Y.

on the Westchester line. While here, the celebrated William Eaton, also from Windham County (who afterwards distinguished himself in the war with Tripoli and became a general), having run away from home at the age of sixteen to join the army, his father prevailed upon Captain Dana to take the boy as his servant, and under him he learned the art of war, which he used to so much advantage later. Apparently Dana was at home again after this, perhaps on a furlough, and in September of that year on hearing of the attack on New London by the traitor Benedict Arnold, he saddled his roan mare and hurried off to the fight.

A family tradition is that at the disbanding of the army in 1783 Dana was again appointed, this time by Washington himself (probably at Newburgh, New York) to carry the flag at the celebration. A particularly fine white horse was provided, seventeen and a half hands high, and a complete new outfit. Captain Dana was six feet one inch in height, well proportioned, and with black hair and eyes; and, though retiring in manners, he was of commanding appearance and of great strength and endurance. He is said to have held the flag throughout the day, without allowing it to droop or waver, and with no food or drink to sustain him. When he returned, Washington presented him with the horse and accoutrements and flag, and in his orders next day expressed approbation of his conduct. The descendants have a statement made by one of his granddaughters that when a child she had not only seen them all, but had been permitted to ride the horse. As this could not have been before 1815, it must have been a wonderful horse,—thirty-six years old at least! Still, horses have been known to reach that age and even forty.

Dana is spoken of in the local histories as a popular leader and as having served through the war, distinguishing himself in the different campaigns and performing gallant exploits. He retired as brevet-major and afterwards the title of Brigadier General of Militia was conferred on him by the Governor of New York State, where he settled.

Many Connecticut families had emigrated to Vermont, New York, and Ohio, and Dana decided to make himself a home at Cobleskill, Schoharie County, New York. As we know, the Government was very slow in paying the army, and when he was

finally paid, it was in Continental money, which was absolutely worthless. It was given him in two grain bags, from which he emptied the money on the floor, keeping the bags as the only things of value. He was followed to Cobleskill by several of his men, among them the William Eaton of Tripoli fame. Another settler was Captain Redington, who had also fought under Washington and had endured terrible sufferings in the British prison in New York, the Sugar House.

Dana built a log house two miles from the village of Cobleskill in a part now called Lawyersville, and was soon joined by his wife and children. Here he lived, highly esteemed by the community, until his death, October 16, 1817, at the age of eighty-two. General Dana and Captain Redington lie within a few feet of each other, in the quiet cemetery just behind the church at Lawyersville.

A great-granddaughter, Almeda Anthony, now Mrs. Snyder, has sent some relics of her ancestor, General Dana, to be presented to the Cambridge Historical Society—a silver knee buckle and a little green flask, both used by him in the Revolution.

For the second topic of the meeting JOHN ALBERT HOLMES read the following paper :

THE ANCIENT FISH WEIR ON MENOTOMY RIVER

FISH and the fisheries on the coasts of Newfoundland and New England played a very important part in the founding of the plantations about Massachusetts Bay, and were the purpose for which a large part of the funds of the Massachusetts Bay Company was adventured. Thus it very naturally came about that the General Court of the Colony should control the taking of fish in its waters, both in the rivers and the sea.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth indentured to certain English merchants, who, interested in the fisheries here, had furnished the funds which enabled the Pilgrims to make the voyage, and true to their agreement they engaged at once in fishing.

How important and even vital to the very existence of the Plymouth Colony in its first years were the fish, is told by Sabin, who

says, "In 1623, without relief from abroad they were reduced to a single boat"; "and that," writes Hubbard, "none of the best," yet "it was the principal support of their lives," for "it helped them to improve the net wherewith they took a multitude of bass, which was their livelihood all that year." "Few countries," Hubbard continues, "have this advantage. Sometimes fifteen hundred of them have been stopped in a creek, and taken in a tide." "Such," says Sabin, "were their resources to prevent absolute starvation, and as they spread a part of the fish they caught upon their corn lands as manure, they were compelled to watch their fields at night, during seed time, to preserve them from the depredations of wolves."

The fish cured and exported the following years were taken principally from the sea, but there was another branch of the industry fully as important, and this was the taking of shad and alewives in the smaller rivers and streams for fertilizing the planting grounds.

Squanto taught the men of Plymouth to "fish" their corn, pumpkins, squash, and beans, that is, to place a fish in the ground with the seed. He also instructed them in the manner of taking fish.

Winslow writes: "We set the last Spring — 1621 — some twenty acres of Indian corne and sowed some six acres of barley and pease, and, according to the manner of the Indians, we manured our grounds with Herrings, or rather, shads, which we have in great abundance and take with great ease at our doors," meaning the "Town Brook" at Plymouth, this being the first summer in the Colony.

The alewife¹ or "aloof" was the fish used principally for this purpose. "The Alewife," quoting Josselyn, "is like a herring, but has a bigger belly, therefore called an alewife."

Webster says: "The alewife is a North American fish of the herring family, and the name is properly 'aloof,' the Indian name of

¹ Alewife; Branch Herring. *Pomolobus pseudo harengus* (Wilson). This is known also as wall-eyed herring, big-eyed herring, spring herring, blear-eyed herring, ellwife, gaspereau, and doubtless by many other names. It is found on our Atlantic coast from the Carolinas northward, and is very abundant. It enters fresh water streams to spawn and the run usually precedes that of the shad by two or three weeks.

a fish. It is also called ellwif, ellwhop, and branch herring." Webster's definition of "Alewife" is "a woman who keeps an alehouse." The "Century Dictionary" says: "A particular use of alewife, probably in allusion to their corpulent appearance; the form 'aloof,' as recorded in 1678, is said to be the Indian name of the fish, but is probably an error for alewife." But, as it is an American fish, the Indians doubtless had a name for it, and "aloof" is correct.

In Wood's "New England Prospect" (1629-1634), we find the following: "Alewives be a kind of fish which is much like a Herring, which in the latter end of April come up to the fresh Rivers to spawn in such multitudes as is almost incredible, pressing up in such shallow waters as will scarce permit them to swimme"; and in Johnson's "Wonder Working Providence": "But the Lord is pleased to provide for them (the colonists) great store of fish in the spring time and especially Alewives about the bigness of a Herring, many thousands of them, they used to put under their Indian corn which they plant in hills five foot asunder."

Thomas Morton, he of the scandalous doings at Merry-Mount, tells of the methods and results of "fishing" the corn. "You may see in one township a hundred acres together set with these fish, every acre taking 1000 of them; and an acre thus dressed will produce and yeald so much corne as three acres without fish."

Palfrey says that the Indian method was to cover the fish over in the hill with the seed, and that the fish were taken by the Indians "with lines and nets, the cordage of which was made of twisted fibres of the dogbane or of sinews of the deer." They also took them in baskets and in nets like a pursnet put upon a round, hooped stick with a handle, and also in weirs.

The Indians' weirs for taking salmon, says Temple, in his "History of Palmer, Mass.," writing before 1889, "were simply rude stone walls built from opposite sides of the river, pointing down stream, till they nearly met each other. At this narrow opening a large cage was placed formed of twigs fastened to hoops by strips of tough bark."

"The existence of such weirs in Ware River was a matter of personal knowledge to men living 20 years ago." It was from these weirs that the river and town of Ware, in Massachusetts, derive their name.

The taking of land fish, that is, fish taken without the aid of boats, was from the first controlled by the General Court, as "The Ware att Misticke, granted to Governor Winthrop and Mathew Cradocke of London," March 4, 1633-1634, and "Att a Genrall Court holden att Newe Towne, Sept. 3, 1634." "There is leave granted to the inhabitants of Newe Towne to builde a weire vpon any place of Winotimies Ryver, within their owne bounds." The bnsiness was further controlled, when in the General Court "It was ordered that all weers shall be set open from the last day of the weeke at noon till the second day in the morning" (Saturday noon till Monday morning), June 6, 1639.

The weir granted to Winthrop and Cradocke in 1634 was at the outlet of Mystic Lake, where High Street, Medford, crosses Mystic River at what is known as Weir Bridge.

Israel Stoughton was granted the privilege of building a weir in Neponset River. He was to sell the alewives at five shillings the thousand.

A weir was built at Roxbury without consent of the court, as was pointed out by Winthrop in his controversy with Deputy Governor Dudley, regarding the permission by Winthrop to the inhabitants of Watertown to construct a weir upon Charles River.

Winthrop's reply is interesting as showing the necessity which they were under to secure fish for their corn. The Governor answered: "The people of Watertown, falling very short of corn the last year for want of fish, did complain, etc. and desired leave to erect a wear, and upon this the Gov. told them that he could not give them leave, but they must seek it of the court; but because it would be long before the courts began again, and if they deferred till then, the season would be lost, he wished them to do it, and there was no doubt but being for so general a good the court would allow of it."

In the foregoing I have endeavored to show somewhat the extent and importance of the alewife fisheries to the agriculture of the colonists.

To bring the matter nearer home, we may turn to the Cambridge "Town Records," where we find that Newe Towne soon took advantage of the privilege granted by the General Court, and on March 1, 1635, "agreed with John Clark to make a suffcient Weir to

Catch Alwiffs vpon Menotomies River in the bounds of this Town before the 12th of Aprill next, and shall sell and delliver vnto Inhabitants of the Towne and noe other, exsept for bayte, all the Aylwifs he shall take at iiis vi^d pr thousand." On April 4, 1636, it was ordered by the town "That Walter Nichols shall pull vpp the boarded weire in menotemis Riuier," and "Andrew Warner and Joseph Cooke" were ordered "to make a rate for the deuision of the Aylwifs." Whether this order to pull up the weir was in anticipation of the order of the General Court, June 6, 1639, to set open the weirs from Saturday noon till Monday morning, to allow the fish to pass, or for its entire removal, is not plain, but probably the former, for on April 23, 1636, Andrew Warner was "Apointed to see A cartway made to the weire."

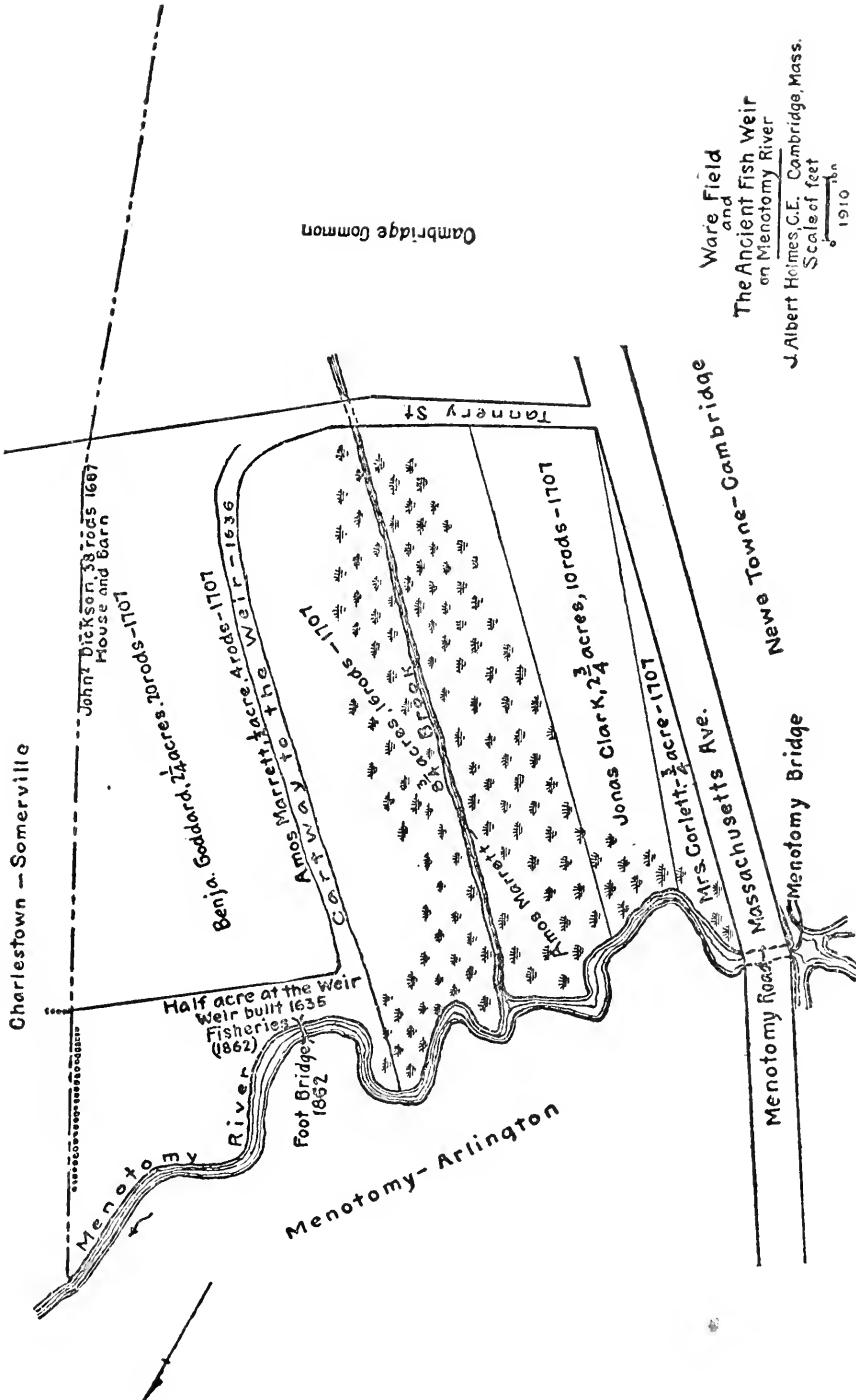
It was also agreed with him to fetch home the alewives from the weir for which he was to receive sixteen pence per thousand. Not all the fish were put upon the land. John Clark was required to furnish of the first run what fish the townsmen desired for eating at two pence per score.

Town legislation regarding dogs was made necessary, because of the practice of fishing the corn. The owner whose dog was found in a corn field digging up fish was fined, and if he did not pay, the dog might be shot.

It would be interesting to know how the "boarded weire" was constructed. It is the practice at present in taking alewives to impound them in a shallow pool, from which they are removed with scoop nets. The barrier is formed of boards built up to a height of a foot or eighteen inches, over which the fish pass to the pool, and from which they will not return till they have cast their spawn. This construction is a true weir according to definition.

During the last years of taking alewives along Menotomy River, seines were used, and the fish sold in Boston for bait for cod fishing.

As evidence that there was land in addition to the cartway reserved early at the weir, it was agreed on the "20th of the 9th month," November 20, 1648, "that Natt. Hancocke should haue some wood out of the Weare, to be Cut out and fethched home by the Constables at ye Towne Charge." Hancocke was ill and unable to provide the wood himself; he died shortly after.



In December, 1648, the use and profit of the weir and the weir land were granted to John Gibson for the two years next ensuing, on condition that he serve the town with fish at nine pence per thousand. Evidently John could not fulfill the contract for, on March 11, 1649, a committee was appointed to arrange with Roger Buck regarding the weir for one year ensuing.

At a meeting of the Selectmen, November 12, 1666, William Dickson made a motion to the effect "that in letting the wares, care might be taken to secure Winottimes Corn fields." It is not quite plain from this record just what Mr. Dickson intended by his motion; perhaps it was to protect the Menotomy corn fields by fencing, perhaps to provide them with fish before other localities were served.

In February, 1685, the weir and weir field were let to Nathaniel Patten for thirty shillings for the ensuing year, and in April, 1686, he was chosen to look after the gate at "Notomie Bridge," for which service the rent of the weir was to be allowed him.

The foregoing is from the "Town and Selectmen's Records." In the "Proprietors' Records," under date of March 28, 1715, we find that a committee was appointed, one of whose duties it was to let the weirs, and on April 8, 1717, the same committee reported that they had "Let ye benefit of ye Wares to Catch fish, the high way & Common Land thereto Belonging for this present year to mr. Henry Dunster & mr. Samuel Bowman for twelve Shillings, they to delivr. ye fish to ye Inhabitants of Said town at Eight pence p thousand."

The Proprietors voted, in June, 1719, to resign the privilege and benefit of the weirs for catching fish to the town, provided the town would defend the weirs against encroachment, and pay certain expenses, and that the fish be equitably distributed at a price not exceeding nine pence per thousand, and finally that the town make acceptance at its next public meeting.

Evidently the town did not accept, for at a meeting of the Proprietors held March 25, 1720, it was "Voted that the privilidge of ye Wares for catching of fish, with the Lands thereto appertaining, belongs to Said Proprietors." "Also Voted that One Acre of ye flatts of Great Spy pond on ye North Side ye Bridge over Mills's Ware be laid out for ye better Securing Said Proprietors' privilidge

of Catching of fish in Said Town." The "Bridge" carried Weir Lane, or Lake Street, Arlington, over the outlet of Spy Pond.

A committee of the Proprietors, on April 15, 1726, let to Colonel Edmund Goff and Lieutenant Amos Marrett the whole privilege of catching fish at Mills's weir for that year. This is the last mention of the weirs in the "Proprietors' Records."

"Ye half Acre of Land laid out for ye benefit of ye wares & ye high Way leading unto it thru Ware field" was under consideration by the Proprietors during the winter of 1723-1724, and at a meeting held May 15, 1724, it was voted that John Dickson have the improvement of the half-acre of land at the weir and the highway leading to it through Ware Field during the year for six shillings.

In his "History of Cambridge" Paige tells us that at an early period the Dickson family occupied an estate on the easterly side of Menotomy River, extending from North Avenue (now Massachusetts Avenue) to the Winter Hill Road (Broadway, Somerville). On July 24, 1687, pursuant to a vote of the town, the selectmen laid out to John Dickson about one-fourth acre of land, on which to build a house and barn, "in our ware field next Charlestown line;" the northwest boundary was next the Ware Field, on which boundary he was to maintain a fence.

Apparently the half-acre at the weir and the highway leading thereto were never definitely laid out by a vote of the Proprietors, but were reserved. In 1707 four lots were assigned, "In the Ware field." The lot numbered thirty-six, falling to Amos Marrett, was divided by the highway to the weir. That part of Marrett's lot on the easterly side of the highway was bounded northerly by the half-acre, while the portion on the westerly side bordered northerly on Menotomy River.

Massachusetts Avenue in Cambridge, above the Common, was in use as a path or road as early as 1635, and perhaps earlier, and was called the "highway to Menotomy," also, the "Great Road," and "Concord Road."

From the foregoing records we learn that in 1635 a fish weir was established on Menotomy River, and that in the following year a cartway was made to the weir, leading from Menotomy road, a part of which was doubtless Tannery Street. Amos Mar-

rett acquired other land in Ware Field and disposed of his holdings there to John Dickson. Marrett's southeast boundary was on Cambridge Common, meaning common land. Dickson soon acquired all the land between what is now Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, and Broadway, Somerville, though how he came into possession of the weir land I have been unable to ascertain. He died March 22, 1736-1737, and his estate was divided among his sons. In later deeds that portion of the estate next Massachusetts Avenue is described as bordering southeasterly on an open way or lane, leading to Dickson's house, the present Tannery Street.

Tannery Street would be the natural route around the head of the swamp bordering Tannery Brook to the high ground beyond, and thence to the Weir. We also learn that the bridge over the river was called Menotomy Bridge, and that there was a gate at that point; that the weir and the right to take fish thereat, also the weir land and the cartway leading thereto were leased to various residents of the town from time to time, and that the designation for the lands between Massachusetts Avenue and the Somerville line east of Menotomy River was "Ware Field."

There is a plan in the Cambridge city engineer's office at City Hall, bearing date of 1862, on which is shown a foot bridge crossing Menotomy River about seven hundred and forty feet north-easterly or down stream from Massachusetts Avenue. Just below this bridge appears on the plan the word "fisheries."

This is the spot where the early land grants show the ancient fish weir to have been located, where shad and alewives were taken by the colonists for "fishing their Indian corn." The foot bridge was just at the point where the high land draws close to the river on either side, forming the outfall of the basin in which lie Fresh and Spy Ponds and the Fresh Pond meadows. It would be the natural place to locate a weir, for above the "great swamp" spread out on either side, while a short distance below the river was crossed by the Charlestown line, beyond which the weir could not be located according to the grant. The land is now owned by the Commonwealth and is just within the lines of Menotomy River Parkway. The Cambridge Poor Farm occupies a part of Ware Field.

There was another weir of later date called "Mills's Ware," at the outlet of Spy Pond, and a resident of Cambridge informs me

that he very well remembers a fish house which stood over the brook just north of Concord Avenue, where the fish were taken as they passed through a plank flume.

A committee appointed in 1767 to make a survey of Charlestown streets, and to assert the town's rights where encroachments had been made, reported that "There is a fishing place at Menotomy Bridge, South Side" (Broadway, Somerville) "which appears to belong to the Town, but Mr. Dickson has put up a fence & enclosed the most of it."

That the land belonged to the town is no doubt correct, but their right to take fish there was denied by the County Court in 1681, as appears in the records of the Court: "The selectmen of Cambridge, plaintiffs against Capt. Lawrence Hammond and John Cutler, jun., defendants, do humbly declare as followeth, &c. In the year 1634 the General Court granted them liberty to erect a ware upon Minottomy River, and they accordingly so did, and have had quiet possession of the same from that time until now, without any disturbance of their neighbors of Charlestown or any other; and hath been in a manner the stay and support of the town by fishing their Indian corn, which is the principal part of their husbandry and livelihood. . . . The defendants have both violently and contempuously proceeded to obstruct the passage of the fish to the wares, which they so long possessed, as above said, to their great damage and loss of two hundred thousand fish, which we judge will be a hundred pounds damage to the town in their crop, and tending to the inevitable impoverishing of divers poor families."

Paige says, writing in 1877: "The practice of 'fishing their Indian corn' was long ago abandoned by cultivators in Cambridge; but the privilege of taking fish in Menotomy River remains valuable. It has been subject to occasional controversies and litigations since 1681, in all which Cambridge has preserved the rights originally granted; and to the present day 'fish officers' are annually appointed by the city council to take care that those rights suffer no infringement." The superintendent of sewers and the superintendent of the water-works are now the "fish officers" of Cambridge.

Russell Cook, an old resident of the neighborhood next Menotomy River, and living there at present, states that alewives were so plentiful in the river during the spawning season that "one could

walk across on them." In 1875 tide gates were built in the river near Broadway, which practically put a stop to the fish ascending above that point. The great abundance of alewives taken from the river during the first two hundred years of settlement very naturally lead to its being referred to as the Alewife Brook, and so in the Commissioners' Records we find, under the survey of 1802, the bridge carrying Menotomy Road, now Broadway, Somerville, over Menotomy River referred to as the Alewife Bridge.

The stream was sometimes called "the Little River" and "Little Mystic" as the Mystic River was called the "Great River." We find it called Little River in 1826 and 1848.

Little River has remained as the name of the outlet of Spy Pond, which was sometimes called Menotomy Pond, while Menotomy River was the outlet of Fresh Pond.

In the "History of Arlington" Cutter says: "The names of Mystic and Menotomy rivers are apparently aboriginal designations, and, like all Indian names, probably describe the locality to which they were affixed. Trumbull gives the origin of the name Mystic anciently written Mistick, as applied to the Medford River, thus: 'Tuk' in Indian denotes a river whose waters are driven in waves by the tide or winds. With the adjectival missi, 'great,' it forms missituk, now written Mystic — the name of the 'great river of Boston bay.' The origin of the name Menotomy yet awaits explanation. The spellings of the word have been various."

In the Cambridge "Town Records," 1630–1703, we find the river called "Menotomies," "Menotomy," "Notomy," and "Winattime"; in the Proprietors' Records, 1635–1829, it is given, "Menotmy," "Manotomie," and "Menotamye"; the Commissioners' Records, 1638–1802, give "Winotamies" and "Menotomies" River. Paige calls it "Menotomy" River, and Wyman refers to "Menotomy" River no less than forty times between 1637 and 1808, and once to Alewife River, in 1818.

Cutter gives "Menotomy" River, and there have been found in the Middlesex registry no less than thirty deeds, between the years 1646 and 1794, in which Menotomy River is mentioned.

"Menotomy" is the form of spelling used by far the greater number of times in the above records, and, as the records show, Menotomy River was the name by which the beautiful little stream,

winding its way through the marshes and meadows from Fresh Pond to the Mystic, was known for nearly two hundred years. Its waters were clear and of considerable depth, and at the old weir below Massaehusetts Avenue it had a width, in 1862, of about twenty feet, while above it had a less and below a greater width. That the river was used for boats is shown by the following Revolutionary record. On May 10, 1775, the Committee of Safety voted "that Mr. Watson be directed and empowered to remove to Cambridge the boats now in Menotomy river."

At the conclusion of Mr. Holmes's paper the meeting was dissolved.

THE NINETEENTH MEETING
BEING THE SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING

THE NINETEENTH MEETING, being the Sixth Annual Meeting, of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the twenty-fifth day of October, nineteen hundred and ten, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presided.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The following persons were chosen a committee to consider and report a list of nominations for the officers of the Society for the ensuing year: HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY, FRANKLIN PERRIN, and STEPHEN PASCHALL SHARPLES.

On behalf of the Council MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI submitted its Annual Report, as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

THE By-Laws of the Cambridge Historical Society call for a report from the Council at each October meeting. In accordance with this custom we herewith submit the Fifth Annual Report. Another year has passed over the head of the Society and we are still bewailing our youth. Had our Charter been dated fifty years ago how much we might have saved from the wreck of time! How many noted names we might have shown on our roll of membership! But regretting the past avails little now; we must take courage and do what we can with our material.

This year we have not much to report. No centenaries of famous sons of Cambridge have brought our name prominently before

the public, no great work has been accomplished, we have not even yet obtained a permanent home.

There have been three meetings of the Council, one at the Latin School on October 26, 1909, two at the house of the President, November 30, 1909, and May 27, 1910. The Society has held three regular meetings, all, by the courtesy of the authorities, in the Lecture Hall of the Latin School. The Annual Meeting came on October 26, 1909, when the elections were held, Frank Gaylord Cook going out of office as Secretary and Francis Hill Bigelow being chosen to fill his place.

An amendment to the By-Laws was passed, so that Article XVI now reads: "Any regular member shall be exempted from the annual payment if at any time after his admission he shall pay into the Treasury fifty dollars in addition to his previous payments; and any Associate Member shall be similarly exempted on payment of twenty-five dollars. All commutations shall be and remain permanently funded, the interest only to be used for current expenses"; thus providing for Life Membership in the Society.

The speaker for the evening was Mr. Stephen Pascall Sharples, who read an interesting paper on the Lawrence Scientific School, this institution having passed into history. Mr. Sharples was an early pupil and later was instructor in this school, so that he was able to give a full account of its origin, history, and work, and tell of its famous teachers and pupils.

This meeting occurring just as Harvard College was inaugurating a new president, the following timely letters and records were read, all telling of former elections and inaugurations of presidents of Harvard: Extracts from the journal of Miss Eliza Susan Quincy, daughter of President Quincy, 1816-1838; a letter from Edward Everett Hale to George J. Abbot, of Washington, D. C., telling of the acceptance of the presidency by the uncle of the writer, Hon. Edward Everett, in 1845; also letters from Willard Phillips to Octavius Pickering written at the time that Jared Sparks was elected and inaugurated, 1848-1849.

The regular winter meeting was held at the Latin School, January 25, 1910. It was unfortunately a very stormy night, so that only about thirty persons were present to enjoy the able paper read by Mr. Worthington Chauncey Ford, of the Massachusetts Historical

Society, on "Certain Defects in our Historical Societies." Mr. Ford sketched for us an Historical Society as it should *not* be, and then gave several suggestions as to how we could work to the best advantage. He thought it would be a great help if the historical societies would supply the central society with a list of all original documents owned by them, if indeed they did not deposit the documents themselves with the State Society. He said that the Massachusetts Society could mend and care for documents much better than the local societies, and that they would be carefully catalogued and could be consulted at all times.

The remainder of the session was occupied by an informal talk on old documents in historical societies and county courts and how badly some of them were kept, and it was voted that the Council be asked to ascertain what unprinted documents of historical value are in the hands of the City Clerk, and to see that they have proper care and arrangement, also to ascertain if it would not be possible to have a list printed of the wills before 1700 that are in the Middlesex Probate Office, no such list ever having been published.

The third regular meeting was held April 26, 1910. Owing to a severe storm, only twenty-five members were present. A paper was read by Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana on Lieutenant James Dana of Connecticut, who was quartered in Cambridge during the first year of the Revolution and who fought at Bunker Hill. Several small articles, formerly the property of Lieutenant Dana, were presented to the Society by Mrs. Almeda Anthony Snyder, of East Worcester, N. Y.

Mr. J. Albert Holmes read an exhaustive paper on "The Ancient Fish Weir on Menotomy River." Alewives, the fish that abound in this river, played an important part in the early days of Cambridge, and mention of them is found several times in the records of town meetings. The Indians taught the early settlers to plant alewives in every hill of corn to make it productive.

The bronze Longfellow medal was awarded to Gilbert Franke by the Society, in February of this year, for the best essay on "The Patriotic Poems of Longfellow." This is the second time this medal has been given, and this year, as well as the first year, it went to a son of a professor in Harvard. Both winners were

pupils in the Browne and Nichols Preparatory School. The successful competitor read the essay before his fellow pupils, the members of the Committee on Medals, and a number of parents of the scholars, as well as the President and members of the Council.

The Society has lost by death six regular members: James Barr Ames, John Rayner Edmonds, William James Rolfe, Emma Griscom Smith, Alvin Foye Sortwell, and Sarah Hodges Swan. Three Associate members have also passed to the great majority: Alexander Agassiz; Arthur Gilman, who as a Charter member was most active in the formation of the Society; and William Harmon Niles, who at our celebration of the Louis Agassiz Centenary, May, 1907, gave us a paper on the great naturalist from the standpoint of a pupil. Since the last Annual Meeting twelve members have signed the By-Laws, and if there are any present to-night who have not signed it is hoped that they will kindly do so after this meeting.

So much for the year passed; now what are we going to do as to the future? It was voted at the last Council Meeting to have an Index made of the Proprietors' and the Town Records. This is very important, as at present any one trying to get information regarding early settlers is obliged to read much of the books, and owing to the eccentric spelling of the scribes of those days may even then overlook the most important items. It is hoped that this work may be completed during the coming season.

We are gradually accumulating many objects that will be of interest to our descendants, as your Curator will tell you. And now let me urge on every member to try to do something to further our aims this coming year. Your Council is composed of more or less distinguished men and women, all very much engaged in varied pursuits, but here are nearly two hundred members, many of whom have until now done nothing for the common good. What will you do this year? Do you not know of some old record in a family Bible, some old letters written from Cambridge, a scrapbook perhaps? Even if these things do not seem very important to you they may furnish facts that we wish to know. We do not ask for the originals, copies will answer our purpose. Have you no old obituaries or biographical sketches of Cambridge citizens? We should be glad to have them. In these days when every one photographs are there no views of Cambridge streets and houses of which

you could give us copies? Mr. Ford suggested that Cambridge streets should be photographed every few years and prints filed away for future reference; had that been done in the past many knotty points would be cleared up. Have you no sketches of houses long gone? Is there not some record of the past known to you that you could send to the Curator, who will receive anything, no matter how small the gift? Do not sit idle and leave all the work to others; show us what you can do. If every one will cheerfully do his best, our Society will not exist in vain.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

THE past year has not had the noteworthy events to make it as interesting as the previous ones, and the duties of the Secretary have been of minor importance.

Many suggestions have been made before the Society and to the Council at its meetings which should bring results of considerable consequence.

There remains, of course, much to be accomplished by the Society, but with the hearty coöperation of the members the future has much of interest in store.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CURATOR

IN accordance with the plan of arrangement for the Society's collection of books, pamphlets, manuscripts, curios, etc., which was determined upon a year ago, and stated in the last Annual Report, the Curator has had, this year, a definite course to follow, and he has had the good fortune to secure, at a moderate expenditure, the services of an expert cataloguer, Miss Ella S. Wood, by whom the work has been completed and brought down to this date.

Interesting statistics have resulted from this completed work. The collection now has 135 bound volumes; 759 pamphlets; 123 pamphlet holders, containing 1,917 letters; 33 photographs and portraits of Cambridge people, of which 7 are framed; 24 views of or in Cambridge; and 9 curios, etc. The additions during the period covered by this Report were 72 bound volumes, 98 pamphlets, and 1 curio. Notable among the earlier gifts was the chair of Washington Allston,

obtained from the income of a fund in the hands of Mr. Richard H. Dana as sole trustee.¹ Among the later donors, as listed in this year's Proceedings, were Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who gave an album of photographs of Cambridge men of note during the last century; our Secretary, Mr. Francis H. Bigelow, who gave a considerable number of books, pamphlets, and a framed group of tiles from the Todd house; and Miss Mary E. Saunders, who turned over to the Society a miscellaneous collection of books, pamphlets, and newspapers which had belonged to her father, the late George S. Saunders, of 9 Concord Avenue.

A glance at the shelf list will make the plan of arrangement clear, and by its use, for some time to come, the collection is easily accessible. Following the custom in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the books are not themselves numbered. The simplicity of the plan of arrangement there, as here, makes a detailed classification unnecessary, that being left to the card catalogue proper, which now comfortably fills a two-tray case, with a total of some 1,500 cards.

The shelf arrangement by cards, showing some variations from the original plan, and suggesting some later modifications, is as follows:

1. General reference works (the few needed).
 2. General histories : Societies, etc.
 3. Collected biographies and genealogies : Societies, etc.
 4. Histories by States (except New England), including cities, towns, and counties : Societies, etc.
 5. New England States (except Massachusetts), including cities, towns, and counties : Societies, etc.
 6. Massachusetts cities, towns, and counties (except Cambridge) : Societies, etc.
 7. Cambridge:
 - (a) Historical and other Societies: Proceedings, etc.
 - (b) City publications.
 - (c) Books, pamphlets, views, etc.
 - (d) Books, etc. by and about Cambridge people.
 - (e) Early imprints.
 - (f) Harvard University: Reports, etc.
 - (g) Radcliffe College; " "

¹ This fund was made up of the net proceeds of the exhibition of Washington Allston's picture of Belshazzar's Feast, in 1843, with accumulation of interest. (See account in Suffolk Probate Court.)

(h) Other institutions.

(i) Curios, relics, souvenirs, etc.

8. Miscellaneous.

Adherence to the plan of arrangement and choice of material adopted for the Society's collection, and observance of its proper scope and necessary limitations will unavoidably make its growth slower than that possible for other collections of larger scope, but it is believed that there will be a compensating gain, as was stated in the Report of last year, by reason of the development of the collection along exclusive lines as drawn; and it is hoped that there will be sufficient material forthcoming, not only to add to the value and size of the collection, but also to make imperative, beyond further delay, the provision of adequate quarters, and eventually of a building of its own.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

CASH ACCOUNT

In obedience to the requirements of the By-Laws the Treasurer herewith presents his Annual Report of the Receipts and Disbursements for the year 1909-1910.

RECEIPTS

Balance, 26 October, 1909		\$170.83
Admission Fees		\$16.00
Annual Assessments: Regular Members	\$531.00	
Associate Members	<u>18.00</u>	549.00
Commutation of the Annual Dues:		
Regular Member	50.00	
Associate Member	<u>25.00</u>	75.00
Society's Publications sold	<u>45.00</u>	<u>685.00</u>
		<u><u>\$855.83</u></u>

DISBURSEMENTS

The University Press, printing Publications IV, By-Laws, and bills		\$313.73
Bureau of Printing and Engraving, printing notices and postal cards		10.50
Hobbs and Warren Company, letter book		3.50
Massachusetts Historical Society, pamphlets and reprints . . .		2.40
Harriet L. Horne, clerical services rendered the Treasurer . . .		25.00
Edna M. Bullard, stenography and typewriting	<u>22.74</u>	<u>\$377.87</u>

	Expenditures brought forward	\$377.87
Sarah L. Patrick, typewriting	19.00	
Thomas F. Cahir, janitor service	5.00	
Walter K. Munroe, services	1.25	
Postage and expressage	<u>23.55</u>	<u>\$426.67</u>
 Cataloguing the Collections:		
Ella Sites Wood, services	\$99.25	
Stuart N. Hotaling, services	2.40	
Library Bureau, cards, oak tray and catalogue case	10.88	
Amee Brothers, stationery	11.68	
H. C. Dimond and Company, rubber stamps	1.49	125.70
General Fund, Commutation Fees received during the year	75.00	
Balance on deposit 25 October, 1910	<u>228.46</u>	
		<u><u>\$853.83</u></u>

HENRY H. EDES,
Treasurer.

CAMBRIDGE, 25 October, 1910.

REPORT OF THE AUDITOR

I HEREBY certify that I have examined the Accounts of the Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society for the year ending this day and find them to have been correctly kept and to be properly vouched. I have also verified the Cash Balance.

ANDREW McF. DAVIS,
Auditor.

CAMBRIDGE, 25 October, 1910.

The report of the Committee on Nominations was read and accepted and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were elected by ballot for the ensuing year:

The Council

CLARENCE WALTER AYER,
HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY,
FRANCIS HILL BIGELOW,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,
ANDREW McFARLAND DAVIS,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,

EDWARD HENRY HALL,
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE,
WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE,
ALICE MARY LONGFELLOW,
WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

<i>President</i>	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. ANDREW McFARLAND DAVIS. ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE.
<i>Secretary</i>	CLARENCE WALTER AYER.
<i>Treasurer</i>	HENRY HERBERT EDES.
<i>Curator</i>	CLARENCE WALTER AYER.

The SECRETARY-ELECT was duly sworn.

On behalf of the Committee on Early Settlers' Descendants the following report was presented by Mary Isabella Gozzaldi:

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON EARLY SETTLERS' DESCENDANTS

THIS Committee was appointed in the first year of the Society, but never before has made a report. The members who have filled out their papers are:

MISSES ELIZABETH HARRIS and ALBERTA MANNING HOUGHTON. Descended in the eighth generation from Major Simon Willard, 1632.

In the ninth generation from William Manning, before 1638.

MRS. EMMA MARIA (CUTTER) MITCHELL (MRS. JOHN). In the eighth generation from Richard Cutter who came to Cambridge about 1638; Thomas Fillebrown, admitted to the Cambridge Church in 1666.

MRS. MARY GERTRUDE (PARKER) SHEFFIELD (MRS. GEORGE). In the seventh generation from Richard Hildreth, here before 1644; Edward Winship, 1635; John Poulter who lived at Cambridge Farms in 1697.

MRS. MARY ISABELLA (JAMES) GOZZALDI (MRS. SILVIO). In the ninth generation from William Adams, who had a land grant in 1635, and was made freeman May 22, 1639.

MISS MARION BROWN FESSENDEN, descended from twenty-three early settlers; twice (both in maternal and paternal lines) from seven of these. In the eighth generation from Nicholas Fessenden, before 1674; Lieut. David Fiske, about 1646; John Brown, before 1656; William Munroe, (two lines) 1652; John Mason, (two lines) before 1676; Thomas Fillebrown, admitted to the Church in 1666; John Rolfe, before 1656; John Spring, (two lines) before 1657.

In the ninth generation from Lydia Cooper, before 1636; Henry Prentice, before 1643; Nathaniel Bowman, 1650; Roger Wellington, 1638; James Cutler, (two lines) 1649; Elizabeth Cutter, (two lines) about 1640; Nicholas Wyeth, about 1645; John Ward, about 1643; Thomas Sweatman, 1645; Thomas Cheney, before 1656; George Reed, 1635.

In the tenth generation from Edward Jackson, before 1643; Gregory Stone, 1637.

In the eleventh generation from John Bridge, (two lines) 1632; Nicholas Danforth, (two lines) 1635.

MISS SARAH ALICE WORCESTER. In the eighth generation from Governor Thomas Dudley, 1631.

MISS SUSANNA WILLARD. In the seventh generation from Major Simon Willard, 1634.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON WHITTEMORE. In the sixth generation from Samuel Whittemore.

In the eighth generation from President Henry Dunster, 1640; Governor Thomas Dudley, 1631; Mrs. Elizabeth Cutter, 1638.

MRS. ISABELLA STUART WHITTEMORE (MRS. WILLIAM R.). In the sixth generation from Abraham Ireland.

JOSEPH HENRY BEALE. In the ninth generation from Thomas Fillebrown, 1666; Henry Prentice, before 1648; Nicholas Wyeth, about 1645; John Ward, about 1643.

In the tenth generation from Mrs. Elizabeth Cutter, 1638.

WILLIAM EBEN STONE. In the eighth generation from Gregory Stone, 1637; John Champney, 1638.

FRANCIS HILL BIGELOW has eighteen ancestors among the early settlers. In the sixth generation from Joseph Hill, 1727.

In the seventh generation from Owen Warland; Josiah Parker.

In the eighth generation from Henry Prentice, before 1643; John Ward, about 1643; William Reed, 1718; Richard Dana; Nicholas Wyeth, about 1645.

In the ninth generation from Lydia Cooper, before 1636; John Benjamin, 1635; Lieut. David Fiske, about 1646; Francis Whitmore; John Brewer, 1642; Edward Jackson, 1643; John Champney, 1638; Thomas Blodgett, 1635.

In the tenth generation from William Manning, before 1638; Richard Parks, 1638.

JOHN HERBERT BARKER, of Waltham, Associate member. In the eighth generation from Richard Francis; John Cooper; Nicholas Wyeth.

In the ninth generation from Henry Prentice; Nathaniel Hancock; John Ward; Nathaniel Sparhawk.

In the tenth generation from Edward Jackson; Jonas Clarke.

Only fourteen members of the two hundred have sent in their papers. I know that it is considerable trouble to make them out, but it is also very interesting. I have blanks for any one who will use them, and shall be glad to make out the papers for members who will send me their line from any one mentioned in Paige's History of Cambridge.

Although only fourteen members have reported, they represent nearly fifty of the early settlers. There are a great many more than this represented by their descendants in our Society.

Upon the main subject for the meeting SAMUEL FRANCIS BATCHELDER read the following paper:

ADVENTURES OF JOHN NUTTING, CAMBRIDGE LOYALIST



[From his Memorial to Lord George Germain, 1777.]

To paraphrase Cowper, hymning the surprising adventures of another John:

John Nutting was a carpenter
Of credit and renown.
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous Cambridge town.

His father was James the locksmith, of humble but respectable pedigree,—so humble that only his wife's first name, Mercy, is recorded.¹ Young John was born 14 January, 1739, Old Style.² Within the week he was baptized,³ after the prompt, Godfearing fashion of his day, and named for his uncle, the aristocrat of the family, who held the double distinction of a Harvard degree and the Collectorship at Salem.

Six years later his father died,⁴ and the lad, on reaching suitable age, was apprenticed to John Walton,⁵ housewright, of Reading. This worthy was destined to play an important part in his career,

¹ Cf. L. R. Paige, History of Cambridge, 616, etc.

² From data collected by John's grandson, the late Charles Martyr Nutting, K.C., of Halifax, most kindly placed at my disposal by his nephew, Henry Haliburton Robinson, Esq., of London. Hereinafter referred to as Nutting Papers.

³ 21 January, 1739. Register of First Parish, Cambridge.

⁴ Administration granted to the widow 27 Jan. 1745–6, with an allowance for the three youngest (*sic*) children "one of which was sickly." Middlesex Probate Records, No. 16138. It seems impossible to suppose John was the invalid.

⁵ 96 Massachusetts Archives (Muster Rolls), 420.

at least in that portion of it connected with Cambridge. He is often called Captain Walton,¹ and we may surmise that it was through his influence that his apprentice, when only seventeen, marched from Cambridge in Captain Fuller's company of Colonel William Brattle's regiment "on the alarm for the relief of Fort William Henry."² He served but two weeks on that expedition, getting no farther than Springfield, where the news of the final disaster to the ill-fated garrison probably reached his command.

The next year he enlisted³ under Captain Aaron Fay in "a company of foot in His Majesty's service," forming a part of Colonel Ebenezer Nichols's regiment raised by Massachusetts "for the reduction of Canada." This time he saw real service, and on a pretty considerable scale. Nichols's regiment formed part of the composite force of over fifteen thousand men, regulars and militia, that gathered that summer on the shores of Lake George, and under the inefficient Abercrombie made a bootless attack on Montcalm, entrenched at Ticonderoga. Young Jack must have had his fill of wilderness-marching, lake-paddling, and stockade-building; and perhaps of fighting as well, for on at least one occasion his regiment was severely cut up.⁴ He may have seen and must have lamented the untimely death of young Lord Howe, who, though nominally second in command, was the life and soul of the expedition.

These early seeds of martial experience evidently fell on good ground. Nutting's aptitude for military life, especially of the militia variety, as well as the early development of his powers of command, organization, persuasion, and *camaraderie*, so essential to promotion therein, may be inferred from the fact that ere the Revolution he had been elected "acting lieutenant" of the Cambridge company,—doubtless in place of Lieutenant Samuel Thatcher, who on the reorganization of the militia shortly before the outbreak of active hostilities had been promoted Captain, vice Thomas Gard-

¹ In 1775, when he had moved to Cambridge, he was first lieutenant in the local company, with his brother for second. L. R. Paige, *History of Cambridge*, 408.

² 95 Massachusetts Archives (*Muster Rolls*), 377.

³ 2 May, 1758. 96 Massachusetts Archives (*Muster Rolls*), 420. Nichols was a Reading man. L. Eaton, *Genealogical History of Reading*, 98.

⁴ Cf. R. Rogers, *Journal*, 121. J. Cleaveland, *Journal*; xii. Essex Institute Historical Collections, 190; etc.

ner.¹ In this position his influence was certainly sufficient to make his leadership sought by both sides in the struggle,² as we shall see.

Perhaps it is not too fanciful to picture the young militiaman returning in November from his first campaign, with the irresistible air of all true sons of Mars, making conquest then and there of the heart of his master's daughter, Mary Walton. At all events we find him three years later, just out of his indentures and entitled to call himself housewright on his own account, preparing a home for his bride in Cambridge. On November 7, 1761, he bought of William Bordman for £16 lawful money a little lot of a quarter of an aere (about where the Epworth Church now stands) "on the highway or Common as far as the land belonging to the Heirs of Mr. Johnathan Hastings dece^d" and in front of "the Tan Yard," with "half the well."³ Here he built a modest house "two story high, three rooms on a floor"—"a good house," as one of his boarders testified later,⁴ and it is something for a boarder to say that. Here the young couple established themselves, and here, 26 April, 1762,⁵ was born their first child, a daughter, baptized⁶ Mary for her mother; her father, as was customary (if not already done), "owning the covenant" the same day in Dr. Appleton's meeting. The next June he bought an additional strip of land from Bordman for £6 lawful.⁷

The extant records of his next few years are mainly concerned with the good old-fashioned steady increases to the family, till half a dozen babies were tumbling about the little house opposite the common. John Junior was born 3 March, 1764;⁸ Mercy (named from

¹ L. R. Paige, *History of Cambridge*, 408.

² Memorial to the Commissioners on Loyalists' Claims. Heard at Halifax, 29 December, 1785. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London.

³ 59 Middlesex Deeds, 266.

⁴ Testimony of Nathaniel Bust before the Commissioners, 29 December, 1785. American Loyalists Transcripts, xiii. 303. Public Library, New York City.

⁵ Nutting Papers.

⁶ 9 May, 1762. First Parish Records.

⁷ 59 Middlesex Deeds, 324.

⁸ Nutting Papers. Baptized 11 March, 1764. First Parish Records. Died unmarried 30 July, 1822. Nutting Papers.

her paternal grandmother) arrived on Washington's Birthday, 1766;¹ Mary No. 2 (No. 1 having died 12 April, 1766²) came to carry on the name, 1 March, 1768;³ Elizabeth (another family cognomen) opened her eyes on 5 April, 1770;⁴ James (named from his paternal grandfather) joined the flock on 8 May, 1772;⁵ and Susanna put in an appearance on 28 August, 1773.⁶

Meanwhile our housewright was becoming a man of substance and standing. In 1768 he was appointed one of the parish tax-collectors, and had the handling of as much as a hundred and sixty pound on a single accounting.⁷ In his turn he began to take apprentices.⁸ His father-in-law Walton seems to have put work in his way, and certainly stood behind him with financial backing.⁹ He himself described his business as "extensive," both as master-builder and in the lumber trade.¹⁰ Among other important jobs, he did nearly a hundred and forty pounds' worth of work in building Mr. Thomas Oliver's fine house,¹¹ which under the name of "Elmwood" still stands stout and good.

He also dabbled in maritime interests. A strong streak of the sea was in his blood. The family name was well represented among the amphibious population of Salem, Marblehead, and Gloucester.

¹ Nutting Papers. Baptized 3 March, 1766. First Parish Records. Died 1784. Nutting Papers.

² Stone in Cambridge Churchyard.

³ Nutting Papers. Baptized 6 March, 1768. First Parish Records. Married Captain Daniel McNeil of North Carolina, 27 November, 1788, at Halifax, and had three children. Died circa 1795. Nutting Papers.

⁴ Nutting Papers. Baptized 6 May, 1770. First Parish Records. Died between 1776 and 1783. See *post*.

⁵ Nutting Papers. Baptized perhaps at Christ Church, for by this date Nutting had left the First Parish meeting. Died between 1776 and 1783.

⁶ Ditto.

⁷ First Parish Account Book labelled "1763."

⁸ When he went to Halifax he took two of them along. Memorial to Germania, 28 February, 1778. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 75, Public Record Office, London.

⁹ 71 Middlesex Deeds, 430.

¹⁰ Memorial to the Commissioners. Heard at Halifax, 29 December, 1785. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London.

¹¹ "Account of Particulars of the Expences of Thomas Olivers Buildings in Cambridge." Bristol, 2 October, 1783. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 48, Public Record Office, London.

ester,¹ and in the earliest records of the American Navy.² His father appears to have been the armorer of the little man-of-war *Prince of Orange* in the early 40's,³ and at his death left, according to the inventory of his estate, "a Sain 100 / - , codline 5 / - ."⁴ Of his brothers, James was a "marriner"⁵ and Samuel a surgeon aboard the *Independence* and the *Rhodes* throughout the Revolution.⁶ His brother Jonathan was captured in the brig *Ruby* by the British and confined in the prison-ship at St. Lucia; but swam by night with ten companions to a vessel a mile off, overpowered her crew, and sailed away to freedom.⁷ Two of his nephews, master and mate, found a sailor's grave in the loss of the *Hercules*.⁸ He himself was paid "14/- for boating Mr. Serjeant's goods to Cambridge"⁹ when that gentleman arrived as the new rector of Christ Church in the summer of 1767. He was so familiar with the Bay of Fundy and the coast of Maine that he was able a few years later to act as pilot to one of the British expeditions therealong (of which more anon). This familiarity was evidently acquired on coasting-trips to secure his supplies of lumber, which, odd as it may sound, was then almost entirely brought to Boston from the shores of Maine.¹⁰

It was on these trips that he became interested in acquiring lands "to the Eastward," as the phrase then went — perhaps by

¹ J. K. Nutting, Nutting Genealogy, *passim*.

² Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors in the War of the Revolution, xi. *passim*.

³ Massachusetts Archives (Muster Rolls), *passim*.

⁴ Middlesex Probate Records, No. 16138.

⁵ Middlesex Probate Records, No. 16140.

⁶ Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors in the War of the Revolution, xi. *passim*.

⁷ C. Eaton, History of Thomaston, i. 149.

⁸ *Idem.* ii. 341.

⁹ Christ Church Accounts.

¹⁰ At the outbreak of the Revolution he "left Lumber to the Eastward to the value of £ 40 lawful Money." Testimony before the Commissioners, 29 December, 1785. American Loyalists Transcripts, xiii. 301. Public Library, New York City. Moreover, as early as 1750, since "The Fire Wood near Boston is much exhausted, we are under a necessity of fetching it from the Province of Main, and Territory of Sagadahock. A Wood Sloop with three Hands makes about 15 Voyages per Ann. from the Eastward to Boston, may carry about 30 Cord Fire Wood each Voyage." W. Douglass, A Summary . . . of the British Settlements in North America, ii. 68.

the advice of brother Jonathan, who from 1767 onwards was making considerable purchases and sales of real estate in what is now Thomaston, Maine, and the coast adjacent.¹ Following his example, and little foreseeing the results on his own and indeed on his country's history, our John began investing in shore lots, quite in the modern manner, just across Penobscot Bay, in what is now Castine, and up the Bagaduce River.

Save for the straggling clearings of a few of the original grantees,² that region was then an unbroken wilderness, covered to the water's edge with those magnificent pines and other evergreens that afforded an apparently inexhaustible supply of the finest timber, especially masts and spars, in a day when masts and spars were a very real necessity. John Nutting set to work, either personally or by proxy, and in a few years was able to inventory his estates as:

"Two Houses to the Eastward of the Province of Massachusetts Bay	£ 80"—
--	--------

Two hundred acres & upwards of good Land in one of the most eligible situations in Penobscot purchased of the grantee ³ who possessed the same upwards of 20 years, more than 30 Acres of which is well cleared and under Improvement, the rest Wooded & Estimated at the least computation at	1000 —
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One third part of a Saw Mill adjoining s ^d Land at Penobscot	70 —
---	------

A Farm partly cleared & Improved by myself on Bagwiduce River, 500 Acres	100 — " ⁴
--	----------------------

He spent a good deal of money on this property and got considerable returns from it. In 1769 he had on one account with a brother housewright, Nathaniel Kidder of Medford, who was appar-

¹ Wiscasset Deeds, *passim*.

² See full lists in 117 Massachusetts Archives, and 24 "Court Records" (March, 1762).

³ Apparently named Busy. Testimony of "Josiah Henny, late of Penobscot" before the Commissioners 29 December, 1785. xiii. American Loyalists Transcripts, 302. Public Library, New York City. The printed copies, generally more accurate, give the name Bary. A. Fraser, Second Report, Bureau of Archives, Ontario, 59. Neither form has been otherwise identified.

⁴ A composite of two schedules, one dated Halifax, 15 January, 1784, the other undated, but heard at Halifax, 29 December, 1785. Both in Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London.

ently acting as his agent, no less than £378 lawful money, including many cash payments, the "freight" on forty bushels of corn, thirty-one barrels, etc.¹

But the year 1770 marks a sudden check in John Nutting's prosperous financial career, and somehow puts him in a hole from which he never completely extricated himself. He had been borrowing small sums from his father-in-law for a good while, and now had to mortgage his Cambridge property to him for £93.² Some of his Penobscot lands he had taken for bad debts,³ and there may have been other sums owing to him not so well secured. At any rate he could not raise ready cash to meet his local creditors, and their suits when once begun came thick and fast.⁴ Nathaniel Coolidge of Watertown brought suit against him in that year for lumber sold. In February, 1771, Kidder sued him for the "cash expended to the Eastward." In May the executor of Francis Dizer, "marriner" of Charlestown, sued him for promissory notes, probably on the same subject. In July Abijah Steadman, housewright, sued him on another note. In August John Smith, "taylor," sued him for eight pair of breeches, sundry lambskins and buttons. (The babies were evidently growing up.) In September Nathaniel Prentice, chaisemaker, sued him on an agreement which is so characteristic of the business methods of that day that it may stand repetition:

"for that whereas the pl^t on ye fourth Day of January last, at Cambridge afores^d had agreed with & promised ye s^d John to make & deliver to him, on or before the twenty fifth Day of April then next, another good Chaise such an one as ye pl^t had before that time made for one Francis Moore, ye s^d John in consideration thereof then & there promised ye pl^t to build for ye plaintiff a good Frame for a Barn of thirty Feet square, fourteen feet posts, oak sills, to be to the Acceptance of

¹ Kidder *v.* Nutting, Middlesex Inferior Court of Common Pleas, 1771. Original Files. In 1786 the charge for a passenger from Boston to Penobscot was 6 s. i. Bangor Historical Magazine, 58.

² 71 Middlesex Deeds, 430.

³ Testimony of Lieutenant John Nutting before the Commissioners, Halifax, 29 December, 1785. xiii. American Loyalists Transcripts, 303. Public Library, New York City.

⁴ See original files of Middlesex Inferior Court of Common Pleas. Clerk's Office, East Cambridge.

one Sam^{ll} Choate & one John Walton & to be delivered at ye House of Joseph Miller of Charlestown on or before ye said twenty fifth of April, at ye price of Eleven pounds six shillings & Eight pence; and also to procure for ye pl^t another Frame twenty four feet in Length & twenty feet in Breadth with Oak Sills & fourteen feet posts, to be delivered at s^d prentice's Dwelling House in s^d Cambridge, on or before ye fifteenth Day of June then next at the price of Eight pounds & to be to the Acceptance of the s^d Choat and Walton, yet s^d Nutting has never delivered the last mentioned frame, nor ever paid the £6.13.4 . . .”

[Account annexed.]

“ To a New Riding Chaise	£22. 0.0
Cr. By a Barn Frame £12 By a pair of Chaise	
Wheels £3.6.8.	15. 6.8
Ball'a due to N. prentice	<hr/> 6.13.4”

Nutting was evidently at his wits' end to raise money. He negotiated a second mortgage on his Cambridge property to his father-in-law, for £53.¹ He took at least one boarder.² Some of the suits he defaulted, others he contested on technicalities, and appealed, but did not prosecute the appeal. Occasionally he kept out of sight altogether, perhaps at Penobscot. In all the suits he lost his case. The amounts were generally trifling, and were probably settled by work at his trade. Kidder, whose claim was much the largest, actually proceeded to levy on Nutting's remaining interest in his twice-mortgaged house and lot, apparently conceded to be one-half: “containing a cellar measuring nine fott and four inches . . . the west end of the house containing a Lower Room partly finished a Chamber also a Bed-Chamber North of the Stairs unfinished also half the whole Garret unfinished with the one half of the Entry Ways and Stair Ways in the whole of the House.”³ Prentice, in an attempt to find some property that could be come at by the time he began suit, attached Nutting's pew in the meeting-house: “One of the body Pews. the frunt pasfing [?] to Henry Prentice the back part to

¹ 72 Middlesex Deeds, 104.

² Mr. Nathaniel Rust. See his testimony before the Commissioners, *supra*, p. 57, note. Also his affidavit “that he resided at Cambridge many years preceding the late War.” Halifax, 15 January, 1784. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London.

³ 73 Middlesex Deeds, 279.

Owen Worlen the two Ends on two allyes."¹ From this time the unfortunate Nutting seems to have been an unchurched wanderer till he began attending Christ Church, just across the Common from his house. No doubt he already found his sympathies more with the Tory proprietors there than with the congregation in the meeting-house, with so many of whom he must have been by this time on bad terms. Even there he soon got into debt to the churchwardens, but in 1774 he was formally voted the rather unusual privilege of renting a pew, at 24/- per annum.²

And now we come to that memorable Thursday, the first of September, 1774, when the Revolution very nearly began at daybreak on Cambridge Common, and when John Nutting definitely cast in his lot with the supporters of law and order and the King's government. In his own words, "receiving an Intimation from Colonel Phipps (Sheriff of the County) of General Gage's intention to remove the Magazine of Powder deposited at that place to Boston; and soliciting the assistance of your Memorialist, he readily assisted; notwithstanding he had been previously importuned by a Mob to head them and prevent the Removal of it.³ . . . which altogether with his open Avowal of principles of Loyalty, raised the resentment of the populace against him to such a Degree as obliged him to quit his House & Family, & take refuge in Boston, under the protection of the Kings Troops."⁴

In Boston, whither his family soon followed him, he found himself in mighty genteel company,⁵ many of his richest and most prominent fellow townsmen having also made it convenient to get in closer touch with the authorities at about the same time or even

¹ Prentice *v.* Nutting. Original Files, *ubi supra*.

² Christ Church Records.

³ Memorial to the Commissioners. Heard at Halifax, 29 December, 1785. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London. Cf. his testimony before the Commissioners: ". . . altho' the Mob desired and insisted that as an Officer of Militia he should prevent the Ordnance from being removed." xiii. American Loyalists Transcripts, 297. Public Library, New York City.

⁴ Memorial to Germain, "Read 22 Dec^t 77." Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 75, Public Record Office, London.

⁵ "We have here Earls, Lords & Baronets, I assure you Names that sound Grand." Letter of Samuel Paine, Boston, Oct. 2-9, 1775. xxx. New England Historical and Genealogical Register, 371.

earlier. From this point in his career indeed may be traced the beginnings of a knack of obtaining the friendship and confidence of the nobility and gentry that later developed to surprising proportions. To his credit it must be added that those friendships never seem to have been unmerited nor that confidence misplaced. Unlike so many of his fellow-Tories, whose firm adherence to the Crown was mainly evidenced by a prodigious capacity for running away, his own loyalty, as events soon proved, was of an extremely practical kind.

Boston was full of the King's troops, and more were arriving at short intervals. In the chill nights of the early autumn their tents were already becoming uncomfortable, and the need of substantial housing for them soon became imperative. The authorities prudently forbore to billet the unwelcome visitors upon the town, and decided to build special barracks for them.¹

The announcement of this design fell upon most unwilling ears. The dullest Bostonian could perceive that the erection of permanent barracks in his beloved and almost autonomous metropolis meant its degradation to the level of a mere garrison town. Moreover it was bruited on good authority that even if the present unhappy differences should be composed a garrison at Boston was to be maintained indefinitely, as a check on any possible future uprisings. The building of barracks immediately assumed the proportions of a grievance, adding one more to the already too plentiful stock of those commodities upon which the spirit of rebellion threw. Attempts therefore to begin the work were met with a most effective passive resistance of the local mechanics. A trial of the regimental carpenters under the chief engineer Montrésor proved such a failure that Gage took measures to secure workmen from New York. "It's my opinion," remarked the observant Mr. John Andrews in his diary, "if they are wise, they won't come." And as a matter of fact they did n't, but snug on Manhattan Island contented themselves with passing the usual patriotic resolutions.²

¹ The printed accounts of the following episode are mainly to be found in i. P. Force, American Archives, 4th series, 802-821, and J. Andrews, Diary, viii. Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings, 300. See also "Letters of Hugh Earl Percy," who was in direct charge of the camp.

² Some came later, and a pretty set they were. A few days before the evac-

Whereupon, "in consequence of the favorable representations of Lieutenant Governor Oliver and Gen. Gage's earnest solicitations," John Nutting came forward and stoutly undertook the unpopular post of master-carpenter, "being," as he afterwards boasted, "the first person of an American that entered into the King's service when the troubles began." His executive capacity was astonishing. In the midst of the general disaffection, by hook or crook he managed to secure some forty or fifty men,¹ and the barrack frames began to rise both on the Common and at the Neck. The sight was too much for the Selectmen. If they could not traverse the orders of the Governor, they could adopt indirect methods, and on September 24 they significantly resolved "that should the mechanicks or other inhabitants of this town assist the troops by furnishing them with artificers labourers or materials of any kind to build barracks or other places of accommodation for the troops, they will probably incur the displeasure of their brethren, who may withhold their contributions for the relief of the town, and deem them as enemies to the rights and liberties of America."

Gage saw the trick, and immediately sent for the Selectmen, "seemed a great deal worried," and with plentiful profanity represented that the work must go on, as the regiments had to be lodged somewhere. The wily Selectmen replied that for their own part they should actually prefer to see the soldiers kept together in barracks under discipline rather than scattered irresponsibly about the town, but that they had to consider the attitude of the surrounding places. In truth this was extremely threatening. "If they are suffered to proceed," observed Mr. Andrews, as to the imported laborers, "the matter is settled with us, for it is with the greatest difficulty that the country are restrained from coming in

uation one of the Selectmen wrote: "The Inhabitants in the utmost distress, thro' fear of the Town being destroyed by the Soldiers, a party of New York Carpenters with axes going thro' the town breaking open houses, &c. Soldiers and sailors plundering of houses, shops, warehouses." Newell's Journal. i. Massachusetts Historical Society Collections, 4th series, 274.

¹ Memorial to Germain, "Read 22 Decr 77." Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 75, Public Record Office, London. He later explained that he got them "from the Country." Testimony before Commissioners, Halifax, 29 Dec. 1785. xiii. American Loyalists Transcripts, 297. Public Library, New York City.

even now." The Governor next interviewed "King" Hancock, begging him to get the vote reconsidered; but in vain, and on the 26th, "at four o'clock the workmen *all* pack'd up their tools and left the barracks, frames, &c." The next day a combined meeting of the committees of all the neighboring towns voted not to supply the army with lumber, bricks, labor, or in short anything but those provisions "which mere humanity requires."

Affairs were now apparently at a stand. But the master-builder was a man of resource. The ship-carpenters from the fleet were pressed into service, while, acting no doubt on Nutting's knowledge of affairs "to the Eastward," an armed schooner was despatched to Halifax "for all the Artificers they can procure from there." Still the difficulties of the job were not over. On land the ship-carpenters proved in truth out of their element, "being very ignorant of the method of framing and indeed of any sort of work they wanted done," and had to be dismissed. Wages then unheard of were offered for a day's work — two dollars, three dollars, "or even any price at all" — but not a workman came forward.¹ Lumber soon became so scarce that it was hard to find boards enough to make even a coffin for the dead, to say nothing of a habitation for the living. A shipload of planks intended for Boston was seized by the rebels at Portsmouth, and got no farther. An old brick house at Point Shirley was torn down and turned into ill-constructed barrack chimneys. The troops were almost in mutiny for lack of their promised accommodations, and several regiments had to remain aboard the transports they arrived in, made fast along the wharves. Somehow Nutting struggled on with the work till about the middle of October,² when a party of carpenters arrived from Portsmouth (probably secured "at the Eastward"), and the idle and hungry Boston workmen had their first sight of "seabs" on high wages taking the bread out of their mouths. This was the last straw, and the usual recourse of all strikers followed. Nutting

¹ Montrésor, the Chief Engineer, reported that in his department on October 1 "an addition was thought absolutely necessary of 1 master carpenter, 1 foreman carpenter, 20 carpenters," etc. xi. J. Almon, Parliamentary Register, 279.

² Captain Evelyn notices the occurrence briefly in a letter dated 31 October, 1774. He adds that the man was by way of being hanged. Letters of Captain W. G. Evelyn, 39.

was waylaid at night — but he shall tell the story in his own words, as found in his subsequent memorial to the Commissioners on Loyalists' Claims :

“ Several members of the Rebel Committee called on him and used every perswasion and promised every advantage to induce him to quit the King's Works; but after finding their Entreaties without effect they proceeded to Violence; a Mob the next day having concealed themselves, seized on your Memorialist on his Way from thence to his Lodgings in Boston and after almost killing him put him on board a Boat under charge of Four men with directions to convey him to Cambridge to be examined by the Committee then sitting there; but, fortunately for your Memorialist, thro' perswasion and a small consideration they were prevailed on to set him at Liberty near Cambridge from whence he returned to his Duty at the Lines; in passing from whence to his Lodgings or otherways, General Gage was pleased in future to furnish him with a Party of Men to protect him from the Insults of the Inhabitants.”¹

In some fashion therefore the barracks were finished, at least “at the lines,” — those on the Common seem to have been given up, — and by November 16 they were occupied ; none too soon, for the number of fatal cases of illness from exposure was already considerable. Nutting's work however continued. There was much to be done, not only on the fortifications under Montrésor, of the Engineers, but on gun-carriages, ammunition-wagons, etc. under Colonel Cleaveland of the Royal Artillery,² and perhaps on the long-suffering lighthouse, which was at last repaired and relit in December of 1775.³ Press of business might well have been his excuse, if a polite one were needed, for his continued absence from home. By an odd retaliation in kind, his much encumbered house, or, as it was elegantly termed, “ Seat in Cambridge in the Spring of the Year 1775 . . . was made a Barrack for the american Souldiers and

¹ Memorial to the Commissioners, heard 29 December, 1785, at Halifax. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London.

² See his certificate, London, 7 June, 1778. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 75, Public Record Office, London.

³ 23 December, 1775. Howe to Dartmouth. xi. J. Almon, Parliamentary Register, 271. At least one party of carpenters at work there was kidnapped by the provincials, but Nutting evidently was not included.

much Damaged thereby.”¹ It was later taken possession of by his ex-master, backer, father-in-law and mortgagee² John Walton, on a quite excusable “ Idea that Mr. Nutting’s Family have cost him that much.”³

Our loyal carpenter continued actively employed in Boston until within about six weeks of the evacuation. Then under orders from Captain Spry he removed, with his wife, six children, two ’prentices, and “ about fourteen artificers ” to Halifax, leaving, as it proved, his native heath forever,—leaving too a memory that rankled in the patriotic breast for many a long day. Small wonder that in the Proscription Act of October, 1778, he is one of the few Cambridge men specifically enumerated as having “ left this state . . . and joined the enemies thereof . . . manifesting an inimical disposition . . . and a design to aid and abet the enemies thereof in their wicked purposes.”⁴

His work at Halifax through that heart-breaking spring of 1776 can be easily imagined. If ever a housewright was needed, it was then and there. We are all familiar with the picture—the miserable little fishing village, with a proportion of foul dram-shops before which the typical western mining town seems a Shaker settlement,⁵ completely overwhelmed by the multitude of gently-nurtured refugees, whole families seated crying on the surf-beaten rocks without so much as a tent over their heads, lacking food, fuel, and above all shelter.⁶ If it was not Nutting’s idea it was at least characteristic of him to have devised the expedient of getting

¹ Affidavits of John Walton, Cambridge, and Benjamin Walton, Reading. 29 October, 1788. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London.

² And apparently also his successor as lieutenant of the Cambridge company. L. R. Paige, *History of Cambridge*, 408.

³ Claimant’s testimony before the Commissioners. Halifax, 29 December, 1785. xiii. American Loyalists Transcripts, 300. Public Library, New York City. With characteristic assurance Nutting some years later demanded compensation for his Cambridge property to the tune of £735. See schedules mentioned on page 94.

⁴ Province Laws, 1778-1779, 2nd Session, chapter 24.

⁵ One of the inhabitants wrote in 1760 : “ The business of one half the town is to sell rum, and the other half to drink it.” ii. T. C. Haliburton, *History of Nova Scotia*, 13.

⁶ Abigail Adams to John Adams, 21 April, 1776.

ashore the cabooses and deck-houses of the transports and converting them into whole streets of little huts.¹ We can fancy how vigorously he must have pushed forward the work. Cabins, sheds, camps, anything that the limited supply of lumber allowed, had to be run up as fast as possible, ruined cottages repaired and made tenantable, the dazed and drunken fishermen driven to work, the inefficient shipwrights from the fleet made the most of, something provided in the way of wharves and landing facilities, store-sheds, more barracks again, and what not.

The fortifications of the town too were in a perilous state. Although Halifax had already been termed "the northern key of His Majesty's American dominions"² and a royal dockyard established there, yet the defences had been allowed to go to rack and ruin; batteries were dismantled, gun-carriages decayed and guns on the ground. In fact the town lay practically "open to the country on every side."³ At last the sudden military importance of the station and the persistent and disquieting rumors of an attack upon it⁴ moved the home government to decided action, and the army estimates for 1776 contemplated an expenditure of nearly £1500 sterling on constructions and repairs there.⁵ It was not an easy matter to get the work done. In that scattered and unskilled community, where a few years before two distillers, two hatters and a sugar-baker made up the entire manufacturing class,⁶ it was next to impossible to obtain either materials or workmen. Again, however, Nutting ap-

¹ E. P. Weaver, "Nova Scotia during the Revolution," *x. American Historical Review*, 67.

² Campbell to Hillsborough, 13 January, 1769; 43 Provincial Archives, No. 67. Halifax.

³ Legge to Dartmouth, 19 August, 1775; 44 Provincial Archives, 76. Halifax.

⁴ E. P. Weaver, "Nova Scotia during the Revolution," *x. American Historical Review*, 65.

⁵ The items were divided among the "Square Store for Small Arms, the Long Store for Small Arms, Bedding Store, Laboratory, Ordnance Yard, Gun Taaking Store, Junk Store, Lumber Yard, Artillery Barracks, Armourer's Shop, Governor's Battery, South Gate Battery, South Five Gun Battery, North Five Gun Battery, and Inclosing Land reserved for his Majesty on the hill." vi. J. Almon, *Parliamentary Register*, 141. Judging by later plans of the city, not much of this work was actually accomplished.

⁶ Franklin to Hillsborough, 11 July, 1768. J. Brymner, "Report on Canadian Archives, 1894," 287.

pears to have done wonders, and among other feats to have built by August no less than ten large block-houses, each mounting sixteen guns.¹ We may safely assume that he earned his pay at Halifax "as Master Carpenter and Superintendant of Mechanics," "serv-
ing," as one of the officers present put it, "with Active Spirit and uncommon Loyalty."²

Moreover he soon found other methods of displaying these qualities. The year 1777 saw the most elaborate preparations which Great Britain took to suppress the rebellion. The great movement to isolate New England was not properly worked out in detail, but it did include some appreciation of the importance of diverting the attention of the revolutionists by demonstrations along the coastline, while the main column operated inland. To the originators of the campaign "it was always clear in speculation that the Militia would never stay with Washington or quit their homes if the coast was kept in alarm."³ Moreover it was necessary to clear the shores of the swarm of small privateers that infested the Gulf of Maine and played havoc with the Nova Scotia settlements and the communication between Halifax and New York.⁴ Besides, there were rumors of a secret expedition fitting out at Boston in June, to attack the British fort at the mouth of the St. John's in the Bay of Fundy.⁵ From Halifax, therefore, an expedition was arranged "to Saint John's River to meet the garrison of Fort Cumberland and to proceed to Machias and destroy that nest of pirates, and afterwards to go to the east coast of New England towards Gouldsbury, to cause an alarm in favor of General Burgoyne."⁶ The fleet operations were entrusted to Admiral Collier, and the troops were put under the command of John Small, the efficient organizer of the newly raised corps of Royal Highland Immigrants. For this expe-

¹ iv. J. Almon, *The Remembrancer*, 139.

² Certificate of Major John Small, 8 March, 1778. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 75, Public Record Office, London.

³ Knox to Germain, 31 October, 1778; vi. Historical Manuscript Commission Reports, Various, 153.

⁴ Cf. iv. J. Almon, *The Remembrancer*, 139. E. P. Weaver, "Nova Scotia During the Revolution." x. American Historical Review, 69, etc.

⁵ F. Kidder, *Military Operations in Eastern Maine*, 185.

⁶ Massey to Howe, 26 November, 1777; i. Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports, American Manuscripts, 156.

dition John Nutting's familiarity with the coast was of evident value, and, according to Small, he "did very chearfully and without any reward offer his Service as a Pilot or in any other way he could be of use for the Publick Service then carrying on;" and although "there was no pay allowed him on that Occasion," showed himself "a deserving good Subject, still ready & willing to exert himself as Such."¹

Through no fault of his, however, the enterprise miscarried. The transports reached their destination with no errors in pilotage that we know of; but, in the words of the disgusted General Massey, commanding at Halifax, "after the Lieut. Governor and I had fix'd every appointment with good Guides at a great Expense for a Grand Stroke and while Major Small was prancing at St. John's River, the place of Rendezvous for the Troops from Cumberland and Windsor Sir George Collier stole out of Halifax, made a futile Attack at Machias, was most shamefully drove from thence . . . which prevented the Eastern Coast of New England from being Alarm'd which was my orders to Major Small, and which if they had been executed might have prevented the Misfortunes that attend'd Lt. Genl. Burgoynes army, for it was at that critical time."² The jealous and self-sufficient Collier, after some gasconading up and down the coast, retired to St. John's in September, where in October the expedition disintegrated without accomplishing a single one of its objects.

Explanations to the home government were certainly needed, and whether Nutting was entrusted with them, or sent as a witness, or went on his own initiative, is not clear. At all events he sailed immediately for England, taking with him his son John, now a likely lad nearly eight years old. Arriving in the old country, which must have seemed so new to him, he at once sought out his former superiors, the ex-governor and ex-lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, obtained written recommendations from them, dated 28 November, 1777, and drew up a memorial to Lord George Germain.³ This document, compared with the usual lugu-

¹ See note 2, page 70.

² Massey to Howe. Halifax, 15 March, 1778; i. Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports, American Manuscripts, 209.

³ All to be found in Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 75, Public Record Office, London.

brious recitals of sufferings and insistent claims for compensation for the loss of fat fees or swollen salaries, with which the bulk of the loyalists flooded the government, is remarkably refreshing. After mentioning his undoubted services he states "That your Memorialist has no wish to be supported in Idleness at the Charge of Government, but is willing and desirous to be further serviceable in the way of his Trade; and as Carpenters are wanted at New York, & probably in other parts of America, he is come to England in Hopes of obtaining such employment, & will be very ready to go out imediately,— With this view your Memorialist humbly Solicits your Lordships patronage & for further Information respecting his Character, Services & Sufferings he begs leave to refer your Lordship to the Right Honorable Lord Percy to his Excellency General Gage, to Lieutenant Governor Oliver, and other Officers both Civil and Military to whom the foregoing Transactions are well known."

This memorial was promptly transmitted by William Knox, Germain's under-secretary, to John Robinson of the Treasury Board, who took equally prompt action upon it. It bears the endorsement: "Read 22 Dec. 77 £50 advance & to be recommended to the Com'rs at New York." Such a substantial recognition of a man standing squarely on his own merits, in that heyday of influence and favoritism, shows better than any testimonials what manner of impression Mr. Nutting had already made in official circles.

The fifty pounds was paid, but the recommendation to New York must have been somehow overlooked; for on 28 February, 1778, Nutting addressed another memorial¹ to Lord George, from "78 Lambs Conduit Street," asking for further assistance, as he is still out of employment. This was transmitted by Knox to the Treasury Board on March 16, received April 20, and not read till July 8; it bears the chilly endorsement "Nil." Not waiting for this result, with real Yankee persistence, Nutting addressed, May 8, a personal letter² to Lord North himself, referring to the memorial, and proceeding: "I shall only presume to add, I desire not to eat the bread of Idleness, being able & willing to be em-

¹ Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 75, Public Record Office, London.

² *Ibid.*

ployed, as formerly, in His Majesty's Service, where my Utility & perseverance is well known to the Generals, & Subordinate Officers that have served in America during the War — Many of whom are now in this Metropolis, & to whom I most gladly would Appeal." This direct application to the man "higher up" was successful, though not in quite the manner anticipated, and Nutting received from the Board of Ordnance the appointment of Overseer of His Majesty's works at Landguard Fort.¹

This post, on the outermost verge of the East Anglian coast, protecting the harbor of Harwich, the first considerable estuary north of the Thames, had long been considered of great importance. Just at this period, when war had recently been declared with Holland, it was receiving special attention. The marshy wastes beside it made an admirable proving ground for big guns, as well as an admirable location for a wholesomely impressive display of force. Accordingly from 1776 for a number of years extensive experiments were conducted there on a great many forms of ordnance shipped by water from Woolwich — experiments almost as instructive (though not as dangerous) to the Dutch lugger hovering off the coast as to the manipulators of untried types of the tricky cast-iron cannon of that day. The fort itself was neither as strong nor as commodious² as its importance warranted. During this time it was much enlarged, and also strengthened in flank and rear by a very elaborate system of defence works, under the direction of Lord Townshend, Master General of the Ordnance.³ So extensive were these constructions that two overseers were required. Nutting, however, was the chief, receiving £91.5/- per annum, or five shillings a day, while John Jones, his assistant, had only £73.⁴ As the additions included a number of new barracks, we may well believe that he felt quite in his element.

Yet he found time to show himself in town occasionally, and to

¹ Memorial to the Commissioners, heard at Halifax, 29 December, 1785. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London.

² In 1777 its complete establishment was only 87 men, all told. viii. J. Almon, Parliamentary Register, 185.

³ J. H. Leslie, History of Landguard Fort, 76 *et seq.* One of the new redoubts was named the Raynham, after his Norfolk county-seat.

⁴ xvi. J. Almon, Parliamentary Register, 511.

cultivate his acquaintance with Knox. With this active and important official he was now on surprisingly intimate terms, whether from the favorable representations of others or from sheer native ability and address. One likes to think the latter, and to imagine the Cambridge carpenter haunting the office of the under-secretary with his petitions and memorials until he comes into notice by his energetic ways, coupled with that winning and persuasive manner that had served him in such good stead one night during the siege of Boston, in a boat on the Charles with four angry journeymen. At any rate, Nutting actually becomes a figure in the councils of the British Empire at one of its greatest crises — an adviser of generals and a *protégé* of lords, — under the following circumstances :

Knox had been from the first obsessed with the importance of planting a British force on the coast of Maine. Besides its effects in distracting attention, a post there, he argued,¹ would give a station for the King's cruisers much nearer than Halifax, would cover the Bay of Fundy and Nova Scotia from molestation by sea, would prevent any land attack on what later became New Brunswick, and would even protect Lower Canada. Furthermore, it would form the nucleus and bulwark for a new province,² towards which might be directed the stream of refugees who were leaving the colonies and already driving the home government to distraction. He had even gone so far as to arrange the details for this modern Canaan. Lying between New England and "New Scotland," it was to be christened New Ireland,³ perhaps in delicate reference to Knox's own nationality. Its governor was to be Thomas Hutchinson, its chief justice Daniel Leonard, its clerk of the council John Calef, the leading local tory, and its bishop (for *this* colony was to have a

¹ Knox to Cooke, Ealing, 27 January, 1808. vi. Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports, Various, 227.

² The idea was not new. Even the original settlers were anxious, or were represented to be anxious, to have a government of their own, and Bernard fomented the proposition. But wiser heads would have none of it. J. Calef, Siege of the Penobscot, Postscript. ii. Historical Manuscripts Commission, Dartmouth Papers, *passim*. Franklin to Cushing, London, 7 July, 1773. vi. B. Franklin, Writings (ed. Smyth), 80.

³ This was not the first effort toward the hibernization of Maine. In the previous generation Robert Temple had formed a brilliant but unsuccessful plan to settle an Irish colony near Bath. L. D. Temple, Some Temple Pedigrees, 6.

bishop willy-nilly) Dr. Henry Caner, formerly of King's Chapel, Boston. This "most preposterous measure," wrote Hutchinson from London,¹ ". . . is his own scheme, and few people here think well of it." Germain was at first among the disbelievers, but Knox finally "accomplished what he had been endeavouring" and brought his chief round to his opinion.

Then came the great question: Where should the post be located? Falmouth, Long Island, Townsend, Great Deer Island,—all were under discussion. Here John Nutting was called into the consultation. Mindful of his own "eligible" acres, and doubtless recognizing too the natural strength and strategic advantages² of the place (which events both past and future amply corroborated), with a fine mixture of self-interest and loyalty he suggested Penobscot. Yankee shrewdness and eloquence prevailed. His Majesty's ministers fell in with the suggestion,³ and Nutting, "in Consequence of pointing out Government (by Mr. Knoxes desire) some places that might be taken advantageous to Government was on the 30th August, 1778, ordered from Landguard Fort to London by express to go out with despatches to America . . . from the Right Honorable Lord George Germain's office to Sir Henry Clinton at New York."⁴ His special part in the enterprise was, as he announced openly at London, "to be employed as overseer of carpenters who are to rebuild the Fort at Penobscot,"⁵ originally

¹ T. Hutchinson, Diary, 19 September, 1778, and 20 October, 1779. Hutchinson's name was soon dropped in this connection.

² "The harbor is spacious, accessible, and secure, none in the neighborhood can be compared with it. . . . No country could afford greater supply of masts and spars for the Royal navy. Nor could any station afford equal convenience for annoying in time of war, yea, annihilating the commerce of New England." W. Ballard, "Castine, 1815." ii. Bangor Historical Magazine, 45.

³ The current Boston explanation was that the failure of Massachusetts "to supply the eastern people [with food] as they had done during the war" had produced a disaffection which the local tories had made the most of in persuading the inhabitants generally "to join in a petition to the enemy to come and take possession of the place." James Sullivan to John Sullivan; Boston, 30 August, 1779. ii. T. C. Amory, Life of James Sullivan, 376. The explanation suggests a certain guiltiness in the New England conscience.

⁴ Memorial to the Treasury, "Rec'd 13 Mar. 1781." Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 75, Public Record Office, London.

⁵ T. Hutchinson, Diary, 3 September, 1778.

erected by the Sieur de Castine, and left in ruins when the French abandoned that district in 1745.¹

But in the execution of this ingenious method of protecting his cherished property "to the Eastward" an incidental divertissement of some magnitude awaited its author. Leaving John Jr. at school in London, and receiving his despatches dated at Whitehall 2 September, 1778,² he posted down to Falmouth and embarked, with £50 worth of "Sea Stock necessary for the Voyage" and "some valuable Books on Fortification & Architecture and Instruments,"³ aboard the *Harriet*, one of the government mail packets.⁴ A fortnight out, having got no farther than lat. 49° long. 22°, they were sighted by the brigantine *Vengeance*, American privateer, Wingate Newman of Newburyport master. He at once gave chase.⁵ The *Harriet* was a fast sailer, as befitted her employment, but the Yankee was a larger ship, specially fitted for her business, and brand new to boot. After a six hours' pursuit Newman got within range and opened fire. Sampson Sprague, commander of the packet, replied gallantly, but his little three-pounders and crew of forty-five were no match for the six-pounders and the hundred men of the privateer. Within pistol-shot the lat-

¹ Cf. G. A. Wheeler, History of Castine. J. Williamson, History of Maine, etc.

² i. Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports, American Manuscripts, 284.

³ Account annexed to memorial to Treasury, "Rec'd 13 Mar. 1781." Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 75, Public Record Office, London.

⁴ This craft had quite a prominent part in the transport and mail service. She is frequently mentioned in contemporary documents.

⁵ 17 September, 1778. Members of both ships' companies have left accounts of this affair. For the American, see Journal of Samuel Nye, Surgeon of the *Vengeance*. E. V. Smith, History of Newburyport, 116; for the English, see affidavit of Ab'm Forst, Halifax, 15 January, 1784. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London. I suspect this Forst, like Rust, was one of Nutting's loyal apprentices who followed his master's fortunes. If we can twist the name into Abraham Frost, we not only have the Cambridge man, born 1754, enumerated by L. R. Paige, History of Cambridge, 554-555, but also have an explanation why "this fam. prob. rem. as no further trace of them is found." For other details of the capture of the *Harriet*, see i. J. J. Currier, History of Newburyport, Mass., 629. London Chronicle, 22-24 October, 1778; E. S. Maclay, History of American Privateers, 117. C. H. Lincoln, Naval Records of the American Revolution, 113.

ter threw in a broadside that obliged the *Harriet* to strike, having one man killed and six wounded. Among the latter was Nutting, whom we can well imagine in the very thick of the fight, for he was hit "in four places."¹ Nevertheless he managed to sink his despatches, which he "declared were of great consequence to him," as indeed they were. The mails also were thrown overboard just in time. The *Harriet's* people were taken aboard the *Vengeance*, stripped of their effects, and landed at Corunna,² the nearest point on the Spanish coast, but a most unusual prize port. By an agreement³ between the British Consul there and Captain Newman the prisoners were exchanged and allowed to pass unmolested to England again. In about six weeks Nutting accordingly arrived at Falmouth once more (fare twelve guineas), having lost £120 worth of personal outfit, and being put to an expense of £20 for surgeons, nurses and medical attendance, and wended his way by postchaise (fare £15) back to London.⁴ It was now too late in the season to do anything more about New Ireland. Even Knox, its sponsor, wrote: "Poor Nutting and the Penobscott orders have missed their way for this year, and I fear something will happen to prevent our taking possession of that country in the spring."⁵

All the same, he determined to have another try at his plan, and to have it early and by the same hands. In the beginning of January, 1779, Mr. Nutting received a fresh set of despatches, and was "order'd out again to Ameriea the second time before his Wounds

¹ Claimant's evidence before the Commissioners, Halifax, 29 December, 1785. xiii. American Loyalists Transcripts, 298. Public Library, New York City.

² It is a strange freak that makes John Nutting's wanderings intersect the military termini of Sir John Moore, who entered active service at Penobscot and left it at Corunna. British Plutarch, 243.

³ 1 October, 1778. i. Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports, American Manuscripts, 307. It is a family tradition that Nutting's high rank in Free-masonry procured his "escape" from a Spanish prison. W. F. Parker, Life of Daniel McNeill Parker, 12. But while this advantage may account for various other fortunate turns in his history, it does not need to be invoked here.

⁴ Account of Expenses annexed to memorial to the Treasury, "Rec'd 13 Mar. 1781." Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 75, Public Record Office, London.

⁵ Knox to Germain. Bath, 31 October, 1778. vi. Historical Manuscripts Commission Report, Various, 153-4.

were well, experiencing a long and tedious Passage of ffourteen Weeks to New York, on the *Grampus* ship of war"¹ (this time taking a safer conveyance). Clinton had by now got general intimations of the plan, and some correspondence² had passed between him and General McLean, the new commander at Halifax, on the subject. McLean was personally ignorant³ of the shore-line, and had been consulting Captain Mowatt, his naval officer. The latter recommended taking post at Falmouth, the scene of his most notorious exploit, to which he doubtless longed to give the finishing touches. Detailed instructions, however, were brought by Nutting, and Clinton, by orders dated 13 April,⁴ directed McLean to proceed and fortify a post on Penobscot River,—rather to the disappointment of all the officers concerned.

McLean seems to have put full confidence in the "cheerful Pilot," and prompt preparations were made. On May 16th the detachment was reported ready. At the end of that month the transports sailed, covered by Mowatt and a few inefficient men-of-war. In the middle of June the fleet came up Penobscot Bay, and after several days' general reconnaissance cast anchor off the little peninsula that ever since 1506 had been a recognized strategic centre round which an almost continuous struggle for supremacy had revolved.⁵

On the 26th the landing began, the troops looking about them "as frightened as a flock of sheep,"⁶ and John Nutting doubtless hastened to inspect his farm, woodland, and mill, now to be so handsomely protected against possible rebel molestation. Yet he could give little time to his private affairs just then, for the mil-

¹ Memorial to the Treasury, "Rec'd 13 Mar. 1781." Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 75, Public Record Office, London.

² i. Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports, American Manuscripts, 381, 393, etc.

³ This ignorance was merely practical, for the magnificent series of charts by Des Barres had already been published.

⁴ i. Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports, American Manuscripts, 415. See also 436, 458, etc., for many of the following details.

⁵ Cf. G. F. Clark, "Military Operations at Castine," Worcester Society of Antiquity, Proceedings for 1889, 18—a good general account of all the martial doings there, including a far earlier attack and repulse of the Massachusetts forces.

⁶ "Hutchings's Narrative." G. A. Wheeler, History of Castine, 322.

itary position must be made good at once. "The Provisions, Artillery and Engineer Stores and the equipage of the troops, being landed on the Beach, must be carried to the Ground of the fort chiefly by the labor of the men against the ascent, there being only a Couple of small teams to Assist in it. The ground & all the Avenues to it, was to be examined, cleared from wood, and at the same time guarded. Materials were to be collected & prepared, And the defences, as well as every convenience of the fort, were to be reared."¹ The ruins of the French fort were apparently disregarded, and an entirely new one was laid out. The official engineer was Captain Harteup;² but his plans proved defective and had to be altered, probably by the master-carpenter. There were other delays too, and it was July 2d before the lines were actually staked and work begun.³ The local inhabitants were divided in their attitude, as everywhere else. Some stoutly proclaimed their adherence to the United States of America, and when approached with the oath of allegiance made good their words by packing their scanty possessions and departing into the backwoods. Others to the number of a hundred showed their willingness by assisting to clear the ground round the fort, etc. A simple rectangular structure of logs and earthwork two hundred feet on a side⁴ with corner bastions and a central blockhouse was laid out, a "shade" erected for the provisions, the powder "lodged in covered holes dug in the proposed glacis," a ditch cut across the isthmus, and the work pushed forward with a will.

The expected attack was not long in coming. Of the consternation and indignation of Massachusetts at this invasion of her territory, of the feverish fitting-out of the Penobscot Expedition, "by far the largest naval undertaking of the Revolution made by the Americans," there is no need to tell here in detail. Well

¹ Mowatt's "Relation," Magazine of History, Extra Number 11 (1910), 49.

² Elsewhere spelled, and doubtless pronounced, Hardecap. In like manner Mowatt becomes Moat; and Calef masquerades as Calf. Rather oddly, Hartcup's next assignment was to Landguard Fort. i. W. Porter, History of the Corps of Royal Engineers, 215.

³ McLean to Clinton, Camp at Majebigwaduce, 23 August, 1779. ii. Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports, American Manuscripts, 14.

⁴ This was the inside measurement. That mentioned by Ballard — 14 perches (= 231 feet) — was evidently the measurement outside the glacis.

known too is the story of the arrival of that formidable Yankee fleet off the little peninsula before the fort was half completed, the extraordinary indecision of the ensuing siege, and its shameful termination. "Rarely has a more ignominious military operation been made by Americans. Had it been successful, it would not have been worth the effort it cost. Its object had no national significance; it was an eccentric operation. Bad in conception, bad in preparation, bad in execution, it naturally ended in disaster and disgrace."¹ "A prodigious wreck of property, a dire eclipse of reputation, and universal chagrin were the fruits of this expedition, in the promotion of which there had been such an exalted display of public spirit both by government and individuals."² Among the twenty transports destroyed was the whole trading fleet of the State. Destroyed also were thirteen privateers, temporarily taken into the State service. Among these was the *Vengeance*, then in command of Captain Thomas; and though the phrase "poetic justice" may not have been known to Mr. Nutting, the sight of his old captor blazing and crackling on the Penobscot flats must have been the sweetest moment of the campaign to her ex-prisoner.³

Concerned as we are with but one figure in the story, we must admit that the master-carpenter all this time seems to have lain extremely low. Indeed, for the only time in his history it is recorded that his workmen did not "pay proper attention" to him. We get one glimpse of him accompanying a party sent for lumber up the Bagaduce River, perhaps to his own wood-lot.⁴ But his

¹ C. O. Paullin, *The Navy of the American Revolution*, 347, 352.

² ii. J. Williamson, *History of Maine*, 476. In the opinion of well-informed British officers taking part in this affair the results strikingly justified many of Knox's theories. "The attack on Penobscot . . . was positively the severest blow received by the American Naval force during the War. The trade to Canada, which was intended, after the expected reduction of the Post of Penobscot, to be intercepted by this very armament, went safe that Season: The New England Provinces did not for the remaining period of the contest recover the loss of Ships, and the Expence of fitting out the Expedition: Every thought of attempting Canada, & Nova Scotia, was thenceforth laid aside, and the trade & Transports from the Banks of Newfoundland along the Coast of Nova Scotia, &c: enjoyed unusual Security." Captain Henry Mowatt's "Relation," Magazine of History, Extra Number 11 (1910), 53.

³ E. S. Maclay, *History of American Privateers*, 118.

⁴ Orderly Book of William Lawrence, Serjeant Royal Artillery, July 17,

peculiarly personal interest in the occupation and defence of the place had of course transpired, and when during the siege things seemed almost hopeless for His Majesty's forces¹ his situation was one demanding as much self-effacement as his nature was capable of. In a subsequent enumeration of his sufferings at Penobscot he mentions not only "enduring a Seige of Twenty Days, the fatigues of establishing a New Fort," but also "the part he had to act, and the reflexions thrown out against him by numbers of the officers when they were informed your Memorialist was the cause of their being carried there, under an idea that he had sold them to the Rebels, with the anxiety that must attend him, is more sensibly felt than expressed."² His attitude even partook of duplicity. Admiral Collier wrote to General Clinton, August 24, 1779, after the smoke of battle had somewhat cleared away, expressing his strong disapprobation of establishing a post at this dreary rebellious place, and adding: "That fellow Nutting whom yr. Exe'y remembers at New York has just been with me on a message; I asked him what eoud possibly induce him to recommend the establishing a settlement in such a place, & what advantages might be expected from it? He denied his having ever recommended the measure to Lord G. Germain, nor eoud I learn from him what particular benefits woud accrue to us, by keeping possession of so infernal a spot."³

Nevertheless, the value of Nutting's aid was officially and handsomely recognized. McLean certified that he "served under my 1779, and August 30. v. Bangor Historical Magazine, 116 *et seq.* A typical smack of the region is given in the disagreeable orders for September 17, that the commissary must thereafter "deliver out rice in lieu of pies."

¹ When the provincials effected their first landing on the peninsula, McLean was so sure all was up that he stood by the flagstaff halidiars himself, ready to strike his colors. "Hutchings's Narrative." G. A. Wheeler, History of Castine, 323. Cf. a racy latter from E. Hazard, Jamaica Plain, 22 March, 1780. iv. Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings, 129.

² Memorial to the Treasury, "Rec'd 13 Mar. 1781." Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 75, Public Record Office, London.

³ ii. Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports, American Manuscripts, 18. In his more self-assertive and characteristic moments he made no bones of claiming, in true carpenter's spelling, that "that Expedition was planed at his Recommendation." Testimony before the Commissioners. xiii. American Loyalists Transcripts, 298. Public Library, New York City.

Command on the Expedition to Penobscot much to my satisfaction, on my taking post there. I appointed him Overseer of Works, which duty he performed with Zeal and fidelity to the King's service."¹ General Campbell, who was left in command of the place, "in consideration of his Attachment to His Majesty's Government," made a "Gratuious Grant" to Mrs. Nutting of "a lot of Land to settle upon . . . on the N. E. Side of y^e Road Leading to Fort George, formerly the Property of Joseph Pirkins now in Rebellion."² As it was evident that he could not return to Cambridge, the Overseer seems to have regarded this lot in the light of a homestead; upon it he built a house which he valued at £150.

The success of this little invasion was quite extraordinary.³ It was so dwelt upon by the British, who had not overmuch in that line to offer, that it drew the satire of Horace Walpole on the "destruction of a whole navy of walnut shells at a place as well known as Pharsalia called Penobscot,"⁴ and sundry ingenious gentlemen came forward to share the honor of its authorship or to offer suggestions for improving on the situation.⁵ It was a bitter pill for the pride of the old Bay State, and the fiasco which had permitted it to continue was as a draught of wormwood to wash it down withal. Baffled and resourceless, the Massachusetts Council bethought themselves of the great provincial panacea, and rushed blindly for aid to the one man who never lost his head. Washington in a stern letter, dated 17 April, 1780, pointed out the impossibility of any successful recapture of the place in the then desperate circumstances of the whole military establishment. No troops could be spared except the militia, who, he cuttingly observed, if defeated,

¹ Certificate, Halifax, 16 May, 1780. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 75, Public Record Office, London.

² Fort George, Penobscot, 21 June, 1781. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London.

³ Cf. i. T. Jones, New York during the Revolution, 297.

⁴ Walpole to Countess of Ossory, 24 September, 1779.

⁵ The domineering Col. Thomas Goldthwait hastened to New York to offer his services to Clinton in raising a regiment to defend the post. ii. Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports, American Manuscripts, 20, 45. He wrote to Admiral Arbuthnot to the same effect. ii. H. M. C. R., Stopford-Sackville Papers, 149. Strange to say, he too owned extensive tracts in the vicinity. ix. Maine Historical Magazine, 23.

would "escape with difficulty, no doubt with disgrace." Nor, he reminded them, could such an attempt be made without a naval force, the total lack of which (thanks to themselves, he might have added) was fast becoming a fatal defect on the American side.¹

Luckily for the republicans that indispensable factor was soon supplied by their French allies. During the spring of 1781, while the British fleet was busy in the Chesapeake and the French squadron idle at Newport, the Massachusetts men saw a golden opportunity. Their proposals were favorably received by Destouches, who agreed to furnish five vessels, while Rochambeau was to supply six hundred infantry, for an attack on Penobscot. Massachusetts was to contribute a force of militia, but broke down; and Washington quietly advised Rochambeau to put no trust in this part of the agreement, but to proceed himself as speedily and secretly as possible. After much preparation Destouches decided that the naval risk was too great, and all was abandoned.²

Yet the instinct of Massachusetts was that of the she-bear robbed of her cub. The next summer Vaudreuil anchored his great fleet in Nantasket Roads, and Governor Hancock appealed to him to strike a *coup de main* at "that troublesome post" whither John Nutting had led the King's troops. The admiral seemed to approve, and the governor made some preparations on his own account. But the general of the allies disapproved, and Washington supported his view. Thus for the fourth time was Massachusetts foiled in her attempt to regain the conquered portion of her own territory.³

Still, regularly as the year came round, the thoughts of the Bay State turned to Penobscot. On 8 February, 1783, the Legislature addressed a letter to Washington on the same old subject, "a post too beneficial to them and too dangerous to the safety of this and the other states in the Union to suffer us to remain indifferent, passive observers of their measures." With a doubtful regard for historical accuracy, the writers represented that since the defeat of the State expedition "our whole attention from that period to the present has been drawn from our own and fixed on the more

¹ Washington to President of Congress, 17 April, 1780.

² Washington to Rochambeau, 10 April, 1781. Cf. viii. J. Sparks, Writings of Washington, 10, note.

³ Washington to Hancock, 10 August, 1782.

dangerous and distressed situation" of the more southern colonies, but "that as the enemy have now left the southern states, and as there is no particular object that seems to engage the attention of the army," it would be a good time to send enough regiments "to dispossess the enemy or at least such a number as will confine them to their present possessions," as "we are apprehensive that they will in the spring take possession of the river Kennebeck."¹

Washington patiently replied that if peace was soon declared there would be no need of further attention to Penobscot; but if not, all efforts must be concentrated in a final attack on New York. And Massachusetts had to rest content with his suggestive statement that he should always be ready to concur in any "judicious" plan for retaking the eastern frontiers, "a territory whose utility is very deeply impressed upon me."²

Amidst these wars and rumors of wars the garrison at Penobscot were constantly on the alert. They continued their defensive works until "the viperine nest,"³ as the patriots feelingly termed it, was reported to be "the most regularly constructed and best finished of any in America."⁴ Frequent forays were made into the surrounding settlements, and not a few distinguished Sons of Liberty were temporarily deprived of their birthright and placed in durance vile at the central blockhouse.⁵ Several of these energetic gentry, however, contrived to penetrate Mr. Nutting's handiwork and depart in peace, if not with honor. Use also was made of the excellent harbor. The naval force was constantly changing. Vessels of war, transports, victuallers, privateers, and their prizes,

¹ Massachusetts Archives, 44 "Court Records," 304.

² Head Quarters, Newburgh, 22 Feb. 1783. Massachusetts Archives, "Letters, 1780-1788," 136.

³ i. Maine Historical Society Collections and Proceedings, 2d Series, 397.

⁴ Washington to Vaudreuil, 10 August, 1782.

⁵ Among them, General Cushing, of Pownalboro, General Wadsworth, of Thomaston, Daniel, brother of General Sullivan, etc. See Calef, Wheeler, Williamson, etc. It is an instructive example of the astounding distortion of the average American "history," to note the shrieks of protest against the *inhumanities* and *outrages* practised by the British — how Mowatt once threatened a rebellious native with his sword, etc. — while brutalities of the Colonials, like Wadsworth's summary hanging of a miserable half-witted tory guide, are passed over in silence, or condoned as unfortunate necessities of war.

made the scene busy and occasionally exciting; as when the dashing Preble, in a night attack, cut out an English brig lying close to shore and escaped without a scratch,¹ or Capt. George Little, by a daring stratagem, accomplished a similar feat.²

During this period many loyalists removed to this haven of refuge, and a sort of New Ireland *de facto* began to take shape. By the end of the war the settlement had grown from half a dozen huts to thirty-seven houses, some of two stories, with wharves, stores, etc., all the product of loyal hands.³ Another petition was sent to England asking to have the separate government established.⁴ The authority of Massachusetts, despite her asseverations, was so thoroughly broken that "no place eastward of Penobscot was called upon for taxes or contributions after this [expedition] till the close of the war"; although this exemption was carefully explained as due to tender consideration of the sufferings the inhabitants underwent from the British.⁵

In brief, then, futile as the original idea may have been in theory, in practice the occupation of Penobscot had turned out a surprising success; Knox, with some show of reason, plumed himself upon "my plan" and its results.⁶

And how fared John Nutting, the humble *causa causans* of it all? During the winter and spring of 1779-80 he seems to have been pretty well occupied with the care of his own and his Majesty's property at Castine. His wife had joined him there soon after the siege, and there little Sophia Elizabeth was born, 23 September, 1780.⁷ But farming and small garrison work were too tame

¹ J. Williamson, "British Occupation of Penobscot." i. Maine Historical Society Collections and Proceedings, 2d Series, 395.

² "Hutchings's Narrative." G. A. Wheeler, History of Castine, 327. i. C. Eaton, History of Thomaston, Maine, 134. Cf. payment of 24 May, 1781, "To Lieut. Col. Archibald Campbell of the 71st foot, for the losses sustained by the George transport being taken by the rebels £39. 18. =." xxiv. J. Almon, Parliamentary Register, 639. From the same source we learn that £21 was considered sufficient remuneration "to Capt. Alexander Campbell of the 74th foot for the cure of his thigh, which was broke at Penobscott, in June, 1779."

³ 145 Massachusetts Archives, 377.

⁴ J. Calef, Siege of the Penobscot, 40.

⁵ ii. J. Williamson, History of Maine, 481, note.

⁶ ii. W. Knox, Extra-Official State Papers, 60.

⁷ Nutting Papers. She married Michael B. Grant, 10 July, 1800, and bore him eight children ere his death in 1817. She herself died in 1862.

for our budding strategist, and encouraged by the local sentiment he began to nurse the idea of repeating his former success with the ministry. General McLean also had theories of his own for the military dispositions along the Maine coast; between the two, if appearances are to be trusted, another scheme was hatched for the favorable consideration of Mr. Knox. At least, in the spring of 1780, Nutting, "by the General's particular advice and recommendation, Embarked again for England,"¹ where he soon announced that he had "laid a Plan before the Right Honourable Lord George Germain which if put into Execution he is clear would be of the greatest Utility to Government."²

The details of that plan do not appear. We may have an echo of it in the insistence with which Germain the next winter urged upon Clinton the ministry's favorite scheme for the disposition of the throngs of Tories at New York: "Many . . . are desirous of being settled in the country about Penobscot . . . and, as it is proposed to settle that country, and this appears a cheap method of disposing of these loyalists, it is wished you would encourage them to go there under the protection of the Associated Refugees, and assure them that a civil government will follow them in due time; for I hope, in the course of the summer, the admiral and you will be able to spare a force sufficient to effect an establishment at Casco Bay, and reduce that country to the King's obedience."³ At all events the imminence of this projected attack on Portland was sufficient to cause some very earnest preparations to be made by the inhabitants there.⁴

It may have been only a coincidence, but soon after Nutting's arrival in London an astonishing impetus was given to the whole New Ireland scheme. Germain wrote to Knox, 7 August, 1780: "I hope *New Ireland* continues to employ your thoughts: the

¹ Memorial to the Commissioners, heard at Halifax, 29 December, 1785. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London.

² Memorial to the Treasury, "Rec'd 13 Mar. 1781." Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 75, Public Record Office, London.

³ Whitehall, 7 March, 1781 (intercepted). viii. J. Sparks, *Writings of Washington*, 521.

⁴ Campbell to Clinton, Ft. George, Penobscot, 15 March, 1781. ii. Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports, American Manuscripts, 258. Cf. ii. J. Williamson, *History of Maine*, 481, etc.

more I think of Oliver (Chief Justice of Massachuset's Bay), for governor, the more I like him. . . . I wish we might prepare some plan for the consideration of the Cabinet.”¹ A hint was enough for Knox, and with suspicious speed the plan was produced. Four days later a full-blown constitution for the new province was a reality,² and Germain wrote: “*The King approves of the plan . . .* likes Oliver for Governor, so it may be offered him. He approves of Leonard for Chief Justice.”³ Yet here a most provoking obstacle arose. Wedderburn, the Attorney-General, in a pet, according to the disgruntled Knox,⁴ at seeing his legal rival, Lord Thurlow, raised to the peerage before himself,⁵ refused to sanction the proposition, declaring that no new province could be interposed between two old ones whose charters gave them a coterminous boundary.

Whether Nutting had much or little to do with all this, he reached England unfortunately “at the time of the Riots in London,⁶ was detained contrary to his expectation, and received a peremptory order from Lord Townsend to proceed immediately to Landguard Fort. His Lordship being pleased to declare that Your Memorialist could not be spared out of the Kingdom at that time.”⁷ Work at Landguard was then in full swing, as the English coast towns were not only threatened by the Dutch and Spanish fleets but still sweating from the fear of that bogey-man of the sea, John P. Jones.

Thus side-tracked among the East Anglian marshes, his finances being again very low, “having expended the whole of his pay, and

¹ W. Knox, Extra-Official State Papers. ii. Appendix, 82.

² Discussed and compared in x. G. Bancroft, History of the United States, 368.

³ W. Knox, Extra-Official State Papers, ii. Appendix, 83.

⁴ Knox to Cooke, Ealing, 27 January, 1808. vi. Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports, Various, 228.

⁵ This explanation seems a bit tenuous. The invidious promotion had been made over two years before, and Wedderburn was himself by this time safely within the charmed circle as Baron Loughborough. Still, there were doubtless wheels within wheels.

⁶ The Gordon Riots began 2 June, 1780.

⁷ Memorial to the Commissioners, heard 29 December, 1785. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London.

being considerably more indebted than when he set out which he is wholly unable to pay although he has used the greatest Oeconomy, not being able to return a Compliment of asking a Friend to Dinner," Nutting composed a memorial¹ to the Treasury Board, asking for reimbursement for £394 worth of expenses incurred since leaving Landguard in 1778, "with such other gratuity, as your Lordships shall think fit." This he followed up by a straightforward letter² to Robinson, Secretary of the Treasury, who it appears had made a "kind promis to speak to My Lord North" in his behalf. Herein he begs for "one hundred or even seventy pounds" which "would set me free from that anxeiety of mind every honest man ought to have to pay his Just depts though incurred for the service of Government." He refers for his "carecture, & services," to "the Rt. Hon'bl Lord Germain, or Mr. Knox; to whom I have the honour to be well known." He was evidently determined that the family orthography should improve, for he adds a "P. P. (*sic*) the berer is my son who is at school in London, & shall wait on your honour when most convenient, for an answare."

That "answare" was long in coming. The frightfully overburdened treasury did not reach action on this appeal till a year and a half later. Then, after various wanderings in the official maze, it was returned to "Sir" Grey Cooper, the new Secretary of the Treasury, by the ever-friendly Knox, with the statement that "£300 is judged a proper compensation for Mr. Nutting's extraordinary expenses."³ This sum the Treasury would consent to pay only on *receiving back* the £150 already allowed Nutting as an American sufferer, "to be applied again to the payment of American sufferers."⁴

Ere this the ministry had changed and Nutting's old patrons were no longer in power. But he had already secured new ones — among them the Duke of Richmond, Master General of Ordnance. By that dignitary, soon after his exchequer had received the above addition,

¹ Endorsed: "Rec'd 13 Mar. 1781." Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 75, Public Record Office, London.

² Landguard Fort, 5 October, 1780. *Ibidem.*

³ Knox to Cooper, Whitehall, 14 March, 1782. *Ibidem.*

⁴ Endorsements on above memorial.

and "as soon as the disturbances subsided," he was appointed engineer,¹ and was once again ordered out to New York, taking John Junior with him, "to follow such Directions as he might receive from His Excellency Sir Guy Carleton."² His arrival is chronicled in a letter from Carleton to his Grace dated 17 November, 1782: "Mr. Nutting and his son, whom Your Grace mentioned to me, are arrived here. I shall immediately employ the father according to his wish at Penobscot (*sic*), and as soon as an opportunity offers, provide for the son who I have in the meantime directed shall serve under the Chief Engineer, who will take care of him."³ The commander-in-chief acted with a promptness that shows how much "influence" was behind the Cambridge man. A few days later his pecuniary cloud showed a further silver lining in the shape of a payment of another £100 "for services to Government";⁴ and on 1 December, young John was satisfactorily provided for, by an appointment as Second Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery.⁵

Nutting's wish to be employed at Penobscot was quite understandable, but more serious matters were afoot, matters too in which he was specially qualified to assist. Carleton was facing the question of what to do with the loyalists. For years they had been concentrating on New York, which on their account was actually held by the British beyond the intended date of surrender.⁶ The humane general was doing all he could temporarily for the thousands of unfortunates, but the only possible solution of the problem of their final disposal was to send them to the province still loyal like them-

¹ So at least he says in his memorial to the Commissioners, heard 29 December, 1785. Probably a "practitioner engineer," a rank then just going out of use. Cf. i. W. Porter, History of the Royal Engineers, 202. The family tradition is that he was a captain in that corps, but his name is not found under that heading in the Army Lists and the title is probably confused with his son's. At all events, he seems to have soon quit the job. See *post*.

² Memorial above, Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London.

³ iii. Historical Manuscripts Commission, American Manuscripts, 226.

⁴ 22 November, 1782. *Idem*, 234.

⁵ Army Lists. He at first appears as James Nutting, by an obvious error. 24 March, 1791, he was promoted First Lieutenant, and 1 October, 1795, "Captain Lieutenant and Captain." He apparently sold out in 1797.

⁶ iii. R. Hildreth, History of the United States, 439.

selves to the king.¹ The movement to deport them to Nova Scotia began in the autumn of 1782. It soon reached proportions really alarming: during the ensuing twelvemonth nearly 30,000 souls were estimated to have arrived at Halifax, Annapolis, Port Roseway, St. John's, etc.² The first requisite for these poor exiles was shelter. "They have applied to me," wrote Governor Parr, "to be provided with a Sufficiency of Boards for Erecting small houses to put them under Shelter after their arrival, as such a Provision is indispensably necessary & out of their power to make."³ In his next letter he speaks of the great want of working people. This scarcity of boards⁴ and building material is mentioned in almost every one of Parr's letters home during 1783. "Another very Considerable Article of Expence My Lord will be the Lumber purchased from the Unavoidable Necessity of Providing these people with some Kind of Shelter & Habitation; for although they might in some Degree have provided themselves with Materials from the Woods yet without some Allowance of Boards their Dwellings would be Wretched & Miserable, I cannot Ascertain the Expence already incur'd on this Account, but from what is Known it amounts to about £3500."⁵

Here, in short, was the same old field ripe again for John Nutting's best-known talents, and he very soon found himself ordered to report at Halifax once more.⁶ The conditions were curiously like those he had faced in 1776. There was the same uncertainty

¹ Little could these poor refugees foresee that by their very exile they were to perform a still incalculable service to their sovereign and his successors. It is now reckoned that nothing but the vast increase they gave to the population and prestige of Nova Scotia induced the ministry to consider retaining that despised remnant of the American possessions,—yet the nucleus of the present Dominion of Canada! E. P. Weaver, "Nova Scotia during the Revolution."

x. American Historical Review, 71.

² Parr to North, Halifax, 20 November, 1783. 47 Provincial Archives, Halifax.

³ Parr to Townshend, Halifax, 15 January, 1783. *Ibid.*

⁴ Some of the loyalists before leaving for Halifax "even tore down their houses to take the material to the wilderness for new homes." A. C. Flick, Loyalism in New York during the American Revolution, 188.

⁵ Parr to North, Halifax, 21 October, 1783. 47 Provincial Archives, Halifax.

⁶ Memorial to the Commissioners, heard at Halifax, 29 December, 1785. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London.

and confusion, the same lack of supplies, the same wintry distress for the same class of true-hearted, tenderly-nurtured refugees, many of them fresh from the warm southern colonies. "It is a most unlucky Season for these unfortunate people to come to this Climate," remarks Parr in November. And a little later, "I cannot better describe the Wretched Situation of those people, than by inclosing your Lordship a list of those Just arrived in the Clinton Transport, destitute of almost everything: Chiefly Women & Children all still on board, as I have not yet been Able to find any Sort of place for them & the Cold Setting in Severe."¹

We must therefore again picture the master carpenter struggling to procure workmen and materials for the "indispensable" little huts into which the poor refugees were only too thankful to crowd themselves. Much of his work must have been of a supervisory and instructive sort — helping the new settlers to help themselves, explaining the mysteries of saw and hammer to the former aristocrats of New York and Philadelphia, illustrating the theory of framing to the mob-harried ex-officials, broken professional men, and ruined merchant princes of that dolorous company. For there was now one great difference from the conditions of seven years before. This time nothing lay beyond. Halifax was not a mere point of transshipment, but a terminus; it was all too certain that there would and could be no return; the new arrivals were to become permanent settlers to live and die in the Nova Scotia wilderness.

For this reason the allotment of regular lands to the loyalists was another necessity, and a considerable force of surveyors pushed out into the forests and barrens of the back country, followed as fast as possible by the wretched army of grantees. Nutting must have made many a journey to the new settlements to assist in the house-building problems there. When it came to his own allotment the persuasive Yankee land-speculator drove his usual good bargain. Whether from the representations of his influential patrons at home, or from his own importance in the community, he²

¹ Parr to North, Halifax, 15 January, 1784, 47 Provincial Archives, Halifax.

² Warrant dated 7 September, 1783. 14 Crown Grants, 3. Crown Grants Office, Halifax. The exact location, close to the 1000 acres of "Commissary Roger Johnston," is shown on an ancient traced map in the office, marked "Avon River to Tinney Cape." It was a long narrow strip running back from the water, to give the advantages of both upland and foreshore.

received a large tract, 2,000 acres,¹ of the rich soil on the southern shore of the beautiful Basin of Minas, near the present town of Newport, and conveniently close to Halifax itself, the provincial metropolis, "yielding & paying to His Majesty . . . a free yearly quit rent of one farthing per Acre."

He did not at once remove to this domain, however, still being busy with his government work. About this time, according to family traditions,² he was constructing at Halifax the "Old Chain Battery" near the entrance of the Northwest Arm of the harbor. This, with the chain-boom which it commanded, stretching across the entrance to the Arm, was designed to protect the city from attack in the rear. Perhaps it was during the progress of the work that his daughter Mercy (named for her paternal grandmother) was born on George's Island in the harbor, 3 July, 1785.³

These multifarious occupations, nevertheless, presented nothing either novel or exciting, and he had already begun to grow restive under his "daily and constant attendance on duty," and to make efforts towards bettering his official, or at least his financial position. To that end he had addressed Carleton in quaint yet illuminating phrases : "Penetrated with the most indelible Caractures for the past favours — I humbly beg that I may be pardoned for this intrusion also . . . The Commander in Chief is not unacquainted with my expectations, in coming out to America with him nor likewise with my disagreeable and unstable situation at this place . . . for a Virtuous and affectionate Wife, and four amible Children,⁴ who are entirely dependant on me for their subsistance, that have always had a sufficiency if not affulence till this time. . . . I have spent upwards of eight years, the prime of my Life to support Government I have served faithfully spilt my blood, and at this moment feel the pain of my wounds which I received four years since, all which I have losst, and endured for the support of the

¹ The usual grant was 200 acres to a single man, 500 to a family, 1000 to a field officer in a loyalist regiment, etc. A. C. Flick, *Loyalism in New York during the American Revolution*, 190.

² W. F. Parker, *Life of Daniel McNeill Parker*, 12.

³ Nutting Papers. She died young.

⁴ Elizabeth, James, and Susanna must therefore all have died during the wanderings and exposures of the war, leaving John, Mary No. 2, Mercy (who died the next year), and little Sophia Elizabeth.

Government of Great Britain. I humbly pray that the General in his great humanity penetration and goodness, would be pleased to take my Case into his consideration and appoint me surveyor of Lumber for his Majesty's works in this province at 5/- per Day which is the same I had at Penobscott, in addition to my pay as overseer . . . in lieu of being Engineer or any thing in my expectations preceedent, and indeed will prevent my being under the necessity of troubling my Friends in England, or your Excellency any further on Government account."¹ Evidently the friends in England were not to be disregarded, for in due course came the desired appointment,² and "with a Salary of 10/- per Diem."³

As a respectable official and a considerable landowner in Nova Scotia, John Nutting would now have had little to worry him, had not the fate of his Penobscot property been wavering in the balance. The peace commissioners were at loggerheads over the eastern boundary between the American and the British possessions. Should it be the Penobscot River or the St. Croix? Long and stubborn was the controversy, but we may almost fancy poor Nutting's bad luck in real estate as tipping the scale at last. Early in January,⁴ 1784, the barracks and store-houses that had cost him so much labor were emptied and fired, and the King's troops "reluctantly"—most reluctantly—abandoned Penobscot Fort, the last

¹ Nutting to Carleton, Halifax, 10 May, 1783. iv. Papers in the Royal Institution, 411. (New York Public Library Transcripts.) *Précis* in iv. Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports, American Manuscripts, 76.

² "from Colonel Morse of the Engineers . . . dated 23^d December 1783." xiii. American Loyalists Transcripts, 299. Public Library, New York City.

³ xxviii. *Idem*, 198.

⁴ In spite of its romantic interest, the exact date seems still unknown. J. Williamson, "British Occupation of Penobscot." i. Maine Historical Society Collections, 2d Series, 398 *et seq.* Carleton had ordered evacuation, with "no delay," more than three months before, and so notified Hancock. iv. Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports, American Manuscripts, 378, 391. But like a spoiled child, Massachusetts, once her object was within her grasp, almost refused to take it. Local tradition asserts that the importance of the place induced the ministry to send orders to delay the evacuation till the American government had complied with the various articles of the treaty, but that these orders did not arrive till after the garrison had set sail, and nearly reached Halifax. W. Ballard, "Castine, 1815." ii. Bangor Historical Magazine, 51.

post they held on American soil, and New Ireland became one more province in the realm of might-have-been. According to Mr. Secretary Knox,¹ the place never would have been evacuated at all, but would have remained to mark the seaward end of the British boundary-line, had not the jealousy of Wedderburne and the ignorance of Shelburne allowed it slip out of their hands and fixed the American terminus at Eastport instead.² Luckily for Massachusetts she had John Adams on the board of treaty commissioners, and his insistent diplomacy achieved what five warlike attempts had failed in.

The statesman mourned for a province *in posse*: the carpenter mourned for good acres *in esse*. His Cambridge property was already hopelessly lost, and it needs but a modicum of imagination to picture his chagrin at beholding his cherished farm on the Bagaduce, his recently-acquired homestead by the fort, his cleared lands and his mill privileges, after all his schemes to secure them, slip thus from his grasp forever. No recourse remained but to put in vigorous claims for compensation before the commissioners appointed to investigate and reward the services and sufferings of the loyalists. As usual, he lost little time, and on 15 January, 1784, made oath at Halifax to a moving memorial, accompanied by sundry affidavits and schedules regarding his property lost at Cambridge and Penobscot.³ This he entrusted to Samuel Sparhawk to present for him in London, "as it was not in the power of Mr. Nutting personally to attend your Hon'ble Board within the time limited for receiving the claims."⁴ Consideration of this was apparently deferred till the next year, when the Commissioners visited Halifax to hear claimants on the spot. The indefatigable Nutting thereupon presented another memorial,⁵ backing it up with various

¹ Knox to Cooke. Ealing, 27 January, 1808. vi. Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports, Variions, 227.

² Most of the loyalists who were forced out of Penobscot removed to St. Andrews, opposite Eastport, thus continuing the border-line existence which they had already elected.

³ Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London.

⁴ Memorial of Sam'l Sparhawk "in behalf of John Nutting, March 25 1784. Bedford Court, R'd Lyon Square." *Ibid.*

⁵ Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London. Duplicated in xiii. American Loyalists Transcripts, 289. Public Library, New York City.

documentary proofs and the personal testimony both of himself and of sundry other witnesses, including young Lieutenant John. The hearing¹ was on 29 December, 1785, and the decision² was made the same day. The Commissioners, apparently in view of the various payments already made to him by government, confined themselves to a consideration of his property losses. The Cambridge claims were disallowed, the house "appearing to have been mortgaged to some of his Wife's Family & to be now in their possession." So was the claim for the "House built at Penobscot after that Post was occupied by the British Troops." So was the claim for "Furniture Lumber & Cattle lost at different places—there being no proof of Loss." In short, only £200 were awarded, for "500 Acres on Penobscot River with Houses Improvements and $\frac{1}{3}$ ^d of a Saw Mill." Even that was "only conditional. Proof of Confiscation and Sale is required." This was subsequently furnished; and after solemn affidavits from various members of the Walton family as to the Cambridge property,³ the claimant was "allowed on revision" an additional £100 for that, "after deducting mortge."⁴

Unable therefore to capitalize his loyalty to any great extent, John Nutting seems to have settled down into a steady-going farmer of Newport, N. S. He probably carried out to the letter the various conditions on which all the crown grants had been made;—"within three years from date hereof to clear and work three acres of or for every fifty acres in the tract hereby granted . . . or clear and drain three acres of swampy or sunken ground, or drain three acres of marsh, . . . or put or keep on his said lands three Neat Cattle" or "to erect on some part of his said Lands One dwelling house to Contain twenty feet in length by sixteen feet in

¹ Fully reported in *xiii. American Loyalists Transcripts*, 297 *et seq.* Public Library, New York City. The witnesses besides Nutting *père et fils*, were Samuel Pool and Nathaniel Bust [? Rust], formerly of Cambridge, and Josiah Henny, of Penobscot. For the latter cf. G. A. Wheeler, *History of Castine*, 201.

² *xxviii. American Loyalists Transcripts*, 197. Public Library, New York City.

³ Affidavits of John Walton of Cambridge and Benjamin Walton of Reading, 29 October, 1788. Audit Office, Loyalist Series, Bundle 51, Public Record Office, London.

⁴ 12 December, 1788. *xxviii. American Loyalists Transcripts*, 197. Public Library, New York City. A revision after such an interval certainly suggests considerable powers of "pull" or persuasion.

breadth." He was a man of importance in the community, too, for his influence is unmistakable in the naming of the next town to Newport, perpetuating his wife's family name of Walton. His last child, a son of his old age, was born 12 September, 1787, and named from his two grandfathers James Walton.¹

So passed the afternoon of life. But was that active and ingenious spirit content in the improvement of a back-country farm and the routine duties of a surveyor of lumber? He had taken responsible part in many a stirring scene, in militia musters, in famous sieges, in English fort and Spanish prison, in concentration camps, in councils of the state, in fateful despatch-bearing. He had been faithful to his king, even unto banishment and double confiscation. Did he not long to play the man again? When his old wounds burned and stung in the foggy autumn nights, did not his thoughts turn back to his early frontier campaigns, to his "fall trainings" in Cambridge, to his expedition with Colonel Small, to his fight with the privateer? When the surf from Blomidon boomed on his beach, did he not hear again in fancy the guns of the *Vengeance*, or the 24's of Collier at Castine, or the cannonade from Copp's Hill? Did he not sometimes yearn as he passed among the farmer folk for his old neighbors in cultured and beautiful Cambridge, or his polished friends and patrons in glittering London? If we read the man aright, there can be but one answer.

We know, moreover, that to the end his old land-hunger and *wanderlust* were strong upon him, for he was constantly buying, selling, and mortgaging lots,² extending his operations as far as Cape Breton and its neighborhood. But his financial ill-luck, like the villain of the melodrama, still pursued him. When he died, intestate, late in 1800, although he was described as "gentleman," and as possessing "two lots of 500 acres each in Newport, being part of lands commonly called Mantular Lands" and "a 200 acre lot of Land in the County of Sidney No. 9, and a Town Lot in Man-

¹ Married Mary Elizabeth MacLean, 10 July, 1813, and had six children. Died 7 July, 1870, at Halifax. Nutting Papers. Stone in Camp Hill Cemetery there. He rose to eminence in the law, was clerk of the crown in the supreme court of the province, and at his death was senior member of the Nova Scotia Bar. He had a 500-acre grant in Newport, close to his father's.

² His numerous local deals may be traced in Windsor (Nova Scotia) Deeds, *passim*.

chester, No. 3 Letter M,"— yet his estate was found insolvent, and a general sale was made of his property. The inventory included "7 cows, 1 yoak of oxen, 2 yoak of stears, 2 Heighfors," and other livestock, "1 boat," a reminder of his seafaring days, and a curious list of his tools: "3 axes, 1 Handsaw, 1 Crosset saw, 1 Two feet rule, 2 augers, 2 chissels, 1 foot adds, 1 Tray adds, 2 grindstones, 1 Crow Barr, 1 Jack Plain, 1 Iron square, 1 draw knife, 3 files, 1 pinchers, 1 Do. Hammer." Only the mercst necessities of life were exempted and "left in the Hands of the Wido Mary Nutting & her children."¹

While his relict thus suffered the penalty of his characteristic pecuniary misfortunes, she luckily reaped the benefit of his equally characteristic friendships with the great and influential. The Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, then just quitting the post of commander-in-chief in Nova Scotia, "in consideration of her husband's services to the Crown, and his heavy losses at Cambridge by confiscation, . . . procured for the widow a special pension from the Crown."² Upon this subsidy, aided perhaps by her children's contributions, she managed to eke out an existence, possibly precarious but certainly protracted. She died about 1831, at "Loyal Hill."³

Such is the history, so far as gathered, of a Cambridge man born and bred, interesting not only for his all too uncommon type of personality among his loyalist neighbors, but for the curious speculations arising from his share in the historical events in which he played a part. If, for example, the strategists of Great Britain, uninfluenced by his solicitude for his eligible farm, had established the post in Maine at some other point than Penobscot—a point on which the attack of the Provincials might have been successful,—if the only organized naval force of the colonies, instead of disappearing utterly, had returned, encouraged by victory, to take, under the masterly strategy of Washington, a definite and co-ordinated part in the current and subsequent campaigns of the Revolution,—who can say how much the struggle would have been

¹ Hants Probate Records at Windsor, Nova Scotia. His son-in-law, Daniel McNeil, was appointed administrator, 21 November, 1800.

² W. F. Parker. *Life of Daniel McNeill Parker*, 12.

³ Nutting Papers.

altered and shortened? What would have been the effect on the story of American privateering? Again, if that post had been to the eastward of Penobscot, even had the result of the expedition been the same as it was, where might the Canadian boundary now be fixed? What chances for an actual New Ireland of to-day?

And the Muse of History (doubtless a polyglot dame) smiles inscrutably and replies, *Quien sabe?*

At the conclusion of Mr. Batchelder's paper the meeting was dissolved.

GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY

October 27, 1909 — October 25, 1910

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
AMERICAN-IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY	
BARNEY, EVERETT HOSMER	Journal, Vol. IX, 1910
BIGELOW, FRANCIS HILL	Commodore Joshua Barney, U. S. N., 1759-1818, by W. F. Adams
	Address delivered before the Alumni of Harvard College, July 16, 1863, by James Walker
	At Home and Abroad, by Margaret Fuller Ossoli
	Atlas of the City of Cambridge, by G. M. Hopkins
	Cambridge Directory, 1848
	Cambridge in the "Centennial," issued by the City Council of Cambridge
	Cambridge of 1896, ed. by Arthur Gilman
	Can a State Secede? By Emory Washburn
	Discourse occasioned by the Death of Jared Sparks, by William Newell
	English Words and their Proper Use, by Lyman R. Williston
	Eulogy on Thomas Dowse, by Edward Everett
	Geological Sketches, by Louis Agassiz. 2d series
	Harvard Book, collected and published by F. O. Vaille and H. A. Clark. 2 v.

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
	Harvard Memorial Biographies, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 2 v.
	Henry W. Longfellow, by W. S. Kennedy
	History of Greece, by William Smith, with Notes and a Continuation to the present time, by C. C. Felton
	Journey in Brazil, by Professor and Mrs. Louis Agassiz
	Laws of Business for Business Men, by Theophilus Parsons
	Life of Josiah Quincy, by his Son
	Notice sent to Marshall T. Bigelow of his Election as Honorary Member of the 12th Unattached Co., M. V. M., Cambridge Walcott Guard, January 1, 1866
	Novum Testamentum Graece, ex Recensione J. J. Griesbachii, Cantabrigiae Nov. Anglorum, 1809
	On the Measure of the Forces of Bodies moving with Different Velocities, by Daniel Treadwell
	Recollections of Seventy Years, by Mrs. John Farrar
	Report on the Connection at various times existing between the First Parish in Cambridge and Harvard College
	Theory of the Universe, by Samuel Hutchins
	Tiles from the Todd House on Site of St. John's Chapel
	To the Free Soil Members of the General Court of Massachusetts for the year 1851, by J. G. Palfrey

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC LIBRARY	Treatise on English Punctuation, by John Wilson
	Annual Report of the Trustees, 1880, 1882, 1887, 1889, 1892- 1910. 22 nos.
	Cambridge Public Library: its History, etc., comp. by C. Walker.
CARY, EMMA FORBES	History of the Cambridge Public Library, 1858-1908, comp. by W. J. Rolfe and C. W. Ayer.
	Genealogical and Personal Memoirs relating to the Families of the State of Massachusetts, ed. by W. R. Cutter. 4 v.
CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Annual Report, May, 1910
DANA, RICHARD HENRY, 3D . . .	Boston Daily Advertiser, April 29, 1850, July 3, 1850, April 29, 1851
DELAWARE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Marking the Headquarters of Wash- ington and Lafayette, at Chadd's Ford, Delaware County, Pa., September 10, 1910
GOZZALDI, MRS. MARY ISABELLA	Certificate of Membership in the Francis Scott Key Memorial Association
HARRIS, ELIZABETH	Journal of American History, 1907- 1909. 3 v.
HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH	Album containing twenty-five Harvard Photographs of the Last Generation
HILDRETH, JOHN LEWIS	First Generation of the Name of Hildreth in Massachusetts, 1643- 1693, comp. by P. H. Reade
ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LI- BRARY	Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society, 1909
ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SO- CIETY	Journal, Vol. II, No. 3-Vol. III, No. 3, Oct. 1909-Oct. 1910

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
LANCASTER COUNTY (PA.) HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Papers read, Vol. XIII, No. 8-XIV, No. 6, Oct. 12, 1909-June 3, 1910
LANE, WILLIAM COOLIDGE	Classical and Scientific Studies and the Great Schools of England, by W. P. Atkinson
	Dynamic and Mechanic Teaching, by W. P. Atkinson
	Horse-shoe: a Poem, by John Brooks Felton
	Prémices, by E. Foxton, pseud. for Sara Hammond Palfrey
	Subjects for Master's Degree in Harvard College, 1655-1791, tr. by E. J. Young
MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Proceedings, Vol. XLII, Oct. 1908-June, 1909
MATTHEWS, ALBERT	Snake Devices, 1754-1776, and the Constitutional Courant, 1765. Reprinted from the Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, Vol. XI
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Historical Register, Vol. XIII, 1910
MIDDLESEX COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Pamphlet, No. VIII, May, 1910
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Collections, Vols. XII-XIII, 1908
NEW ENGLAND HISTORIC GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY	New England Historical and Genealogical Register, April, 1910 (with Supplement)-July, 1910
NORTON, MARGARET	Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature, 1833-34
OHIO STATE ARCHAEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Quarterly, Vol. XIX, Nos. 1-2, 1910
OKLAHOMA HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Historia, Vol. I, No. 4, June 15 1910
OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Quarterly, Vol. X, No. 2-Vol. XI, No. 2, June, 1909-June, 1910

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY (NEW YORK)	Year Book, 1910
POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION	History and Proceedings of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, Vols. I and IV, 1870-1879, and 1899-1904
RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Proceedings, 1906-1908. 2 nos.
SAUNDERS, MARY ELIZABETH	Acceptance and Unveiling of the Statue of John Bridge, the Puritan, issued by the Cambridge City Council
	Account of the Battle of Bunker Hill, by David Pulsifer
	Address of the Mayor of Cambridge, with the Annual Reports, 1846-1888, 1901-1904. 38 v.
	Exercises in Celebrating the 250th Anniversary of the Settlement of Cambridge, held Dec. 28, 1880, issued by the Cambridge City Council
	Funeral Discourse . . . on the Occasion of the Burial of G. T. and J. H. Tucker, by C. W. Anable
	Invitation to be present at the Memorial Services of General Grant, held Aug. 8, 1885, issued by the Mayor of Cambridge
	Memorial of the Inauguration of the State of Franklin, issued by the Boston City Council
	Memorial to the Men of Cambridge who fell in the First Battle of the Revolutionary War, issued by the Cambridge City Council
	Oration delivered on the 4th of July, 1862, before the Municipal Authorities of Boston, by G. T. Curtis

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
	Record of the Massachusetts Volunteers, 1861-1865. 2 v.
	Remarks at the Funeral of Hon. W. Eustis Russell, by Rev. Alexander McKenzie
	Report of the Trial of Prof. John W. Webster
	Roll of Students of Harvard College who have served in the Army and Navy during the War of the Rebellion, by F. J. Child
	Thanksgiving Proclamation of the President, containing also the Proclamation of Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts
SHELDON, MRS. GEORGE	Tribute to C. Alice Baker, by J. M. A. Sheldon
VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY .	Virginia Magazine, Vol. XVIII, 1910
WISCONSIN ARCHAEOLOGICAL SO- CIETY	Wisconsin Archaeologist, Vol. VIII. No. 3, Oct. 1909

NECROLOGY

The original obituary sketches, of which most of the following are abstracts, are kept on file in the Society's collection.

REGULAR MEMBERS

AMES, JAMES BARR, was born in Boston, Mass., June 22, 1846. He was a pupil in the Boston Latin School and entered Harvard College in 1863. He graduated in 1868, receiving the degree of A.B. After two years spent in travel and teaching he entered the Harvard Law School, where he graduated in 1872. He stayed in the school for a graduate year, and at the same time taught two courses in history in the college. At the end of this year he received the master's degree and was appointed assistant professor of law. On June 25, 1877, he was appointed to a full professorship of law. In 1895 he succeeded Professor Langdell as dean of the Faculty, and in 1903 he became Dane Professor of Law. For thirty-six years he taught in the Harvard Law School, beloved and respected by all who knew him. He was made a Doctor of Laws by the University of New York and the University of Wisconsin in 1898, by the University of Pennsylvania in 1899, by Northwestern University in 1903, by Williams College and Harvard in 1904. In his younger days he was an enthusiastic amateur actor, and was for years the presiding officer of the Cambridge Social Dramatic Club. For ten years he was president of the Old Cambridge Shakespeare Club. For several years he was president of the Colonial Club in Cambridge. Mr. Ames married, June 29, 1880, Miss Sarah Russell, daughter of George Robert and Sarah (Shaw) Russell, of Boston. Two sons were born to them, Robert Russell (Harvard, 1907) and Richard (Harvard, 1907). Mr. Ames died January 8, 1910.

EDMARDS, JOHN RAYNER, was born in Boston, February 18, 1850, the son of Benjamin Franklin and Catherine Rayner Edmands. He was educated in the schools of his native city and graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1869, with the degree of Mechanical Engineer. For a number of years he was connected with the U. S. Coast Survey, and from 1883 to 1910 he was an assistant in the Harvard Astronomical Observatory, chiefly as librarian but not in continuous

service. Possessed of ample means and leisure, and fond of mountain climbing. Mr. Edmands became one of the original members of the Appalachian Mountain Club, showing great interest in its early topographical work in the White Mountains. In building paths up the high ridges he spent much time, energy, and money, and in this way he has prepared his own memorial, the name of "the Edmands trails" being given to the system of carefully constructed paths upon the northern peaks of the Presidential Range. As aids in this work for himself and for others, he showed inventive genius in constructing a special camera for obtaining panoramic profiles, and a portable form of heliotrope for transmitting sun-signals across the mountains, as well as a convenient pack-saddle for pedestrians. His work and his ability received full recognition in his appointment to many offices of the Appalachian Mountain Club, among which he served as Trustee of Real Estate from its organization in 1876 to his death. Corresponding Secretary in 1881, Vice-President in 1885, and President in 1886. His mountain service assumed a wider importance in helping to secure three reservations at North Woodstock, Shelburne, and Fitzwilliam. On October 26, 1885, Mr. Edmands married Helen Louise Atkins, of Belmont, whose sudden death within three years left him long a widower. His own death followed a stroke of apoplexy, at the Johns Hopkins University Hospital in Baltimore, on March 27, 1910, while he was on his way back from a trip to Florida for the benefit of his health. His will contained several public bequests, among them being \$10,000 to the Institute of Technology; his estate at 61 Garden Street to Radcliffe College; and \$1000 each to the Appalachian Mountain Club for the purchase of land in the public interest, to Harvard University for the use of the Phillips Library at the Observatory, and to the East End Christian Union.

ROLFE, WILLIAM JAMES, was born in Newburyport, Mass., December 10, 1827, and died at Tisbury, Mass., July 7, 1910. He was the son of John and Lydia Davis (Moulton) Rolfe. He passed most of his boyhood at Lowell; graduated at Amherst College in 1849; taught in Kirkwood Academy, Maryland, and at Day's Academy, Wrentham, till December, 1852, when he became headmaster of the Dorchester High School; later was principal of high schools at Lawrence, Salem, and Cambridge (1862-1868), until 1868, when he devoted himself wholly to literary work. Among his important editions are Shakespeare, in 40 volumes; "Students' Series of Standard English Poems," 10 volumes; Tennyson, 12 volumes; "Cambridge Course of Physics," 8 volumes; and selections from Goldsmith, Gray, Wordsworth, Browning, and other

poets. He also compiled several volumes of tales, and wrote three books on Shakespeare. From 1872 to 1910 he edited "The Satchel Guide to Europe." In 1908 he prepared, in collaboration with the librarian, Clarence W. Ayer, a "History of the Cambridge Public Library," in connection with the celebration, April 1, 1908, of the fiftieth anniversary of its establishment. He was president of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, 1904-1908. Harvard conferred on him an honorary A.M. in 1859, and Amherst made him a Litt. D. in 1887. On July 30, 1856, he married Eliza Jane Carew, of Dorchester. Their three sons are Prof. John Carew (Harvard, 1881); George William (Harvard, 1885); and Charles Joseph (Harvard, 1890).

SMITH, MRS. EMMA GRISCOM, born in New York City, July 16, 1815, was daughter of Dr. John Hoskins and Henrietta (Peale) Griscom, granddaughter of Rembrandt Peale, the artist, who was a son of Charles Wilson Peale, artist and aide-de-camp to General Washington. Mrs. Smith was educated at the Twelfth Street School in New York, the first public school in that city to receive girls exclusively, also at a private school. In 1865 she accompanied her father on a trip to Europe. She married, August 25, 1870, Clement Lawrence Smith (Harvard, 1863), son of Dr. George Smith, physician, legislator, and historian, who had been appointed tutor in Latin at Harvard College. For five years they made their home in Mason Street, where a daughter and two sons were born; another son was born at 65 Sparks Street, where they passed the remainder of their lives. Professor Smith became Dean of the Harvard College Faculty in 1882. In 1887 he took his first sabbatical year, which he spent with his family in Germany. Mrs. Smith remained another year in Europe for the benefit of the instruction of the children. Ten years later she was again abroad with her husband, who had been appointed head of the School of Classical Languages in Rome. The last years of her life were devoted to the care of her husband, who became a helpless invalid. He died July 1, 1909, and she followed on April 8, 1910.

SORTWELL, ALVIN FOYE, was born in Boston, July 21, 1854, son of Daniel Robinson and Sophia Augusta (Foye) Sortwell. He was educated in the Chauncy Hall School and at Phillips (Andover) Academy. At the age of eighteen he was a partner in the firm of Sortwell & Co., and until he retired in 1891 had full charge of the business in East Cambridge established by his father. He was a member of the Common Council of Cambridge in 1879, 1885, and 1888, serving the last year as

its president. He was elected to the Board of Aldermen in 1889 and was president of that body in 1890. In 1897 he was elected Mayor of Cambridge and served for two terms. From 1888 to 1894 he was a trustee of the Public Library. He was a member of the Water Board and its president from 1907 until his death. He was president of the Montpelier & Wells River Railroad, vice-president of the Barre Railroad, president of the Cambridge Trust Company, and a director of several corporations. He was a member of the Algonquin Club, the Country Club of Brookline, the Eastern Yacht Club, the Oakley Country Club, the Colonial Club of Cambridge, and the Cambridge Club. He married, December 31, 1879, Gertrude Winship, daughter of William and Mary E. Dailey of Cambridge. Their six children, Clara, Frances Augusta, Daniel Richard (Harvard, 1907-8), Marion, Edward Carter, and Alvin Foye, survive him. Mr. Sortwell died March 21, 1910.

SWAN, MRS. SARAH HODGES, was born March 21, 1825, at Bridgewater, where her father, Rev. Richard Manning Hodges (Harvard, 1815), was minister of the First Congregational Church, 1821-1833. Her mother was Elizabeth Quincy Donnison, daughter of William Donnison, Judge of Common Pleas, Adjutant General, and aide to Governor Hancock. Mr. Hodges lived three years in Boston after leaving Bridgewater, and in 1836 came to Cambridge, buying the house on the corner of Waterhouse and Garden streets, facing the Common, where he lived until his death in 1878. Mrs. Swan attended, until 1839, the school kept by Miss Austin and later by Miss Mary Hodge in the old Hooker House, which stood in the College Yard, where Boylston Hall now stands. For two seasons she was present at the conversations of Margaret Fuller and later took private lessons from her. She was married, April 16, 1851, to Rev. Joshua Swan (Harvard, 1846), and went to live in Kennebunk, Maine, where Mr. Swan was ordained minister of the First Congregational Church. He remained there until 1869, when he was obliged to resign, owing to failing health, and removed to 6 Berkeley St., Cambridge, where he died October 31, 1871. Four children, one son and three daughters, were born in Kennebunk, all still living. Mrs. Swan was a charter member of the Cambridge Historical Society and made some valuable donations to its library. She was much interested in collecting and arranging the records of her family, and wrote a valuable account of her mother's old home in Boston, at the corner of Washington and Winter streets. The Cambridge Hospital and Home for Aged People owed much to her, and she was active in all the work of the First Church (Uni-

tarian). She was largely influential in having the cars taken from Brattle Street and the Lowell Park laid out. She died at her home, 167 Brattle Street, October 17, 1910.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

AGASSIZ, ALEXANDER, scientist, mining company president, and philanthropist, the distinguished son of distinguished parentage, his father being Louis Agassiz and his mother Cécile Braun, was born in Neuchâtel, Switzerland, December 17, 1835. On the death of his mother, in 1849, the son came to Cambridge, to join his father, who had the year before accepted a position to teach in the new Lawrence Scientific School. Two years later he entered Harvard and graduated in the class of 1855. Two periods of study at the Lawrence Scientific School during the next six years, with the degree of S. B. in 1857, completed his solid equipment for undertaking numerous expeditions to all parts of the world for scientific research in the large field of invertebrate zoölogy and oceanography. From these expeditions he returned with countless specimens for the growing collections in the Harvard University Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, which his father had founded, upon which he expended, from time to time in its development, not less than one million dollars, and through which and through his published writings there-upon was established his fame as the world's greatest authority on his special subjects of sea-urchins, star-fishes, coral reefs, and the ocean floor. From the death of his father, in 1873, he became Curator of the new Museum, and under three successive titles was its virtual head until his own desired withdrawal in 1904. In other ways also he served the University, by gifts of money to other departments, and by two terms of office each, between 1873 and 1890, as a member of the Board of Overseers, and as a Fellow of the Corporation. From 1865 on, this scientific career was combined with another entirely different and equally successful, as mining expert and president of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company. His technical knowledge and administrative ability in developing what has proved to be the richest copper mine in the world brought him great wealth, and gave him the means with which to carry on his scientific researches and to equip and endow the Museum. More than any other he may be considered the typical representative in America of the scholar in business. The number and variety of honors bestowed upon him by learned societies and universities, from the "Prix Serres" of the Académie des Sciences de Paris in 1873, to the Victoria research

medal of the Royal Geographical Society of London in 1909, were all spontaneous recognitions of his great service to natural science. He married, on November 15, 1860, Anna Russell, daughter of George Robert and Sarah (Shaw) Russell, who died in 1873, leaving three sons to his care and that of his devoted step-mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Cary Agassiz. His life-long home was at the corner of Quincy Street and Broadway; his summer home, and also his private laboratory, were at Newport, R. I. He died suddenly, at sea, on March 27, 1910, while on his return home from the Mediterranean. Among his published works, numbering 248 titles and consisting chiefly of reports and monographs on special topics, prepared for the Bulletin and Memoirs of the Museum, the following are the best known separate books: "Seaside Studies in Natural History," 1865 (with text by Mrs. Elizabeth Cary Agassiz); and the "Three Cruises of the *Blake*," 2 vols., 1888.

GILMAN, ARTHUR, born at Alton, Ill., June 22, 1837, was the son of Winthrop Sargent and Abia Swift (Lippincott) Gilman. He was eighth in descent from Edward Gilman, of Caston, Norfolk, England, who came to Hingham, Mass., in 1638, and in the seventh generation from Hon. John Gilman, of Exeter, N. H., member of the Council of the Royal Province of New Hampshire. Through his father's mother, Hannah Robbins, he was descended in the eighth generation from Richard Robbins, who came to Charlestown in 1639, and settled in Cambridge before 1643. Mr. Gilman was the second child in a family of thirteen, and eldest of the nine brothers and sisters who reached maturity. Until he was twelve years old he lived in Alton, and St. Louis, Mo.; then the family removed to New York City. He spent many summers in the Berkshire Hills, and after his marriage, April 12, 1860, to Amy Cooke Ball, daughter of Samuel and Experience Ball, of Lee, Mass., he made his home near Lenox, where a son and three daughters were born. He served on the local school committee and interested himself in education, lecturing at many schools and colleges on that subject. In 1870 he became associated with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in the publications of the Riverside Press, and removed to Cambridge, where he continued to live until a short time before his death, when ill health obliged him to seek a milder climate. During this time Mr. Gilman wrote many books on history and English literature. He edited the Gilman Genealogy, "Cambridge in 1776," and "Cambridge Forty Years a City." On July 11, 1876, Mr. Gilman married for his second wife Stella Scott, daughter of David and Stella (Houghton) Scott, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., who aided him in his educational and literary work. By this second marriage he had two

daughters and a son. He built the house at the east corner of Waterhouse Street and Concord Avenue, which was thenceforth his home. His interest in education led him to plan for the teaching of young women by the Harvard professors. President Eliot and the Faculty approving, the Society for Collegiate Instruction for Women was formed and incorporated in 1882, Mr. Gilman being secretary, executive officer, and director. In 1894 this body became Radcliffe College, with Mr. Gilman as first Regent. In 1896, two years later, he resigned this position, but remained a member of the Corporation. In 1886 he founded the Cambridge School for Girls, since called the Gilman School. He received the degree of M.A. from Williams College in 1867, and from Harvard in 1904; was elected an honorary member of the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa, and was for many years on the Board of Visitors of Wellesley College. Arthur Gilman was a valued member of many societies. He was founder and secretary of the Longfellow Memorial Association, and of the Lowell Memorial Society, a charter member of the American Historical Association, Cambridge Historical Society, Authors' Club, Episcopalian, St. Botolph and Colonial clubs, and of the New England Agricultural Society. He was many years secretary of the Humane Society and of the Episcopal Theological School, where he was also on the Board of Visitors. A constant attendant at St. John's Memorial Chapel, he was always ready to lend his aid to philanthropic work. On leaving Cambridge a few years ago he resigned as an active member, and became an associate member of the Cambridge Historical Society. He died at Atlantic City, N. J., December 27, 1909.

NILES, WILLIAM HARMON, was born, May 18, 1838, at Northampton, Mass. His parents were the Rev. Asa Niles and Mary A. (Marey) Niles. His early education was received in the public schools of Worthington and at Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham. He was for four years a student of Prof. Louis Agassiz. He then went to the Sheffield Scientific School at New Haven, and received the degree of Ph. B. in 1867. He received the honorary degree of A.M. from Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in 1870. In 1871 he was appointed professor of physical geography in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and in 1878 became professor of geology and geography. In 1879 he became professor of geology at Boston University. In 1888 he was appointed professor in charge of the department of geology at Wellesley College. These three professorships he held for many years. He was president of the Boston Society of Natural History, of the New England Meteor-

ological Society, and a trustee of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology. He was a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the Geological Society of America, and a member of the National Geographical Society and of the Society of American Naturalists. He was the author of many scientific books. He married, December 31, 1868, Miss Helen M. Plympton, youngest daughter of Dr. Sylvanus Plympton, of Cambridge. He died in Boston, September 13, 1910.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1910-1911

<i>President</i>	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	{	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. ANDREW McFARLAND DAVIS. ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE.
<i>Secretary</i>	CLARENCE WALTER AYER.
<i>Treasurer</i>	HENRY HERBERT EDES.
<i>Curator</i>	CLARENCE WALTER AYER.

The Council

CLARENCE WALTER AYER, EDWARD HENRY HALL,
HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY, THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
RICHARD HENRY DANA, ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE,
ANDREW McFARLAND DAVIS, WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE,
HENRY HERBERT EDES, ALICE MARY LONGFELLOW,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI, WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

COMMITTEES APPOINTED BY THE COUNCIL

1910-1911

On the Early Roads and Topography of Cambridge.

STEPHEN PASCHALL SHARPLES, EDWARD JOHN BRANDON,
EDWARD RUSSELL COGSWELL.

On the Collection of Autograph Letters of Distinguished Citizens of Cambridge.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE,
HENRY HERBERT EDES.

On Sketches of Noted Citizens of Cambridge.

MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI, EDWARD RUSSELL COGSWELL,
SAMUEL FRANCIS BATCHELDER.

On the Collection and Preservation of Printed and Manuscript Material.

WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE, CLARENCE WALTER AYER,
EDWIN BLAISDELL HALE.

On Publication.

CLARENCE WALTER AYER, WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE,
HENRY HERBERT EDES.

On Memoirs of Deceased Members.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER, HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY.

On the Collection of Oral Tradition and Early Letters and other Documents of Citizens of Cambridge.

MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,
MARGARET JONES BRADBURY, GRACE OWEN SCUDDER,
ELIZABETH ELLERY DANA, GEORGE GRIER WRIGHT,
MARY HELEN DEANE, SUSANNA WILLARD.

On Auditing the Accounts of the Treasurer.

ANDREW McFARLAND DAVIS.

On the Longfellow Centenary Medal Prize.

EDWARD BANGS DREW, CLARENCE WALTER AYER.

REGULAR MEMBERS

ABBOT, MARION STANLEY	BULFINCH, ELLEN SUSAN
ALLEN, FLORA VIOLA	BUMSTEAD, JOSEPHINE FREE-
ALLEN, FRANK AUGUSTUS	MAN
ALLEN, MARY WARE	
ALLEN, OSCAR FAYETTE	CARRUTH, ANNA KENT
ALLISON, CARRIE JOSEPHINE	CARRUTH, CHARLES THEO-
ALLISON, SUSAN CARLYLE	DORE
*AMES, JAMES BARR	CARY, EMMA FORBES
AUBIN, HELEN WARNER	CLARK, ELIZABETH HODGES
AUBIN, MARGARET HARRIS	COES, MARY
AYER, CLARENCE WALTER	COGSWELL, EDWARD RUSSELL
BAILEY, HOLLIS RUSSELL	COOK, FRANK GAYLORD
BAILEY, MARY PERSIS	CORNE, WILLIAM FREDERICK
BANCROFT, WILLIAM AMOS	COX, GEORGE HOWLAND
BARNARD, CLARA EVERETT	CROTHERS, SAMUEL McCORD
BATCHELDER, CHARLES FOSTER	CUTTER, WATSON GRANT
BATCHELDER, LAURA POOR	DALLINGER, WILLIAM WILBER-
BATCHELDER, SAMUEL FRANCIS	FORCE
BEALE, JOSEPH HENRY	DANA, EDITH LONGFELLOW
BELL, STOUGHTON	DANA, ELIZABETH ELLERY
BIGELOW, FRANCIS HILL	DANA, HENRY WADSWORTH
BIGELOW, MELVILLE MADISON	LONGFELLOW
BILL, CAROLINE ELIZA	DANA, RICHARD HENRY
BLAKE, JAMES HENRY	DAVIS, ANDREW McFARLAND
BLISH, ARIADNE	DAVIS, ELEANOR WHITNEY
BLODGETT, WARREN KENDALL	DEANE, GEORGE CLEMENT
BOUTON, ELIZA JANE NESMITH	DEANE, MARY HELEN
BRADBURY, MARGARET JONES	DEANE, WALTER
BRADBURY, WILLIAM FROTHING-	DODGE, EDWARD SHERMAN
HAM	DREW, EDWARD BANGS
BRANDON, EDWARD JOHN	DUNBAR, WILLIAM HARRISON
BROCK, ADAH LEILA CONE	DURANT, WILLIAM BULLARD
Brooks, ARTHUR HENDRICKS	DURRELL, HAROLD CLARKE

* Deceased.

- EDES, GRACE WILLIAMSON
 EDES, HENRY HERBERT
 *EDMARDS, JOHN RAYNER
 ELIOT, CHARLES WILLIAM
 ELIOT, GRACE HOPKINSON
 ELIOT, SAMUEL ATKINS
 ELLIS, HELEN PEIRCE
 EMERTON, EPHRAIM
 EVARTS, PRESCOTT
- FARLOW, LILIAN HORSFORD
 FENN, WILLIAM WALLACE
 FESSENDEN, MARION BROWN
 FISKE, ETHEL
 FOOTE, MARY BRADFORD
 FORBES, EDWARD WALDO
 FORD, LILIAN FISK
 FORD, WORTHINGTON CHAUNCEY
 FOSTER, FRANCIS APTHORP
 FOX, JABEZ
 FOXCROFT, FRANK
- GAMWELL, EDWARD FRANCIS
 GOODWIN, AMELIA MACKAY
 GOZZALDI, MARY ISABELLA
 GRAY, ANNA LYMAN
 GRAY, JOHN CHIPMAN
- HALE, EDWIN BLAISDELL
 HALL, EDWARD HENRY
 HALL, WILLIAM STICKNEY
 HARRIS, ELIZABETH
 HART, ALBERT BUSHNELL
 HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH
 HILDRETH, JOHN LEWIS
 HILL, FREDERIC STANHOPE
 HODGES, GEORGE
 HOPPIN, ELIZA MASON
 HORSFORD, KATHARINE
 HOUGHTON, ALBERTA MANNING
- HOUGHTON, ELIZABETH HARRIS
 HOUGHTON, ROSERHYSS GILMAN
 HOWE, ARCHIBALD MURRAY
 HOWE, ARRIA SARGENT DIXWELL
 HOWE, CLARA
 HUBBARD, PHINEAS
- IRWIN, AGNES
- JACKSON, ROBERT TRACY
- KELLNER, MAXIMILIAN LINDSAY
 KENDALL, GEORGE FREDERICK
 KERSHAW, JUSTINE HOUGHTON
 KIERNAN, THOMAS J
- LAMB, HARRIET FARLEY
 LANE, WILLIAM COOLIDGE
 LEAVITT, ERASMUS DARWIN
 LONGFELLOW, ALICE MARY
 LONGFELLOW, WILLIAM PITTPREBLE
- LOWELL, ABBOTT LAWRENCE
- MARCOU, PHILIPPE BELKNAP
 McDUFFIE, JOHN
 MCINTIRE, CHARLES JOHN
 MCKENZIE, ALEXANDER
 MELLEDGE, ROBERT JOB
 MERRIMAN, DOROTHEA FOOTE
 MERRIMAN, ROGER BIGELOW
 MITCHELL, EMMA MARIA
 MORISON, ANNE THERESA
 MORISON, ROBERT SWAIN
 MYERS, JAMES JEFFERSON
- NICHOLS, JOHN TAYLOR GILMAN
 NORTON, GRACE
 NORTON, MARGARET
 NOYES, JAMES ATKINS
- PAIN, JAMES LEONARD
 PAIN, MARY WOOLSON

* Deceased.

- PARKER, HENRY AINSWORTH
 PARLIN, FRANK EDSON
 PARSONS, CAROLINE LOUISA
 PEABODY, CAROLINE EUSTIS
 PERRIN, FRANKLIN
 §PERRIN, LOUISA CHARLOTTE
 PICKERING, ANNA ATWOOD
 PICKERING, EDWARD CHARLES
 PICKERING, WILLIAM HENRY
 PIPER, WILLIAM TAGGARD
 POTTER, ALFRED CLAGHORN
- RAND, HARRY SEATON
 READ, ELISE WELCH
 READ, JOHN
 READ, WILLIAM
 REARDON, EDMUND
 REID, WILLIAM BERNARD
 ROBINSON, FRED NORRIS
 *ROLFE, WILLIAM JAMES
 ROPES, JAMES HARDY
 RUSSELL, ETTA LOIS
 SAUNDERS, CARRIE HUNTINGTON
 SAUNDERS, HERBERT ALDEN
 SAWYER, DORA WENTWORTH
 SAWYER, GEORGE AUGUSTUS
 SAWYER, GEORGE CARLETON
 SCUDDER, GRACE OWEN
 SEAGRAVE, CHARLES BURNSIDE
 SHARPLES, STEPHEN PASCHALL
 SMITH, EMMA GRISCOM
 *SORT WELL, ALVIN FOYE
 STEARNS, GENEVIEVE
 STONE, WILLIAM EBÉN
 STORER, SARAH FRANCIS
 *SWAN, SARAH HODGES
- TAYLOR, FREDERIC WESTON
 THAYER, WILLIAM ROSCOE
 THORP, JOSEPH GILBERT
 TICKNOR, FLORENCE
 TICKNOR, THOMAS BALDWIN
 TILLINGHAST, WILLIAM HOPKINS
 TINDELL, MARTHA WILLSON NOYES
 TOPPAN, SARAH MOODY
- VAUGHAN, ANNA HARRIET
 VAUGHAN, BENJAMIN
- WALCOTT, ANNA MORRILL
 WALCOTT, ROBERT
 §WAMBAUGH, SARAH
 WARE, THORNTON MARSHALL
 WENTWORTH, ANNIE LOUISE LOCKE
- WESSELHOEFT, MARY LEAVITT
 WESSELHOEFT, WALTER
- §WHITE, EMMA ELIZA
 WHITE, MOSES PERKINS
 WHITTEMORE, ISABELLA STEWART
 WHITTEMORE, WILLIAM RICHARDSON
- WILLARD, SUSANNA
 WILLIAMS, OLIVE SWAN
 WINLOCK, MARY PEYTON
 WORCESTER, SARAH ALICE
 WRIGHT, GEORGE GRIER
- §WRIGHT, PAMELIA KEITH
 WYMAN, MARY MORRILL
 WYMAN, MORRILL
- YERXA, HENRY DETRICK

§ Resigned.

* Deceased.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

*AGASSIZ, ALEXANDER	GOODWIN, ELLIOT HERSEY
BARKER, JOHN HERBERT	LEVERETT, GEORGE VASMER
CARTER, CHARLES MORLAND	LOVERING, ERNEST
DAVENPORT, BENNET FRANKLIN	NICHOLS, JOHN WHITE TREAD-
FELTON, EUNICE WHITNEY	WELL
FARLEY	*NILES, WILLIAM HARMON
*GILMAN, ARTHUR	WADHAMS, CAROLINE REED

HONORARY MEMBERS

CHOATE, JOSEPH HODGES	HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN
RHODES, JAMES FORD	

* Deceased.

BY-LAWS

I. CORPORATE NAME.

THE name of this corporation shall be "THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY."

II. OBJECT.

The corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

III. REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

Any resident of the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible for regular membership in this Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Persons so elected shall become members upon signing the By-Laws and paying the fees therein prescribed.

IV. LIMIT OF REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

The regular membership of this Society shall be limited to two hundred.

V. HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

Any person, nominated by the Council, may be elected an honorary member at any meeting of the Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Honorary members shall be exempt from paying any fees, shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VI. ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Any person not a resident, but either a native, or formerly a resident for at least five years, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible to

associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of two dollars each, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VII. SEAL.

The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1905, a shield bearing a representation of the Daye Printing Press and crest of two books surmounted by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting-house of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister, and, underneath, a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent*.

VIII. OFFICERS.

The officers of this corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary with the powers of Clerk, a Treasurer, and a Curator, elected out of the Council by the Society. All the above officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

IX. DUTY OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-Presidents, respectively, in the order of their election.

X. DUTY OF SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give to each member of the Society written notice of its meetings. He shall also present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XI. DUTY OF TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the accounts, of the corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it, and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of its funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society a bond, in amount and with sureties satisfactory to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited prior to the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

XII. DUTY OF CURATOR.

The Curator shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

XIII. DUTY OF COUNCIL.

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall arrange for its meetings, and shall present for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XIV. MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesdays of January, and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.

XV. QUORUM.

At meetings of the Society ten members, and at meetings of the Council five members, shall constitute a quorum.

XVI. FEES.

The fee of initiation shall be two dollars. There shall also be an annual assessment of three dollars, payable in advance at the Annual

Meeting; but any Regular Member shall be exempted from the annual payment if at any time after his admission he shall pay into the Treasury Fifty Dollars in addition to his previous payments; and any Associate Member shall be similarly exempted on payment of Twenty-five Dollars. All commutations shall be and remain permanently funded, the interest only to be used for current expenses.

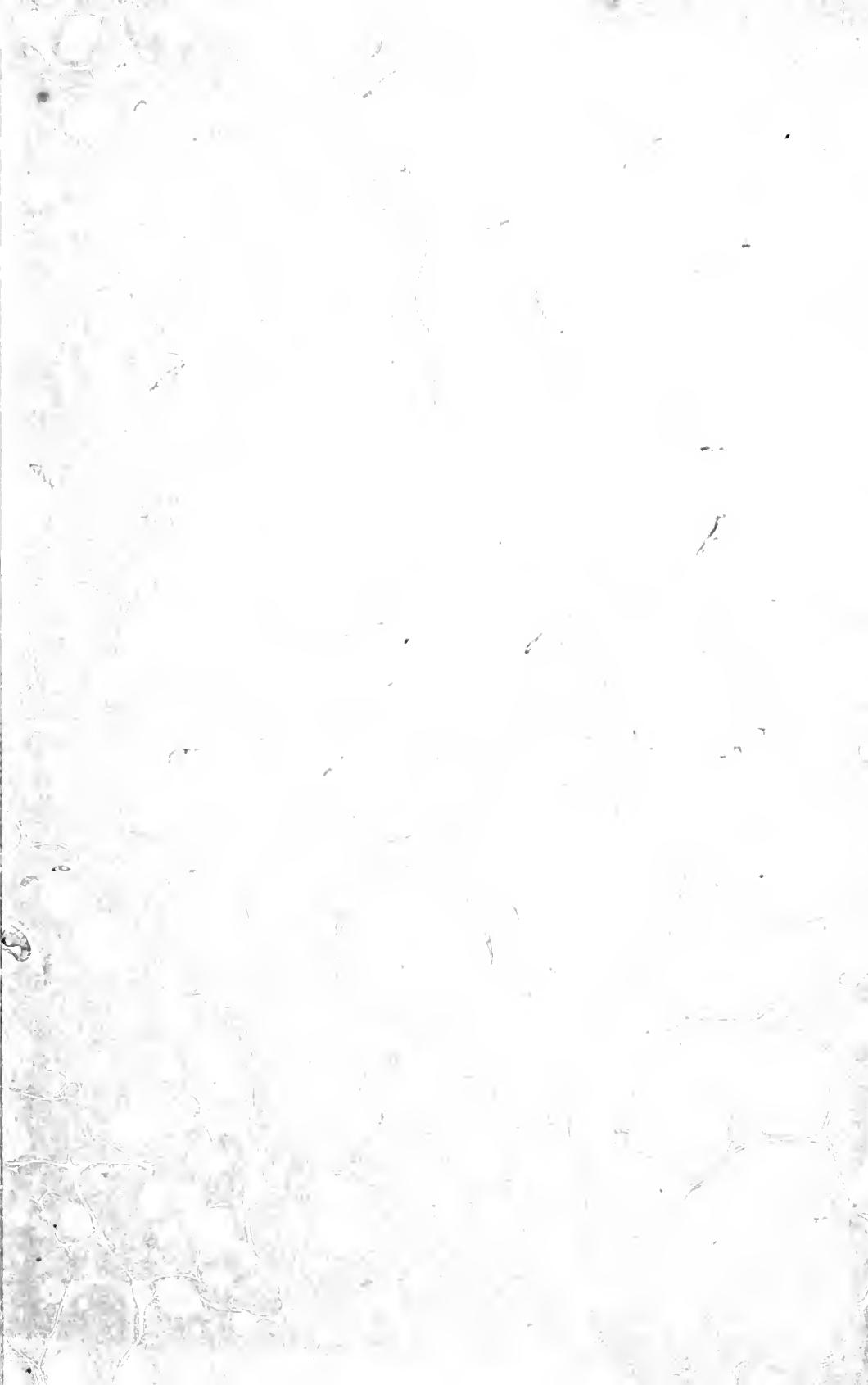
XVII. RESIGNATION OF MEMBERSHIP.

All resignations of membership must be in writing, provided, however, that failure to pay the annual assessment within six months after the Annual Meeting may, in the discretion of the Council, be considered a resignation of membership.

XVIII. AMENDMENT OF BY-LAWS.

These By-Laws may be amended at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting, provided that the substance of the proposed amendment shall have been inserted in the call for such meeting.





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